THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE

Vol. VIII.

THE

PLAYS

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WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME the EIGHTH.

CONTAINING

JULIUS CÆSAR.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.
TIMON OF ATHENS.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

LONDON,

Printed for C. Bathurst, W. Strahan, J. F. and C. Rivington, J. Hinton, L. Davis, W. Owen, T. Caslon, E. Johnson, S. Crowder, B. White, T. Longman, B. Law, E. and C. Dilly, C. Corbett, T. Cadell, H. L. Gardner, J. Nichols, J. Bew, J. Beecroft, W. Stuart, T. Lowndes, J. Robson, T. Payne, T. Becket, F. Newbery, G. Robinson, R. Baldwin, J. Williams, J. Ridley, T. Evans, W. Davies, W. Fox, and J. Murray.

MDCCLXXVIII.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Perſons Repreſented.

Julius Cæſar,

Octavius Cæſar, M. Antonius, M. Æmil. Lepidus. } *Triumvirs, after the Death of* Julius Cæſar.

Cicero, Publius, Popilius Lena, *Senators.*

Brutus, Caſſius, Caſca, Trebonius, Ligarius, Decius Brutus, Metellus Cimber, Cinna, } *Conſpirators againſt* Julius Cæſar.

Flavius, *and* Marullus, *Tribunes.*

Artemidorus, *a Sophiſt of* Cnidos.

A Soothſayer.

Cinna, *a Poet : Another Poet.*

Lucilius, Titinius, Meſſala, *Young* Cato, *and* Volumnius. *Friends to* Brutus *and* Caſſius.

Varro, Clitus, Claudius, Strato, Lucius, Dardanius; *Servants to* Brutus.

Pindarus, *Servant to* Caſſius.

Calphurnia, *Wife to* Cæſar.

Portia, *Wife to* Brutus.

Plebeians, Senators, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, *for the three firſt Acts, at* Rome: *afterwards at an* Iſland *near* Mutina; *at* Sardis; *and near* Philippi.

JULIUS CÆSAR[1].

ACT I. SCENE I.

ROME.

A Street.

Enter Flavius, [2] *Marullus, and certain Commoners.*

Flav. Hence; home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being

[1] *Julius Cæsar.*] It appears from Peck's *Collection of divers curious Historical Pieces*, &c. (appended to his *Memoirs*, &c. *of Oliver Cromwell,)* p. 14, that a Latin play on this subject had been written. "Epilogus Cæsaris interfecti, quomodo in scenam prodiit ea res, acta in Ecclesia Christi, Oxon. Qui Epilogus a magistro Ricardo Eedes et scriptus et in proscenio ibidem dictus fuit, A. D. 1582." Meres, whose *Wit's Commonwealth* was published in 1598, enumerates Dr. Eedes among the best tragic writers of that time. STEEVENS.

William Alexander, afterwards earl of Sterline, wrote a tragedy on the story and with the title of *Julius Cæsar*. It may be presumed that Shakespeare's play was posterior to his; for lord Sterline, when he composed his *Julius Cæsar* was a very young author, and would hardly have ventured into that circle, within which the most eminent dramatic writer of England had already walked. The death of Cæsar, which is not exhibited but related to the audience, forms the catastrophe of his piece. In the two plays many parallel passages are found, which might, perhaps, have proceeded only from the two authors drawing from the same source. However, there are some reasons for thinking the coincidence more than accidental.

Mr. Steevens has produced from *Darius*, another play of this writer's, some lines so like a celebrated passage of Shakespeare in the *Tempest*, act III. that the one must, I apprehend, have been copied from the other. Lord Sterline's *Darius* was printed at Edinburgh in 1603, and his *Julius Cæsar* in 1607, at a time when be

Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?
Car. Why, sir, a carpenter.
Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir; what trade are you?
Cob. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobler.
Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.
Cob. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soals.

he was but little acquainted with English writers; for they abound with Scoticisms, which, in the subsequent folio edition, 1637, he corrected. But neither the *Tempest*, nor the *Julius Cæsar* of our author, was printed till 1623.

It must be also remembered, that our author has several plays, founded on subjects which had been unsuccessfully treated by others. Of this kind are *King John*, *King Henry* V. *King Lear*, *Measure for Measure*, the *Taming of the Shrew*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *the Merchant of Venice*, and perhaps *Macbeth* *: whereas no proof has hitherto been produced, that any contemporary writer ever presumed to new model a story that had already employed the pen of Shakespeare. On all these grounds it appears more probable, that Shakespeare was indebted to lord Sterline, than that lord Sterline borrowed from Shakespeare. If this reasoning be just, this play could not have appeared before the year 1607.

The real length of time in *Julius Cæsar*, Mr. Upton observes, is as follows: About the middle of February A. U. C. 709, the festival of Luperci was held in honour of Cæsar, when the regal crown was offered to him by Antony. On the 15th of March in the same year, he was killed. Nov. 27, A. U. C. 710, the triumvirs met at a small island, formed by the river Rhenus, near Bononia, and there adjusted their savage proscription.—— A. U. C. 711. Brutus and Cassius were defeated near Philippi.
MALONE.

² *Murellus.*] I have, upon the authority of *Plutarch*, &c. given to this tribune, his right name *Marullus*. THEOBALD.

* See Dr. Farmer's note at the end of *Macbeth*.

Flav.

Flav. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Cob. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: Yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

[3] *Mar.* What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

Cob. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobler, art thou?

Cob. Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with the awl: I meddle with no trade,—man's matters, nor woman's matters, but with awl[4]. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather, have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Cob. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,

[3] Mar. *What mean'st thou by that?*] As the *Cobler*, in the preceding speech, replies to *Flavius*, not to *Marullus*; 'tis plain, I think, this speech must be given to *Flavius*. THEOBALD.

I have replaced *Marullus*, who might properly enough reply to a saucy sentence directed to his colleague, and to whom the speech was probably given, that he might not stand too long unemployed upon the stage. JOHNSON.

[4] *I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor woman's matters, but with all.*] This should be, "I meddle with no *trade*,—man's matters, nor woman's matters, but with *awl*." FARMER.

Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath his banks [5],
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in his concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone;
Run to your houses, fall upon you knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, 'till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt Commoners.*

See, whe'r [6] their basest metal be not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-ty'd in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: Disrobe the images,
If you do find them [7] deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar.

[5] —*his* banks,] The old copy reads—*her* banks. As *Tyber* is always represented by the figure of a man, the feminine gender is improper. Milton says, that
" ——— the river of bliss
" Rolls o'er Elysian flowers *her* amber stream;
but he is speaking of the water, and not of its presiding power or genius. STEEVENS.

[6] *See*, whe'r] *Whether*, thus abbreviated, is used by Ben Jonson. STEEVENS.

[7] —*deck'd with* ceremonies.] *Ceremonies*, for religious ornaments.

Mar. May we do so?
You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.
Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter Cæsar; Antony, for the course; Calphurnia, Portia, [8] *Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, a Soothsayer, &c.*

Cæs. Calphurnia,——
Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

Cæs.

ments. Thus afterwards he explains them by *Cæsar's trophies*; i. e. such as he had dedicated to the gods. WARBURTON.

Cæsar's *trophies*, are, I believe, the crowns which were placed on his statues. So, in sir *Tho. North's* translation. "—There were set up images of Cæsar in the city with diadems on their heads like kings. Those the two tribunes went and pulled down." STEEVENS.

[8] This person was not *Decius*, but *Decimus Brutus*. The poet (as Voltaire has done since) confounds the characters of *Marcus* and *Decimus*. *Decimus Brutus* was the most cherished by *Cæsar* of all his friends, while *Marcus* kept aloof, and declined so large a share of his favours and honours, as the other had constantly accepted. Velleius Paterculus, speaking of *Decimus Brutus*, says, —"ab iis quos miserat *Antonius*, jugulatus est, justissimasque optimè de se merito, C. Cæsari pœnas dedit, cujus cum primus omnium amicorum fuisset, interfector fuit, et fortunæ ex qua fructum tulerat, invidiam in auctorem relegabat, censebatque æquum quæ acceperat a Cæsare retinere, Cæsarem qui illa dederat periisse." Lib. ii. c. 64.

Cæf. Calphurnia,——

Calp. Here, my lord.

Cæf. Stand you directly in Antonius' [9] way,
When he doth run his courfe.——Antonius.

Ant. Cæfar, my lord.

Cæf. Forget not, in your fpeed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia: for our elders fay,
The barren, touched in this holy chafe,
Shake off their fteril curfe.

Ant. I fhall remember:
When Cæfar fays, *Do this*, it is perform'd.

Cæf. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

Sooth. Cæfar.

Cæf. Ha! Who calls?

Cafca. Bid every noife be ftill:—Peace yet again.

Cæf. Who is it in the prefs, that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, fhriller than all the mufick,
Cry, Cæfar: Speak; Cæfar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæf. What man is that?

Bru. A foothfayer, bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæf. Set him before me, let me fee his face.

"Jungitur his *Decimus*, notiffimus inter amicos
'Cæfaris, ingratus, cui trans-Alpina fuiffet
'Gallia Cæfareo nuper commiffa favore.
'Non illum conjuncta fides, non nomen amici
'Deterrere poteft."
'Ante alios *Decimus*, cui fallere, nomen amici
'Præcipue dederat, ductorem fæpe morantem
'Incitat.—— *Supplem. Lucani.*" STEEVENS.

Shakefpeare's miftake of *Decius* for *Decimus*, arofe from the old tranflation of *Plutarch*. FARMER.

Lord Sterline has committed the fame miftake in his *Julius Cæfar*. MALONE.

9 ——*in* Antonius' *way.*] The old copy generally reads *Antonio*, *Octavio*, *Flavio*. The players were more accuftomed to Italian than Roman terminations, on account of the many verfions from Italian novels, and the many Italian characters in dramatic pieces formed on the fame originals. STEEVENS.

Caf.

Caſ. Fellow, come from the throng: Look upon Cæſar.

Cæſ. What ſay'ſt thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæſ. He is a dreamer; let us leave him:—paſs.

[[1] *Sennet. Exeunt Cæſar, and Train.*

Caſ. Will you go ſee the order of the courſe?

Bru. Not I.

Caſ. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gameſome; I do lack ſome part
Of that quick ſpirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Caſſius, your deſires;
I'll leave you.

Caſ. Brutus, I do obſerve you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleneſs,
And ſhew of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too ſtubborn and too [2] ſtrange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Caſſius,

[1] *Sennet.*] I have here inſerted the word *Sennet*, from the original edition, that I may have an opportunity of retracting a haſty conjecture in one of the marginal directions in *Henry* VIII. *Sennet* appears to be a particular tune or mode of martial muſick.

JOHNSON.

I have been informed that *ſennet* is derived from *ſenneſſe*, an antiquated French tune formerly uſed in the army; but the Dictionaries which I have conſulted exhibit no ſuch word.

In Decker's *Satiromaſtix*, 1602:

"Trumpets ſound a flouriſh, and then a *ſennet*."

In the *Dumb Show* preceding the firſt part of *Hieronimo*, 1605, is

"Sound a *ſignate* and paſs over the ſtage."

In *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602: "Cornets ſound a *cynet*."

In *Look about You*, 1600: "Enter a *ſinet*."

In a play called *Alarum for London*, &c. 1602: "A *ſignet* ſounded."

In B. and Fletcher's *Knight of Malta*, a *ſynnet* is called *a flouriſh of trumpets*, but I know not on what authority. See a note on *K. Henry* VIII. act II. ſc. iv.

Sennet may be a corruption from *ſonata*, Ital. STEEVENS.

[2] ——ſtrange *a hand*] *Strange*, is alien, unfamiliar, ſuch as might become a ſtranger. JOHNSON.

Be

Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with [3] passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd;
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shews of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath bury'd
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself [4],
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæsar) speaking of Brutus,

[3] —*passions of some* difference,] With a fluctuation of discordant opinions and desires. JOHNSON.
So, in *Coriolanus*, act V. sc. iii:
" ———thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour
" At *difference* in thee." STEEVENS.

[4] *The* eye *sees not itself.*] So, sir John Davies in his poem on *The Immortality of the Soul*:
Is it because the mind is like the eye,
Through which it gathers knowledge by degrees;
Whose rays reflect not, but spread outwardly;
Not seeing itself, when other things it sees?
Again, in Marston's comedy of the *Fawne*, 1606:
" Thus few strike sail until they run on shelf;
" *The* eye *sees all things but its proper self.*" STEEVENS.

And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wiſh'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Caſſius,
That you would have me ſeek into myſelf
For that which is not in me?

Caſ. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
And, ſince you know you cannot ſee yourſelf
So well as by reflection, I, your glaſs,
Will modeſtly diſcover to yourſelf
That of yourſelf which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did uſe
[5] To ſtale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new proteſter; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after ſcandal them; or if you know
That I profeſs myſelf in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.
[*Flouriſh, and ſhout.*

Bru. What means this ſhouting? I do fear, the people
Chooſe Cæſar for their king.

Caſ. Ay, do you fear it?
Then muſt I think you would not have it ſo.

Bru. I would not, Caſſius; yet I love him well:
But wherefore do you hold me here ſo long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
[6] And I will look on both indifferently:

[5] *To ſtale with ordinary oaths my love,* &c.] To invite every new proteſter to my affection by the *ſtale* or allurement of *cuſtomary* oaths. JOHNSON.

[6] *And I will look on both indifferently;*] Dr. Warburton has a long note on this occaſion, which is very trifling. When Brutus firſt names *honour* and *death*, he calmly declares them *indifferent*; but as the image kindles in his mind, he ſets *honour* above *life*. Is not this natural? JOHNSON.

For,

For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.
Caſ. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the ſubject of my ſtory.—
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my ſingle ſelf,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of ſuch a thing as I myſelf.
I was born free as Cæſar; ſo were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and guſty day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with his ſhores,
Cæſar ſaid to me, *Dar'ſt thou, Caſſius, now*
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And ſwim to yonder point?—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: ſo, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With luſty ſinews; throwing it aſide,
And ſtemming it with hearts of controverſy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd [7],
Cæſar cry'd, *Help me, Caſſius, or I ſink.*
I, as Æneas, our great anceſtor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his ſhoulder
The old Anchiſes bear, ſo, from the waves of Tyber
Did I the tired Cæſar: And this man
Is now become a god; and Caſſius is
A wretched creature, and muſt bend his body,
If Cæſar careleſsly but nod on him.

[7] *But ere we could* arrive *the point propos'd,*] The verb *arrive* is uſed, without the prepoſition *at*, by Milton in the ſecond book of *Paradiſe Loſt*, as well as by Shakeſpeare in the Third Part of *K. Henry* VI. act V. ſc. iii:

"—— thoſe powers that the queen
"Hath rais'd in Gallia, have *arriv'd* our coaſt."

STEEVENS.

He

He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did ſhake: 'tis true, this god did ſhake:
[8] His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that ſame eye, whoſe bend doth awe the world,
Did loſe his luſtre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his ſpeeches in their books,
Alas! it cry'd, *Give me ſome drink, Titinius*,
As a ſick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of ſuch a feeble temper ſhould
So [9] get the ſtart of the majeſtick world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flouriſh.*

Bru. Another general ſhout!
I do believe, that theſe applauſes are
For ſome new honours that are heap'd on Cæſar.

Caſ. Why, man, he doth beſtride the narrow world,
Like a Coloſſus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourſelves diſhonourable graves.
Men at ſome time are maſters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our ſtars,
But in ourſelves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæſar: What ſhould be in that Cæſar?
Why ſhould that name be ſounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;

[8] *His* coward *lips did from their* colour fly;] A plain man would have ſaid, the *colour fled from his lips*, and not his *lips from their colour*. But the falſe expreſſion was for the ſake of as falſe a piece of wit: a poor quibble, alluding to a coward flying from his colours. WARBURTON.

[9] —*get the ſtart of the majeſtick world*, &c.] This image is extremely noble: it is taken from the Olympic games. *The majeſtick world* is a fine periphraſis for the *Roman empire*: their citizens ſet themſelves on a footing with kings, and they called their dominion *Orbis Romanus*. But the particular alluſion ſeems to be to the known ſtory of Cæſar's great pattern Alexander, who being aſked, Whether he would run the courſe at the Olympic games, replied, *Yes, if the racers were Kings*. WARBURTON.

Sound

Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well [1];
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will ſtart a ſpirit as ſoon as Cæſar.
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæſar feed,
That he is grown ſo great? Age, thou art ſham'd:
Rome, thou haſt loſt the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, ſince the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they ſay, 'till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls [2] incompaſs'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers ſay,
[3] There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
The [4] eternal devil to keep his ſtate in Rome,
As eaſily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have ſome aim:
How I have thought of this, and of theſe times,
I ſhall recount hereafter; for this preſent,
I would not, ſo with love I might intreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have ſaid,
I will conſider; what you have to ſay,
I will with patience hear; and find a time

[1] *Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well.*] A ſimilar thought occurs in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1614:
"What diapaſon's more in Tarquin's name
"Than in a ſubject's? or what's Tullia
"More in the ſound, than ſhould become the name
"Of a poor maid?" STEEVENS.

[2] *That her wide walls*] The old copy reads *walks*, which may be right. STEEVENS.

[3] *There was a Brutus once*, i. e. *Lucius Junius* Brutus. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*eternal devil*——] I ſhould think that our author wrote rather, *infernal devil*. JOHNSON.

I would continue to read *eternal devil. L. J. Brutus* (ſays *Caſſius*) *would as ſoon have ſubmitted to the perpetual dominion of a dæmon, as to the laſting government of a king.* STEEVENS.

Both

Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
'Till then, my noble friend, [5] chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under such hard [6] conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad, that my weak words
Have struck but thus much shew of fire from Brutus.

Re-enter Cæsar, and his train.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

Bru. I will do so:—But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such [7] ferret and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar.

Cæs. Let me have men about me, that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o'nights [8]:
Yon

[5] *—chew upon this;*] Consider this at leisure; ruminate on this. JOHNSON.

[6] *Under such hard—*] The old copy reads, *these hard—* STEEVENS.

[7] *——ferret——*] A ferret has red eyes. JOHNSON.

[8] *Sleek-headed men,* &c.] "So, in sir Thomas North's translation of *Plutarch*, 1579. "When Cæsar's friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischief towards him; he answered, as for those fat men and smooth-combed heads, (quoth he) I never reckon of them: but those pale-

Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. [9] 'Would he were fatter:—But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no musick:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.
[*Exeunt Cæsar, and his train.*

Manent Brutus and Cassius: Casca to them.

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; Would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

pale-visaged and carrion-lean people, I fear them most, meaning Brutus and Cassius."

And again:

"Cæsar had Cassius in great jealousy, and suspected him much; whereupon he said on a time, to his friends, what will Cassius do, think you? I like not his pale looks." STEEVENS.

9 *'Would he were fatter:—*] Jonson in his *Bartholomew-fair*, 1614, unjustly sneers at this passage, in Knockham's speech to the Pig-woman. "*Come, there's no malice in fat folks; I never fear thee, an I can 'scape thy lean moon-calf there.*" WARBURTON.

Casca.

Casca. Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him: and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a' shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice; What was the last cry for?

Casca. Why for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was meer foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;——yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets [1];—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement hooted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refus'd the crown, that it had almost choak'd Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

[1] ——*one of these* coronets;] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "——he came to Cæsar, and presented him a diadem wreathed about with laurel." STEEVENS.

Caſ. But, soft, I pray you: What? did Cæsar ſwoon?

Caſca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was ſpeechleſs.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling-ſickneſs.

Caſ. No, Cæſar hath it not; but you, and I, And honeſt Caſca, we have the falling-ſickneſs.

Caſca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am ſure, Cæſar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiſs him, according as he pleas'd, and diſpleas'd them, as they uſe to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What ſaid he, when he came unto himſelf?

Caſca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut.—An I had been a [2] man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:— and ſo he fell. When he came to himſelf again, he ſaid, If he had done, or ſaid, any thing amiſs, he deſir'd their worſhips to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I ſtood, cry'd, *Alas, good ſoul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæſar had ſtabb'd their mothers, they would have done no leſs.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus ſad, away?

Caſca. Ay.

Caſ. Did Cicero ſay any thing?

Caſca. Ay, he ſpoke Greek.

Caſ. To what effect?

Caſca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: But thoſe, that underſtood him, ſmil'd at one another, and ſhook their heads: but, for

[2] *—a man of any occupation,*] Had I been a mechanick, one of the Plebeians to whom he offered his throat. JOHNSON.

thine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Caf. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promis'd forth.

Caf. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Caf. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: Farewel both. [*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be?
He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

Caf. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Caf. I will do so:—'till then, think of the world.
[*Exit Brutus.*
Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
[3] Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: Therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:

[3] *Thy honourable metal may be wrought*
From what it is dispos'd:]
The best *metal* or *temper* may be worked into qualities contrary to its original constitution. JOHNSON.

'If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me.[4] I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Street.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Casca, his sword drawn; and Cicero, meeting him.

Cic. Good even, Casca: [5] Brought you Cæsar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are you not mov'd, when all the [6] sway of earth
Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,

[4] *If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,*
He should not humour *me.*]
This is a reflection on Brutus's ingratitude; which concludes, as is usual on such occasions, in an encomium on his own better conditions. *If I were Brutus* (says he) *and Brutus, Cassius, he should not cajole me as I do him.* To *humour* signifies here to turn and wind him, by inflaming his passions. The Oxford editor alters the last line to

Cæsar should not love me.

What he means by it, is not worth inquiring. WARBURTON.

The meaning, I think, is this, *Cæsar loves Brutus, but if Brutus and I were to change places, his love should not humour me,* should not take hold of my affection, so as to make me forget my principles. JOHNSON.

[5] *—Brought you Cæsar home?*] Did you attend Cæsar home? JOHNSON.

[6] *— sway of earth*] The whole weight or *momentum* of this globe. JOHNSON.

I have

I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatning clouds:
But never 'till to-night, never 'till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven;
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave [7] (you know him well by sight)
Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn,
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides, (I have not since put up my sword)
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
[8] Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me: And there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,

[7] *A common slave,* &c.] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "——a slave of the souldiers that did cast a marvelous burning flame out of his handes insomuch as they that saw it, thought he had bene burnt; but when the fire was out, it was found he had no hurt." STEEVENS.

[8] *Who glar'd upon me,*——] The first edition reads:

Who glaz'd *upon me,*——

Perhaps, *Who* gaz'd *upon me.* JOHNSON.

Glar'd is certainly right. To *gaze* is only to look stedfastly, or with admiration. *Glar'd* has a singular propriety, as it expresses the furious scintillation of a lion's eyes: and, that a lion should appear full of fury, and yet attempt no violence, augments the prodigy. STEEVENS.

These are their reasons,—They are natural;
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.
Cic. Indeed, it is a ſtrange-diſpoſed time:
But men may conſtrue things after their faſhion,
Clean from the purpoſe of the things themſelves.
Comes Cæſar to the Capitol to-morrow?
Caſca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.
Cic. Good night then, Caſca: this diſturbed ſky
Is not to walk in.
Caſca. Farewel, Cicero. [*Exit Cicero.*

Enter Caſſius.

Caſ. Who's there?
Caſca. A Roman.
Caſ. Caſca, by your voice.
Caſca. Your ear is good. Caſſius, what night is this?
Caſ. A very pleaſing night to honeſt men.
Caſca. Who ever knew the heavens menace ſo?
Caſ. Thoſe, that have known the earth ſo full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the ſtreets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbraced, Caſca, as you ſee,
Have bar'd my boſom to the thunder-ſtone;
And, when the croſs blue lightning ſeem'd to open
The breaſt of heaven, I did preſent myſelf
Even in the aim and very flaſh of it.
Caſca. But wherefore did you ſo much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the moſt mighty gods, by tokens, ſend
Such dreadful heralds to aſtoniſh us.
Caſ. You are dull, Caſca; and thoſe ſparks of life
That ſhould be in a Roman, you do want,

Or

Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
[9] Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;
Why old men fools, [1] and children calculate;
Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear, and warning,
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol:
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown [2],
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.
Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean: Is it not, Cassius?
Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
[3] Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But,

[9] *Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind*;] That is, Why they *deviate* from quality and nature. This line might perhaps be more properly placed after the next line:

Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;
Why all these things change from their ordinance. JOHNSON.

[1] —*and children* calculate;] Calculate here signifies to foretel or prophesy: for the custom of foretelling fortunes by judicial astrology (which was at that time much in vogue) being performed by a long tedious calculation, Shakespeare, with his usual liberty, employs the *species* [calculate] for the *genus* [foretel].
WARBURTON.

Shakespeare found the liberty established. *To calculate a nativity*, is the technical term. JOHNSON.

[2] —prodigious *grown*,] *Prodigious* is portentous. STEEVENS.

[3] *Have* thewes *and limbs*—] *Thewes* is an obsolete word implying *nerves* or *muscular strength*. It is used by Falstaff in the Second Part of *Hen.* IV. and in *Hamlet*:

But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance shew us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:
And he shall wear his crown, by sea, and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees, the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws: What trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar? But, O, grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know

" For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
" In *thewes* and bulk."
The two last folios, in which some words are injudiciously modernized, read *sinews*. STEEVENS.

My-

[4] My answer must be made: But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man,
That is no flearing tell-tale. [5] Hold my hand:
[6] Be factious for redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo, with me, an enterprize
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: For now, this fearful night,
There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element,
[7] It favours like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

[4] *My answer must be made.*] I shall be called to account, and must *answer* as for seditious words. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*Hold my hand:*] Is the same as, *Here's my hand.* JOHNSON.

[6] *Be factious for redress*—] *Factious* seems here to mean *active.* JOHNSON.

[7] *Is fev'rous, like the work*—] The old edition reads;
Is favors, *like the work*——
I think we should read:
In favour's *like the work we have in hand,*
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.
Favour is *look, countenance, appearance.* JOHNSON.

To *favour* is to *resemble.* Thus Stanyhurst in his translation of the Third Book of Virgil's *Æneid,* 1582:
"With the petit town gates *favoring* the principal old portes."
We may read *It* favours, or—Is *favour'd*—i. e. is in appearance or countenance like, &c. STEEVENS.

Cas.

Caſ. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haſte you ſo?
Cin. To find out you: Who's that? Metellus Cimber?
Caſ. No, it is Caſca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not ſtaid for, Cinna?
Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this?
There's two or three of us have ſeen ſtrange ſights.
Caſ. Am I not ſtaid for? Tell me.
Cin. Yes,
You are. O, Caſſius, if you could but win
The noble Brutus to our party——
Caſ. Be you content: Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; ſet this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' ſtatue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you ſhall find us.
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?
Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To ſeek you at your houſe. Well, I will hie,
And ſo beſtow theſe papers as you bade me.
Caſ. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.
[*Exit Cinna.*
Come, Caſca, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his houſe: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.
Caſ. O, he ſits high in all the people's hearts:
And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richeſt alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthineſs.
Caſ. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be ſure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Brutus, in his Orchard [8].

Bru. What, Lucius! ho!—
I cannot, by the progreſs of the ſtars,
Give gueſs how near to day.——Lucius, I ſay!—
I would it were my fault to ſleep ſo ſoundly.—
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I ſay: What, Lucius!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?
Bru. Get me a taper in my ſtudy, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
Bru. It muſt be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no perſonal cauſe to ſpurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:—
How that might change his nature, there's the queſtion.
It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?——That;—
And then, I grant, we put a ſting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuſe of greatneſs is, when it disjoins
[9] Remorſe from power; And, to ſpeak truth of Cæſar,
I have

[8] ——*in his* orchard.] The modern editors read *garden*, but *orchard* ſeems anciently to have had the ſame meaning. Steevens.
[9] Remorſe *from power*:] *Remorſe*, for mercy. Warburton.
Remorſe (ſays the author of the *Reviſal*) ſignifies the conſcious uneaſineſs ariſing from a ſenſe of having done wrong; to extinguiſh which feeling, nothing hath ſo great a tendency as abſolute uncontrouled power,

I think

I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But, 'tis a [1] common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the upmost round [2],
He then unto the ladder turns his back;
Looks in the clouds, scorning the [3] base degrees
By which he did ascend: So Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these, and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, [4] as his kind, grow mischievous;
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there, when I went to bed.
Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.

• I think Warburton right. JOHNSON.

Remorse is pity, and has twice occurred in that sense in *Measure for Measure*, act II. and act V. Many more instances of this use of the word are given in *Othello*, Act III. sc. iii. STEEVENS.

[1] —— *common proof*,] Common experiment. JOHNSON.

[2] *But when he once attains the upmost round,*
He then unto the ladder turns his back, &c.]

So, in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, 1602:
"The aspirer once attain'd unto the top,
"Cuts off those means by which himself got up:
"And with a harder hand, and straighter rein,
"Doth curb that looseness he did find before;
"Doubting the occasion like might serve again;
"His own example makes him fear the more."
MALONE.

[3] —— *base degrees*] Low steps. JOHNSON.

[4] —— *as his kind*, ——] According to his nature. JOHNSON.

[5] Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the kalendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter, and reads.*
Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome——*Speak, strike, redress!*
Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake,—
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
Shall Rome——Thus must I piece it out;
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What! Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
Speak, strike, redress!—Am I entreated
To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. [6] Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.
[*Knocks within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks. [*Exit Lucius.*

[5] *Is not to-morrow, boy, the first of March?*] We should read *ides*: for we can never suppose the speaker to have lost fourteen days in his account. He is here plainly ruminating on what the soothsayer told Cæsar [Act I. sc. ii.] in his presence. [—*Beware the ides of March.*] The boy comes back and says, *Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.* So that the *morrow was the ides of March*, as he supposed. For March, May, July, and October, had six nones each, so that the fifteenth of March was the *ides* of that month.
WARBURTON.

[6] In former editions:
Sir, March is wasted fifteen *days.*
The editors are slightly mistaken: it was wasted but *fourteen* days: this was the dawn of the 15th, when the boy makes his report.
THEOBALD.

Since

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.
[7] Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:

The

[7] *Between the acting of a dreadful thing,*
And the first notion, &c.] That nice critic, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, complains, that of all kind of beauties, those great strokes, which he calls the *terrible graces*, and which are so frequent in Homer, are the rarest to be found in the following writers. Amongst our countrymen, it seems to be as much confined to the British Homer. This description of the condition of conspirators, before the execution of their design, has a pomp and terror in it that perfectly astonishes. The excellent Mr. Addison, whose modesty made him sometimes diffident of his own genius, but whose true judgment always led him to the safest guides (as we may see by those fine strokes in his *Cato* borrowed from the *Philippics* of Cicero) has paraphrased this fine description; but we are no longer to expect those terrible graces which animate his original:

" *O think, what anxious moments pass between*
" *The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods.*
" *Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,*
" *Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death.*" Cato.

I shall make two remarks on this fine imitation. The first is, that the subjects of the two conspiracies being so very different (the fortunes of Cæsar and the Roman empire being concerned in the one; and that of a few auxiliary troops only in the other) Mr. Addison could not, with propriety, bring in that magnificent circumstance which gives one of the *terrible graces* of Shakespeare's description;

The genius, and the mortal instruments
Are then in council———

For *kingdoms*, in the Pagan Theology, besides their *good*, had their *evil genius's*, likewise; represented here, with the most daring stretch of fancy, as sitting in consultation with the conspirators, whom he calls their *mortal instruments*. But this, as we say, would have been too pompous an apparatus to the rape and desertion of Syphax and Sempronius. The other thing observable is, that Mr. Addison was so struck and affected with these *terrible graces* in his original, that instead of imitating his author's sentiments, he hath, before he was aware, given us only the copy of his own impressions made by them. For,

Oh

The genius, and the mortal instruments,
Are then in council; and the state of man,

Like

Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death.
are but the affections raised by such forcible images as these:
———*All the int'rim is*
Like a phantasma, *or a hideous dream.*
———*the state of man,*
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Comparing the troubled mind of a conspirator to a state of anarchy, is just and beautiful; but the *int'rim*, or interval, to an *hideous* vision, or a frightful *dream*, holds something so wonderfully of truth, and lays the soul so open, that one can hardly think it possible for any man, who had not some time or other been engaged in a conspiracy, to give such force of colouring to nature.

WARBURTON.

The δεινὸν of the Greek critics does not, I think, mean sentiments which *raise fear*, more than *wonder*, or any other of the tumultuous passions; τὸ δεινὸν is that which *strikes*, which *astonishes* with the idea either of some great subject, or of the author's abilities.

Dr. Warburton's pompous criticism might well have been shortened. The *genius* is not the *genius* of a *kingdom*, nor are the *instruments*, *conspirators*. Shakespeare is describing what passes in a single bosom, the *insurrection* which a conspirator feels agitating the *little kingdom* of his own mind; when the *genius*, or power that watches for his protection, and the *mortal instruments*, the passions, which excite him to a deed of honour and danger, are in council and debate; when the desire of action and the care of safety, keep the mind in continual fluctuation and disturbance. JOHNSON.

The foregoing was perhaps among the earliest notes written by Dr. Warburton on Shakespeare. Though it was not inserted by him in Theobald's editions, 1732 and 1740, (but was reserved for his own in 1747), yet he had previously communicated it, with little variation, in a letter to Matthew Concanen in the year 1726. See a note on Dr. Akinside's *Ode* to Mr. Edwards.

STEEVENS.

Instead of *instruments*, it should, I think, be *instrument*, and explained thus:

The *genius*, i. e. the soul or spirit, which should govern; and the *mortal instrument*, i. e. the man, with all his bodily, that is, earthly passions, such as envy, pride, malice, and ambition, *are then in council*, i. e. debating upon the horrid action that is to be done, the soul and rational powers dissuading, and the *mortal instrument*,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother [8] Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.
Bru. Is he alone?
Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.
Bru. Do you know them?
Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces bury'd in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark [9] of favour.
Bru. Let them enter. [*Exit Lucius.*
They are the faction. O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to shew thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles, and affability:
[1] For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not

strument, man, with his bodily passions, prompting and pushing on to the horrid deed, whereby the state of man, like to a little kingdom, suffers then the nature of an insurrection, the inferior powers rising and rebelling against the superior. See this exemplified in *Macbeth's* soliloquy, and also by what King *John* says, act IV:

" *Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,*
" *This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,*
" *Hostility and civil tumult reigns*
" *Between my conscience and my cousin's death.*" SMITH.

[8] ——*your* brother *Cassius*—] *Cassius* married *Junia*, Brutus' sister. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*of favour.*] Any distinction of countenance. JOHNSON.

[1] *For if thou* path *thy native semblance on,*] If thou walk in thy true form. JOHNSON.

The

Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, and Trebonius.

Cas. I think, we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; Do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.
Know I these men, that come along with you?
Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.
Bru. He is welcome hither.
Cas. This, Decius Brutus.
Bru. He is welcome too.
Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna;
And this, Metellus Cimber.
Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*
Dec. Here lies the east: Doth not the day break here?
Casca. No.
Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.
Casca. You shall confess, that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,

The same verb is used by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, Song II;
"Where, from the neighbouring hills, her passage Wey doth *path*."
Again, in his Epistle from *Duke Humphrey* to *Elinor Cobham*:
"*Path'ng* young Henry's unadvised ways." STEEVENS.

Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. [2] No, not an oath [3]: If not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
[4] 'Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,

[2] *No, not an oath. If* that the face *of men*, &c.] Dr. Warburton would read *fate of men*; but his elaborate emendation is, I think, erroneous. *The* face *of men* is the *countenance*, the *regard*, the *esteem* of the publick; in other terms, *honour* and *reputation*; or *the face of men* may mean the dejected look of the people.

He reads, with the other modern editions:

——— *if* that *the face of men:*

but the old reading is,

——— *if* not *the face*, &c. JOHNSON.

So, Tully *in Catilinam—Nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt?* STEEVENS.

[3] *No, not an oath.*——] Shakespeare form'd this speech on the following passage in sir T. North's translation of *Plutarch*:——, "The conspirators having never taken oaths together, nor taken or given any caution or assurance, nor binding themselves one to another by any religious oaths, they kept the matter so secret to themselves," &c. STEEVENS.

[4] *'Till each man drop by lottery.*] Perhaps the poet alluded to the custom of *decimation*, i. e. the selection by *lot* of every tenth soldier, in a general mutiny, for punishment.
He speaks of this in *Coriolanus*:

"*By decimation, and a tythed death,*
"*Take thou thy fate.*" STEEVENS.

And

And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
[5] Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous[6]
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprize,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath past from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
But all be bury'd in his gravity.

[5] *Swear priests* &c.] This is imitated by Owtay:
"*When you would bind me, is there need of oaths?*" &c.
Venice Preserved.
JOHNSON.

[6] ——*cautelous*] Is here *cautious*, sometimes *insidious*. So, in *Woman is a Weathercock*, 1612: "Yet warn you be as *cautelous* not to wound my integrity."

Again, in Drayton's *Miseries of Queen Margaret*:
"Witty, well-spoken, *cautelous*, though young."
Again, in the second of these two senses in the romance of *Kynge Appolyn of Thyre*, 1610:
"—a fallacious polycy and *cautelous wyle*."
Again, in *Holinshed*, p. 945: "—the emperor's councell thought by a *cautell* to have brought the king in mind to sue for a licence from the pope." STEEVENS.

Bru. O, name him not; let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Caf. Then leave him out.

Cafca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man elfe be touch'd, but only Cæfar?

Caf. Decius, well urg'd:—I think, it is not meet,
Mark Antony, fo well belov'd of Cæfar,
Should out-live Cæfar: We fhall find of him
A fhrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well ftretch fo far,
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony, and Cæfar, fall together.

Bru. Our courfe will feem too bloody, Caius Caffius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:
For Antony is but a limb of Cæfar.
Let us be facrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all ftand up againft the fpirit of Cæfar;
And in the fpirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæfar's fpirit [7],
And not difmember Cæfar! But, alas,
Cæfar muft bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a difh fit for the gods [8],
Not hew him as a carcafe fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as fubtle mafters do,

[7] *O, that we then could come by Cæfar's fpirit,* &c.] Lord Sterline has the fame thought: Brutus remonftrating againft the taking off of Anthony, fays:

"Ah! ah! we muft but too much murder fee,
"That without doing evil cannot do good;
"And would the gods that Rome could be made free,
"Without the effufion of one drop of blood!"

MALONE.

[8] —*as a difh fit for the gods,* &c.]

"———Gradive, dedifti,
"Ne qua manus vatem, ne quid mortalia bello
"Lædere tela queant, fanctum et venerabile Diti
"Funus erat." *Stat. Theb.* VII. l. 696. STEEVENS.

Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him:
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,——

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself; [9] take thought, and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath strucken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Whe'r Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no:
For he is superstitious grown of late;
Quite from the main opinion [1] he held once

Of

[9] ——*take thought,*—] That is, *turn* melancholy. JOHNSON.
So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
" What shall we do, Ænobarbus?
" *Think and die.*"
Again, in *Holinshed*, p. 833: " ——now they were without service, which caused them to *take thought*, insomuch that some died by the way, &c." STEEVENS.

[1] *For he is superstitious grown of late;*
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies.]
Cæsar, as well as Cassius, was an Epicurean. By *main opinion* Cassius intends a compliment to his sect, and means solid, fundamental opinion, grounded in truth and nature: as by *fantasy* is meant ominous forebodings; and by *ceremonies*, atonements of the

Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.
Dec. Never fear that: If he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him: [2] for he loves to hear,
[3] That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And

the gods by means of religious rites and sacrifices. A little after, where Calphurnia says:

Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me:

The poet uses *ceremonies* in a quite different sense, namely, the turning *accidents to omens*, a principal superstition of antiquity. WARBURTON.

Main opinion, is nothing more than *leading*, *fixed*, *predominant opinion*. JOHNSON.

[2] —*for he loves to hear*, &c.] It was finely imagined by the poet, to make Cæsar delight in this sort of conversation. The author of *St. Evremond's Life* tells us, that the great prince of Conde took much pleasure in remarking on the foible and ridicule of characters. WARBURTON.

[3] *That unicorns may be betray'd by trees,*
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes.]
Unicorns are said to have been taken by one who, running behind a tree, eluded the violent push the animal was making at him, so that his horn spent its force on the trunk, and stuck fast, detaining the beast till he was dispatched by the hunter.

So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. 5:

" Like as a lyon whose imperiall powre
" A prowd rebellious *unicorne* defies;
" T'avoid the rash assault and wrathfull stowre
" Of his fiers foe, him to *a tree* applies:
" And when him running in full course he spies,
" He slips aside; the whiles the furious beast
" His precious horne, sought of his enemies,
" Strikes in the stocke, ne thence can be releast,
" But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feast."

Again, in *Bussy D'Ambois*, 1641:

" An angry *unicorne* in his full career
" Charge with too swift a foot a jeweller
" That watch'd him for the treasure of his brow,
" And

And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He says, he does; being then most flattered.
Let me work:
For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour: Is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard [4],
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along to him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon us: We'll leave you, Brutus:—
And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remember
What you have said, and shew yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
[5] Let not our looks put on our purposes;

"And ere he could get shelter of *a tree*,
"Nail him with his rich antler to the earth."

Bears are reported to have been surprised by means of a *mirror*, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking the surer aim. This circumstance, I think, is mentioned by Claudian. *Elephants* were seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them, was exposed. See Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* B. VIII.
STEEVENS.

[4] —*bear* Cæsar *hard.*] Thus the old copy, but Rowe, Pope, and Hanmer, on the authority of the latter folios read *hatred*, though the same expression appears again in the first scene of the following act: "—I do beseech you, if you *bear me hard*:" and has already occurr'd in a former one:
"Cæsar doth *bear me hard*, but he loves Brutus."
STEEVENS.

[5] *Let not our looks*—] Let not our faces *put on*, that is, *wear* or *show* our designs. JOHNSON.

But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd ſpirits, and formal conſtancy:
And ſo, good-morrow to you every one. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Brutus.

Boy! Lucius!—Faſt aſleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of ſlumber:
Thou haſt no figures, nor no fantaſies,
Which buſy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou ſleep'ſt ſo ſound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord!
Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore riſe you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.
Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: And yeſternight, at ſupper,
You ſuddenly aroſe, and walk'd about,
Muſing, and ſighing, with your arms acroſs:
And when I aſk'd you what the matter was,
You ſtar'd upon me with ungentle looks:
I urg'd you further; then you ſcratch'd your head,
And too impatiently ſtamp'd with your foot:
Yet I inſiſted, yet you anſwer'd not;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave ſign for me to leave you: So I did;
Fearing to ſtrengthen that impatience,
Which ſeem'd too much enkindled; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which ſometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor ſleep;
And, could it work ſo much upon your ſhape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I ſhould

I ſhould not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cauſe of grief.
Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.
Por. Brutus is wiſe, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.
Bru. Why, ſo I do:—Good Portia, go to bed.
Por. Is Brutus ſick? and is it phyſical
To walk unbraced, and ſuck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus ſick;
And will he ſteal out of his wholeſome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night?
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his ſickneſs? No, my Brutus;
You have ſome ſick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: And, upon my knees,
I charm you [4], by my once commended beauty
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourſelf, your half,
Why you are heavy: and what men to-night
Have had reſort to you: for here have been
Some ſix or ſeven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkneſs.
Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.
Por. I ſhould not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I ſhould know no ſecrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourſelf,
But, as it were, in ſort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals [5], comfort your bed [6],
And

[5] *I charm you*——] Thus the old copy. Pope and Hanmer read *charge*, but unneceſſarily. So, in *Cymbeline*:
"———'tis your graces
"That from my muteſt conſcience to my tongue
"*Charms* this report out." STEEVENS.

[6] *To keep with you at meals*, &c.]
" I being, O Brutus, (ſayed ſhe) the daughter of Cato, was maried

And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs [7]

maried vnto thee, not to be thy beddefellowe and companion in bedde and at borde onelie, like a harlot: but to be partaker also with thee, of thy good and euill fortune. Nowe for thyselfe, I can finde no cause of faulte in thee touchinge our matche: but for my parte, how may I showe my duetie towardes thee, and how muche I woulde doe for thy sake, if I can not constantlie beare a secret mischaunce or griefe with thee, which requireth secrecy and fidelitie? I confesse, that a womans wit commonly is too weake to keepe a secret safely: but yet, Brutus, good education, and the companie of vertuous men, haue some power to reforme the defect of nature. And for my selfe, I haue this benefit moreouer: that I am the daughter of Cato, and wife of Brutus. This notwithstanding, I did not trust to any of these things before: vntil that now I have found by experience, that no paine nor griefe whatsoeuer can ouercome me. With those wordes she shewed him her wounde on her thigh, and tolde him what she had done to proue her selfe."

Sir Tho: North's Translat. of Plutarch. STEEVENS.

Here also we find our author and lord Sterline walking over the same ground:

"I was not, Brutus, match'd with thee, to be
"A partner only of thy board and bed,
"Each servile whore in those might equal me,
"That did herself to nought but pleasure wed.
"No—Portia spous'd thee with a mind t'abide
"Thy fellow in all fortunes good or ill;
"With chains of mutual love together ty'd,
"As those that have two breasts, one heart, two souls, one will."

Lord Sterline's *Julius Cæsar*.

MALONE.

[7] ——*comfort your bed,*] "is but an odd phrase, and gives as odd an idea," says Mr. Theobald. He therefore substitutes, *consort*. But this good old word, however disused through modern refinement, was not so discarded by Shakespeare. Henry VIII. as we read in Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, in commendation of queen Katharine, in public said, "She hath beene to me a true obedient wife, and as *comfortable* as I could wish." UPTON.

In the books of entries at Stationers' Hall, I meet with the following: 1598. "*A Conversation between a careful Wyfe and her* comfortable *Husband.*" STEEVENS.

In our marriage ceremony, the husband promises to *comfort* his wife; and Barrett's, *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1582, says, that to *comfort* is, "to recreate, to solace, to make pastime." COLLINS.

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant, I am a woman [8]; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
[9] A woman well-reputed; Cato's daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:

[7] ——— *in the* suburbs.] Perhaps here is an allusion to the place in which the harlots of Shakespeare's age resided. So, in B. and Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas:*

"Get a new mistress,
"Some *suburb* saint, that sixpence, and some oaths
"Will draw to parley. STEEVENS.

[8] *I grant I am a woman,* &c.] So, lord Sterline:

"And though our sex too talkative be deem'd
"As those whose tongues import our greatest pow'rs,
"For secrets still bad treasurers esteem'd,
"Of others greedy, prodigal of ours;
"Good education may reform defects,
"And I this vantage have to a vertuous life,
"Which others minds do want and mine respects,
"*I'm Cato's daughter, and I'm Brutus' wife.*"

MALONE.

[9] *A woman well-reputed; Cato's daughter.*] This false pointing should be corrected thus:

A woman well reputed Cato's daughter.

i. e. worthy of my birth, and the relation I bear to Cato. This indeed was a good reason why she should be intrusted with the secret. But the false pointing, which gives a sense only implying that she was a woman of a good character, and that she was Cato's daughter, gives no good reason: for she might be Cato's daughter, and yet not inherit his firmness; and she might be a woman well-reputed, and yet not the best at a secret. But if she was well-reputed Cato's daughter, that is, worthy of her birth, she could neither want her father's love to her country, nor his resolution to engage in its deliverance. WARBURTON.

I have

I have made ſtrong proof of my conſtancy,
Giving myſelf a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
And not my huſband's ſecrets?
Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knock.*
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy boſom ſhall partake
The ſecrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will conſtrue to thee,
All the charactery [1] of my ſad brows:—
Leave me with haſte. [*Exit Portia.*

Enter Lucius, and Ligarius.

Lucius, who is that knocks?
Luc. Here is a ſick man, that would ſpeak with you.
Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus ſpake of.—
Boy, ſtand aſide.—Caius Ligarius! how?
Lig. Vouchſafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.
Bru. O, what a time have you choſe out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief? 'Would you were not ſick [2]!
Lig. I am not ſick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

[1] —*all the* charactery—] i. e. *all that is character'd* on, &c. The word has already occurr'd in the *Merry Wives of Windſor.* STEEVENS.

[2] *Would you were not ſick!* &c.] So, lord Sterline:
"By ſickneſs being impriſon'd in his bed
"Whilſt I Ligarius ſpied, whom pains did prick
"When I had ſaid with words that anguiſh bred,
"*In what a time Ligarius art thou ſick?*
"He anſwer'd ſtraight, as I had phyſick brought,
"Or that he had imagin'd my deſign,
"*If worthy of thyſelf thou would'ſt do ought,*
"*Then Brutus I am whole, and wholly thine.*"
MALONE.

Bru.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my ſickneſs. Soul of Rome!
Brave ſon, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorciſt, haſt conjur'd up
My mortified ſpirit. Now bid me run,
And I will ſtrive with things impoſſible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make ſick men whole.

Lig. But are not ſome whole, that we muſt make ſick?

Bru. That muſt we alſo. What it is, my Caius,
I ſhall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it muſt be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;
And, with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it ſufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Cæſar's Palace.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Cæſar, in his Night-gown.

Cæſ. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her ſleep cry'd out,
Help, ho! They murder Cæſar. Who's within?

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?
Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.
Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.
Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: The things, that threaten'd me,
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.
Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies [3],
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead:
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air [4],
Horses

[3] *Cæsar, I never stood on* ceremonies.] i. e. I never paid a ceremonious or superstitious regard to prodigies or omens.

The adjective is used in the same sense in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607:

"The devil hath provided in his covenant,
"I should not cross myself at any time.——
"I never was so *ceremonious*."

The original thought is in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "Calphurnia, until that time, was never given to any fear or superstition." STEEVENS.

[4] *The noise of battle* hurtled *in the air.*] To *hurtle* is, I suppose, to

Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths [5];
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard [6],

to clash, or move with violence and noise. So, in *Selimus Emperor of the Turks*, 1638:

" Here the Polonian he comes *hurtling* in,
" Under the conduct of some foreign prince."

Shakespeare uses the word again in *As You Like It*:

" ———— in which *hurtling*,
" From miserable slumber I awak'd."

Again, in *Selimus*, &c.

" To toss the spear, and in a warlike gyre
" To *hurtle* my sharp sword about my head."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. 7:

" His harmful club he gan to *hurtle* high." STEEVENS.

[5] *Cowards die many times before their deaths.*] So in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1603:

" Fear is my vassal; when I frown, he flies,
" *A hundred times in life a coward dies.*"

The first known edition of *Julius Cæsar* is that of 1623:

Lord Essex, probably before any of these writers, made the same remark. In a letter to lord Rutland, he observes, " that as he which dieth nobly, doth live for ever, so *he that doth live in fear, doth die continually.*" MALONE.

" When some of his friends did counsel him to have a guard for the safety of his person; he woud never consent to it, but said, it was better to die once, than always to be affrayed of death." *Sir Th. North's Transl. of Plutarch.* STEEVENS.

[6] —— *that I yet have heard.*] This sentiment appears to have been imitated by Dr. Young in his tragedy of *Busiris king of Egypt*:

——*Didst*

It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that [7] death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this [8] in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
[9] We were two lions litter'd in one day,

"——*Didst thou e'er fear?*
"*Sure 'tis an art; I know not how to fear:*
"*'Tis one of the few things beyond my power;*
"*And if death must be fear'd before 'tis felt,*
"*Thy master is immortal.*"—— STEEVENS.

7 ——*death, a necessary end,* &c.] This is a sentence derived from the stoical doctrine of predestination, and is therefore improper in the mouth of Cæsar. JOHNSON.

8 ——*in shame of cowardice:*] The ancients did not place courage but wisdom in the heart. JOHNSON.

9 *We* were &c.] In old editions:
We heard *two lions*——The first folio:
——*We heare*——
The copies have been all corrupt, and the passage, of course, unintelligible. But the slight alteration, I have made, restores sense to the whole; and the sentiment will neither be unworthy of Shakespeare, nor the boast too extravagant for Cæsar in a vein of vanity to utter: that he and Danger were two twin-whelps of a lion, and he the elder, and more terrible of the two.
THEOBALD.

Upton would read:
——*We* are ——
This resembles the boast of Otho:
Experti invicem sumus, Ego et Fortuna. Tacitus.
STEEVENS.

And

And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say, you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them, that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day: Tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lye?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell grey-beards the truth?—
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,
Which, like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans

Came ſmiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
[1] And theſe does ſhe apply for warnings, and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will ſtay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiſs interpreted;
It was a viſion, fair and fortunate:
Your ſtatue ſpouting blood in many pipes,
In which ſo many ſmiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies, that from you great Rome ſhall ſuck
Reviving blood; [2] and that great men ſhall preſs

For

[1] *And theſe ſhe does apply for warnings and portents,*
And evils imminent.
The late Mr. Edwards was of opinion that we ſhould read:
——— *warnings and portents*
Of *evils imminent.* STEEVENS.

[2] ——— *and that great men ſhall preſs*
For tinctures, ſtains, relicks, *and cognizance.*]
That this dream of the ſtatue's ſpouting blood ſhould ſignify, the increaſe of power and empire to Rome from the influence of Cæſar's arts and arms, and wealth and honour to the noble Romans through his beneficence, expreſſed by the words, *from you great Rome ſhall ſuck reviving blood*, is intelligible enough. But how theſe great men ſhould literally preſs *for tinctures, ſtains, relicks, and cogniſance*, when the ſpouting blood was only a ſymbolical viſion, I am at a loſs to apprehend. Here the circumſtances of the dream, and the interpretation of it, are confounded with one another. This line therefore,
For tinctures, ſtains, relicks, and cogniſance,
muſt needs be in way of ſimilitude only; and if ſo, it appears that ſome lines are wanting between this and the preceding; which want ſhould, for the future, be marked with aſteriſks. The ſenſe of them is not difficult to recover, and, with it, the propriety of the line in queſtion. The ſpeaker had ſaid, the ſtatue ſignified, that by Cæſar's influence Rome ſhould flouriſh and increaſe in empire, and that great men ſhould preſs to him to partake of his *good fortune*, juſt as men run with handkerchiefs, &c. to dip them in the blood of martyrs, that they may partake of their *merit*. It is true, the thought is from the Chriſtian hiſtory; but ſo ſmall an anachroniſm is nothing with our poet. Beſides, it is not my interpretation which introduces it, it was there before: for the line in queſtion can bear no other ſenſe than as an alluſion to the blood of the martyrs, and the ſuperſtition of ſome churches with regard to it. WARBURTON.

I am

For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognisance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signify'd.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now; The senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word, you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
Break up the senate 'till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams [3].
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, Cæsar is afraid?
Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
[4] And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia?
I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go:—

I am not of opinion that any thing is lost, and have therefore marked no omission. This speech, which is intentionally pompous, is somewhat confused. There are two allusions; one to coats armorial, to which princes make additions, or give new *tinctures*, and new marks of *cognisance*; the other to martyrs, whose reliques are preserved with veneration. The Romans, says Decius, all come to you as to a saint, for reliques, as to a prince, for honours. JOHNSON.

[3] *When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.*] So, in lord Sterline's *Julius Cæsar*:

"How can we satisfy the world's conceit,
"Whose tongues still in all ears your praise proclaims?
"Or shall we bid them leave to deal in state,
"*Till that Calphurnia first have better dreams?*"

MALONE.

[4] *And reason*, &c.] And reason, or propriety of conduct and language, is subordinate to my love. JOHNSON.

Enter Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, and Cinna.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.
Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.
Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—
Good-morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,
As that same ague which hath made you lean.—
What is't o'clock?
Bru. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.
Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

See! Antony, that revels long o'nights,
Is notwithstanding up:—Good morrow, Antony.
Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.
Cæs. Bid them prepare within:—
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;—
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.
Treb. Cæsar, I will:——and so near will I be, [*Aside.*
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.
Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.
Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yerns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

A street near the Capitol.

Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.

Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about you: Security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee!

Thy lover,

Artemidorus.

Here will I stand, 'till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;
If not, [4] the fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Another part of the same street.

Enter Portia, and Lucius.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay [5]?

Luc.

[4] —— *the fates with traitors do contrive.*] The fates *join with* traitors in *contriving* thy destruction. JOHNSON.

[5] *Why dost thou stay?* &c.] Shakespeare has expressed the perturbation of *K. Richard* the third's mind by the same incident:

"—Dull

Luc. To know my errand, madam.
Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou ſhould'ſt do there.—
O conſtancy, be ſtrong upon my ſide!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counſel!—
Art thou here yet?
Luc. Madam, what ſhould I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing elſe?
And ſo return to you, and nothing elſe?
Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went ſickly forth: And take good note,
What Cæſar doth, what ſuitors preſs to him.
Hark, boy! what noiſe is that?
Luc. I hear none, madam.
Por. Pr'ythee, liſten well:
I heard a buſtling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothſayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow: Which way haſt thou been?
Sooth. At mine own houſe, good lady.
Por. What is't o'clock?
Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.
Por. Is Cæſar yet gone to the Capitol?
Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my ſtand,
To ſee him paſs on to the Capitol.
Por. Thou haſt ſome ſuit to Cæſar, haſt thou not?

" ——Dull, unmindful villain!
" Why ſtay'ſt thou here, and go'ſt not to the duke?—
" *Cat.* Firſt, mighty liege, tell me your highneſs' pleaſure,
" What from your grace I ſhall deliver to him."
STEEVENS.

Sooth.

Sooth. That I have, lady, if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me:
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*

Por. I must go in.—Ay me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus!
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize!
Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit,
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint:—
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say, I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street, and then

The Capitol; the Senate sitting.

Flourish. Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Popilius, Publius, and the Soothsayer.

Cæs. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

[*Cæsar enters the Capitol, the rest following.*]

Pop. I wish, your enterprize to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprize, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wish'd, to-day our enterprize might thrive.
I fear, our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius, or Cæsar, never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

Exeunt Ant. and Treb.

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is addrest[6]: press near, and second him.

[6] *He is* addrest:] i.e. he is ready. So, in *As You Like It:*
"*Address'd* a mighty power, which was on foot."
We are now to suppose the senate is seated. STEEVENS.

Cin.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rear your hand [7].

Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiss,
That Cæsar, and his senate, must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat [*Kneeling.*
An humble heart:——

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men;
[8] And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,
[9] Into the lane of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,

[7] —*you are the first that* rear *your hand.*] This, I think, is not English. The first folio has *reares*, which is not much better. To reduce the passage to the rules of grammar, we should read—*You are the first that* rears his *hand.* TYRWHITT.

[8] *And turn* pre-ordinance—] *Pre-ordinance*, for ordinance already established. WARBURTON.

[9] *Into the* lane *of children.*] I do not well understand what is meant by the *lane* of children. I should read, the *law* of children. That is, *change pre-ordinance and decree into the* law *of children*; into such slight determinations as every start of will would alter. *Lane* and *lawe* in some manuscripts are not easily distinguished. JOHNSON.

If the *lane of children* be the true reading, it may possibly receive illustration from the following passage in Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*:

"A narrow-minded man! my thoughts do dwell
"All in a *lane*."

The *lane of children* will then mean the narrow conceits of children, which must change as their minds grow more enlarg'd. So, in *Hamlet*:

"For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
"In thewes and bulk; but as this temple waxes,
"*The inward service of the mind and soul,*
"*Grows* wide *withal.*"

But even this explanation is harsh and violent. Perhaps the poet wrote;—"in the *line* of children," i.e. after the method or manner of children. In *Troilus and Cressida*, he uses *line* for method, course:

"——in all *line* of order," STEEVENS.

Low-

Low-crooked curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn, for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied [1]?

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

[1] *Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause Will he be satisfied.*] Ben Jonson quotes this line unfaithfully among his *Discoveries*, and ridicules it again in the Introduction to his *Staple of News*. "Cry you mercy; *you never did wrong, but with just cause?*" STEEVENS.

It may be doubted, I think, whether Jonson has *quoted this line unfaithfully*. The turn of the sentence, and the defect in the metre (according to the present reading), rather incline me to believe that the passage stood originally thus:

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, but with just cause;
Nor without cause will he be satisfied.

We may suppose that Ben started this formidable criticism at one of the earliest representations of the play, and that the players, or perhaps Shakespeare himself, over-awed by so great an authority, withdrew the words in question; though, in my opinion, it would have been better to have told the captious censurer that his criticism was ill-founded; that *wrong* is not always a synonymous term for *injury*; that, in poetical language especially, it may be very well understood to mean only *harm*, or *hurt*, what the law calls *damnum sine injuria*; and that, in this sense, there is nothing absurd in Cæsar's saying, that he *doth not wrong* (i.e. doth not inflict any evil, or punishment) *but with just cause*. But, supposing this passage to have been really censurable, and to have been written by Shakespeare, the exceptionable words were undoubtedly left out when the play was printed in 1623; and therefore what are we to think of the malignant pleasure with which Jonson continued to ridicule his deceased friend for a slip, of which posterity, without his information, would have been totally ignorant? TYRWHITT.

Caſ. Pardon, Cæſar; Cæſar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Caſſius fall,
To beg enfranchiſement for Publius Cimber.

Cæſ. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am conſtant as the northern ſtar,
Of whoſe true-fixt, and reſting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The ſkies are painted with unnumbred ſparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth ſhine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world; 'Tis furniſh'd well with men,
And men are fleſh and blood, and [2]apprehenſive;
Yet, in the number, I do know [3] but one
That unaſſailable [4] holds on his rank,
Unſhak'd of motion: and, that I am he,
Let me a little ſhew it, even in this;
That I was conſtant Cimber ſhould be baniſh'd,
And conſtant do remain to keep him ſo.

Cin. O Cæſar,——

Cæſ. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæſar,——

Cæſ. [5] Doth not Brutus bootleſs kneel?

Caſca.

2 ——*apprehenſive*;] Suſceptible of fear, or other paſſions. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Hen.* IV. P. II. Act IV. ſc. iii: "—makes it *apprehenſive*, quick, forgetive, &c." STEEVENS.

3 ——*but one*] One and only one. JOHNSON.

4 ——*holds on his* rank,] Perhaps, *holds on his* race; continues his courſe. We commonly ſay, To *hold a rank*; and To *hold on a courſe* or *way*. JOHNSON.

5 *Doth not Brutus bootleſs kneel?*] I would read:
Do *not Brutus bootleſs kneel!* JOHNSON.

I cannot ſubſcribe to Dr. Johnſon's opinion. Cæſar, as ſome of the conſpirators are preſſing round him, anſwers their importunity properly: *See you not my own Brutus kneeling in vain? What ſucceſs can you expect to your ſolicitations, when his are ineffectual?* This might have put my learned coadjutor in mind of the paſſage of Homer, which he has ſo elegantly introduced in his preface. *Thou?* (ſaid Achilles to his captive) *when ſo great a man*

Casca. Speak, hands, for me. [*They stab Cæsar.*

Cæs. *Et tu, Brute?*——Then fall, Cæsar! [*Dies.*

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!——
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!

Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus [6].

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance——

Bru. Talk not of standing:—Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else [7]: so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so;—and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter Trebonius.

Cas. Where is Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd:

a man as Patroclus has fallen before thee, dost thou complain of the common lot of mortality? STEEVENS.

[6] ——*Go to the pulpit, Brutus*] We have now taken leave of Casca. Shakspeare for once knew that he had a sufficient number of heroes on his hands, and was glad to lose an individual in the croud. It may be added, that the singularity of Casca's manners would have appeared to little advantage amidst the succeeding varieties of tumult and war. STEEVENS.

[7] Nor *to* no *Roman else.*] This use of two negatives, not to make an affirmative, but to deny more strongly, is common to Chaucer, Spenser, and other of our ancient writers. Hickes observes, that in the Saxon, even *four* negatives are sometimes conjoined, and still preserve a negative signification. STEEVENS.

Men

Men, wives, and children, ſtare, cry out, and run,
As it were dooms-day.
Bru. Fates! we will know your pleaſures:—
That we ſhall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men ſtand upon.
Caſ. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off ſo many years of fearing death.
Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæſar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—[8] Stoop, Romans, ſtoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæſar's blood
Up to the elbows, and beſmear our ſwords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!
Caſ. Stoop then, and waſh.——How many ages hence,
Shall this our lofty ſcene be acted over,
In ſtates unborn, and accents yet unknown?
Bru. How many times ſhall Cæſar bleed in ſport,

[8] *Stoop, Romans, ſtoop,* &c.] In all the editions this ſpeech is aſcribed to Brutus, than which nothing is more inconſiſtent with his mild and philoſophical character. But (as I often find ſpeeches in the later editions put into wrong mouths, different from the firſt publiſhed by the author) I think this liberty not unreaſonable. POPE.

—*Stoop, Romans, ſtoop;*] Mr. Pope has arbitrarily taken away the remainder of this ſpeech from Brutus, and placed it to Caſca; becauſe he thinks nothing is more inconſiſtent with Brutus's mild and philoſophical character. I have made bold to reſtore the ſpeech to its right owner. Brutus eſteem'd the death of Cæſar a ſacrifice to liberty: and, as ſuch, gloried in his heading the enterprize. Beſides, our poet is ſtrictly copying a fact in hiſtory. Plutarch, in the *Life of Cæſar*, ſays, "Brutus and his followers, *being yet hot with the murder*, march'd in a body from the ſenate houſe to the Capitol, with their *drawn ſwords*, with an air of confidence and aſſurance." And in the *Life of Brutus*,—"Brutus and his party betook themſelves to the Capitol, and in their way, *ſhewing their hands all bloody*, and their naked ſwords, *proclaim'd liberty* to the people." THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton follows Pope. JOHNSON.

That

That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust?
Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.
Dec. What, shall we forth?
Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.
Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say.
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.
Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.
Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit Servant.*
Bru. I know, that we shall have him well to friend.
Cas. I wish, we may: but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! Doſt thou lie ſo low?
Are all thy conqueſts, glories, triumphs, ſpoils,
Shrunk to this little meaſure?—Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who elſe muſt be let blood, [9] who elſe is rank:
If I myſelf, there is no hour ſo fit
As Cæſar's death's hour; nor no inſtrument
Of half that worth, as thoſe your ſwords, made rich
With the moſt noble blood of all this world.
I do beſeech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilſt your purpled hands do reek and ſmoke,
Fulfil your pleaſure. Live a thouſand years,
I ſhall not find myſelf ſo apt to die:
No place will pleaſe me ſo, no mean of death,
As here by Cæſar, and by you cut off,
The choice and maſter ſpirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we muſt appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our preſent act,
You ſee we do; yet ſee you but our hands,
And this the bleeding buſineſs they have done:
Our hearts you ſee not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, ſo pity, pity)
Hath done this deed on Cæſar. For your part,
To you our ſwords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
[1] Our arms, in ſtrength of malice, and our hearts,
Of

[9] —— *who elſe is rank;*] Who elſe may be ſuppoſed to have *overtopped* his equals, and *grown too high* for the public ſafety.
JOHNSON.

[1] *Our arms exempt from malice,*] This is the reading only of the

Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Caſ. Your voice ſhall be as ſtrong as any man's,
In the diſpoſing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, 'till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beſide themſelves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cauſe,
Why I, that did love Cæſar when I ſtruck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wiſdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
Firſt, Marcus Brutus, will I ſhake with you;—
Next, Caius Caſſius, do I take your hand;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;——now yours, Metellus;—
Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Caſca, yours;—
Though laſt, not leaſt in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas! what ſhall I ſay?
My credit now ſtands on ſuch ſlippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you muſt conceit me,
Either a coward, or a flatterer.——
That I did love thee, Cæſar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy ſpirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,

the modern editions, yet perhaps the true reading. The old copy has:

Our arms in ſtrength of *malice.* JOHNSON.

The old reading I believe to have been what the author deſign'd; and Dr. Johnſon ſeems to have given a ſanction to the alteration of his predeceſſors, without conſidering the context.

To you, (ſays Brutus) *our ſwords have leaden points: our arms, ſtrong in the deed of malice they have juſt perform'd, and our hearts united like thoſe of brothers in the action, are yet open to receive you with all poſſible affection.* The ſuppoſition that Brutus meant, *their hearts were of brothers' temper in reſpect of Antony,* ſeems to have miſled thoſe who have commented on this paſſage before. I have replaced the old reading. Mr. Pope firſt ſubſtituted the words *exempt from,* in its place. If alteration were neceſſary, it would be eaſier to read:

Our arms no *ſtrength of malice,*—— STEEVENS.

To

To ſee thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Moſt noble! in the preſence of thy corſe?
Had I as many eyes as thou haſt wounds,
Weeping as faſt as they ſtream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to cloſe
In terms of friendſhip with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius!—Here waſt thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didſt thou fall; and here thy hunters ſtand,
Sign'd in thy ſpoil, and[3] crimſon'd in thy lethe.
O world! thou waſt the foreſt to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, ſtrucken by many princes,
Doſt thou here lie?

Caſ. Mark Antony,——

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Caſſius:
The enemies of Cæſar ſhall ſay this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modeſty.

Caſ. I blame you not for praiſing Cæſar ſo;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or ſhall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæſar.

[3] ——*crimſon'd in thy* lethe.] Mr. Theobald ſays, *The dictionaries acknowledge no ſuch word as* lethe; *yet he is not without ſuppoſition, that Shakeſpeare coin'd the word; and yet, for all that, the* l *might be a* d *imperfectly wrote, therefore he will have* death *inſtead of it.* After all this pother, *lethe* was a common French word, ſignifying *death* or *deſtruction*, from the Latin *lethum*. WARBURTON.

Lethe is uſed by many of the old tranſlators of novels, for *death*; and in Heywood's *Iron Age*, Part II. 1632:

"The proudeſt nation that great Aſia nurs'd,
"Is now extinct in *lethe*."

Again, in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1616:

"For vengeance' wings bring on thy *lethal* day."

STEEVENS.

Friends am I with you all; and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.——
You know not what you do; Do not consent, [*Aside.*
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon;—
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
And say, you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.
[*Exeunt Conspirators.*

Manet Antony.

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived[4] in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy[5],—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue;—
A curse shall light[6] upon the limbs of men;
Domestick fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:

4 ——*in the tide of times.*] That is, in the course of times. JOHNSON.

5 *Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,*——
Which like dumb mouths, &c.]
Shakespeare, perhaps, in his thoughts had an old play, called, *A Warning for faire Women*, 1599. It was once very popular, and appears to have been written some years before it was printed:
"——I gave him fifteen wounds,
"Which now be fifteen mouths that do accuse me:
"In every wound there is a bloody tongue
"Which will all speak although he hold his peace."
MALONE.

6 ——*upon the* limbs *of men*;] We should read:
——line *of men*;
i. e. human race. WARBURTON.
Hanmer reads:
——kind *of men*;
I rather think it should be,
——*the* lives *of men*;
unless we read:
——these lymms *of men*;
That is, *these bloodhounds* of men. The uncommonness of the word *lymm* easily made the change. JOHNSON.
I think the old reading may very well stand. Antony means only, that a future curse shall commence in distempers seizing on *the limbs of men*, and be succeeded by commotion, cruelty, and desolation over all Italy. STEEVENS.

Blood and deſtruction ſhall be ſo in uſe,
And dreadful objects ſo familiar,
That mothers ſhall but ſmile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity choak'd with cuſtom of fell deeds:
And Cæſar's ſpirit [7], ranging for revenge,
With Até by his ſide, come hot from hell,
Shall in theſe confines, with a monarch's voice,
[8] Cry *Havock*, and let ſlip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed ſhall ſmell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You ſerve Octavius Cæſar, do you not?
Serv. I do, Mark Antony.
Ant. Cæſar did write for him, to come to Rome.

[7] *And Cæſar's ſpirit, ranging for revenge*, &c.]
"——umbraque erraret Craſſus inulta." *Lucan*, lib. 1.
"Fatalem populis ultro poſcentibus horam
"Admovet atra dies; Stygiiſque emiſſa tenebris
"Mors fruitur cœlo, bellatoremque volando
"Campum operit, nigroque viros invitat hiatu."
Stat. Theb. VIII.
"——Furiæ rapuerunt licia Parcis." *Ibid.* STEEVENS.

[8] *Cry* Havock,—] A learned correſpondent has informed me, that, in the military operations of old times, *havock* was the word by which declaration was made, that no quarter ſhould be given.

In a tract intitled, *The Office of the Conſtable and Mareſchall in the Tyme of Werre*, contained in the Black Book of the Admiralty, there is the following chapter:

"The peyne of hym that crieth *havock* and of them that followeth hym, etit. [illegible]

"Item Si quis inventus fuerit qui clamorem inceperit qui vocatur *Havok*."

"Alſo that no man be ſo hardy to crye *Havok* upon peyne that he that is begynner ſhal be deede therefore: & the remanent that doo the ſame or folow, ſhall loſe their horſe & harneis: and the perſones of ſuch as followeth & eſcrien ſhal be under areſt of the Coneſtable and Mareſchall warde unto tyme that they have made fyn; and founde ſuretie no morr to offende; and his body in priſon at the Kyng wyll.—" JOHNSON.

Serv.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming:
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—
O Cæsar!— [*Seeing the body.*

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet [9];
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while;
Thou shalt not back, 'till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt, with Cæsar's body.*

SCENE II.

The Forum.

Enter Brutus, and Cassius, with the Plebeians.

Pleb. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—

[9] *No Rome of safety, &c.*] If Shakespeare meant to quibble on the words *Rome* and *room*, in this and a former passage, he is at least countenanced in it by other authors:

So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1638:
"———You shall have my *room*,
"My *Rome* indeed, for what I seem to be,
"Brutus is not, but born great *Rome* to free." STEEVENS.

Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—
Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And publick reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Pleb.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Pleb.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Plebeians: Brutus goes into the rostrum.*

3 *Pleb.* The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!

Bru. Be patient 'till the last.

Romans, [7] countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this

[7] *countrymen, and lovers!* &c.] There is no where, in all Shakespeare's works a stronger proof of his not being what we call a scholar than this; or of his not knowing any thing of the genius of learned antiquity. This speech of Brutus is wrote in imitation of his famed laconic brevity, and is very fine in its kind; but no more like that brevity, than his times were like Brutus's: The ancient laconic brevity was simple, natural, and easy: this is quaint, artificial, gingling, and abounding with forced antitheses. In a word, a brevity, that for its false eloquence would have suited any character, and for its good sense would have become the greatest of our author's time; but yet, in a stile of declaiming, that sits as ill upon Brutus as our author's trowsers or collar-band would have done. WARBURTON.

This artificial gingle of short sentences was affected by most of the orators in Shakespeare's time, whether in the pulpit or at the bar. The speech of Brutus may therefore be regarded rather as an imitation of the false eloquence then in vogue, than as a specimen of laconic brevity. STEEVENS.

is my anſwer,—Not that I lov'd Cæſar leſs, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather Cæſar were living, and dye all ſlaves; than that Cæſar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæſar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I ſlew him: There are tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune;' honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here ſo baſe, that would be a bond-man? If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who is here ſo rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who is here ſo vile, that will not love his country? If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. I pauſe for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæſar, than you ſhall do to Brutus. The queſtion of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he ſuffered death.

Enter Mark Antony, &c. with Cæſar's body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, ſhall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; As which of you ſhall not? With this I depart; That, as I ſlew my beſt lover for the good of Rome, I have the ſame dagger for myſelf, when it ſhall pleaſe my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Pleb.* Bring him with triumph home unto his houſe.

2 *Pleb.* Give him a ſtatue with his anceſtors.

3 *Pleb.* Let him be Cæſar.

4 *Pleb.* Cæſar's better parts
Shall be crowned in Brutus.

1 *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his houſe with ſhouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

2 *Pleb.* Peace; ſilence! Brutus ſpeaks.

1 *Pleb.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my ſake, ſtay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæſar's corpſe, and grace his ſpeech
Tending to Cæſar's glories; which Mark Antony
By our permiſſion is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, 'till Antony have ſpoke. [*Exit.*

1 *Pleb.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him:—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' ſake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Pleb.* What does he ſay of Brutus?

3 *Pleb.* He ſays, for Brutus' ſake,
He finds himſelf beholden to us all [2].

4 *Pleb.* 'Twere beſt he ſpeak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Pleb.* This Cæſar was a tyrant.

3 *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain:
We are bleſt, that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Pleb.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can ſay.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

All. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæſar, not to praiſe him.
The evil, that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæſar! The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæſar was ambitious:

[2] ——beholden *to us all.*] Throughout the old copies of Shakeſpeare, and many other ancient authors, *beholden* is corrupt-edly ſpelt—*beholding*. STEEVENS.

If

If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cry'd, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause with-holds you then to mourn for him?—
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause 'till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings,

2 *Pleb.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
[3] Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Pleb.*

[3] *Cæsar has had great wrong.* 3 Pleb. *Cæsar had never wrong but with just cause.*] If ever there was such a line written by Shakespeare, I should fancy it might have its place here, and very humourously in the character of a plebeian. One might believe Ben

3 *Pleb.* Has he, maſters?
I fear, there will a worſe come in his place.
4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.
1 *Pleb.* If it be found ſo, ſome will dear abide it.
2 *Pleb.* Poor ſoul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than Antony.
4 *Pleb.* Now mark him, he begins again to ſpeak.
Ant. But yeſterday the word of Cæſar might
Have ſtood againſt the world: now lies he there,
* And none ſo poor to do him reverence.
O maſters! if I were diſpos'd to ſtir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I ſhould do Brutus wrong, and Caſſius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather chooſe
To wrong the dead, to wrong myſelf, and you,
Than I will wrong ſuch honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the ſeal of Cæſar,
I found it in his cloſet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this teſtament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)

Ben Jonſon's remark was made upon no better credit than ſome blunder of an actor in ſpeaking that verſe near the beginning of the third act:

Know, Cæſar doth not wrong; nor without cauſe
Will he be ſatisfied——

But the verſe, as cited by Ben Jonſon, does not connect with, *Will he be ſatisfied.* Perhaps, this play was never printed in Ben Jonſon's time, and ſo he had nothing to judge by, but as the actor pleaſed to ſpeak it. Pope.

I have inſerted this note, becauſe it is Pope's, for it is otherwiſe of no value. It is ſtrange that he ſhould ſo much forget the date of the copy before him, as to think it not printed in Jonſon's time. Johnson.

* *And none ſo poor*——] The meaneſt man is now too high to do reverence to Cæſar. Johnson.

And

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins [5] in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 *Pleb.* Read the will; we will hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?
I have o'er-shot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.

4 *Pleb.* They were traitors: Honourable men!

All. The will! the testament!

2 *Pleb.* They were villains, murderers: The will! read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?—
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me shew you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 *Pleb.* Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*

3 *Pleb.* You shall have leave.

4 *Pleb.* A ring; stand round.

[5] —*their* napkins.] i. e. their handkerchiefs. *Napery* was the ancient term for all kinds of linen. STEEVENS.

1 *Pleb.*

1 Pleb. Stand from the hearſe, ſtand from the body.

2 Pleb. Room for Antony;—moſt noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, preſs not ſo upon me; ſtand far off.

All. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to ſhed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The firſt time ever Cæſar put it on;
'Twas on a ſummer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place, ran Caſſius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Caſca made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus ſtabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his curſed ſteel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæſar follow'd it;
As ruſhing out of doors, to be reſolv'd
If Brutus ſo unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæſar's angel[6]:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæſar lov'd him!
This was the moſt unkindeſt cut of all:
For when the noble Cæſar ſaw him ſtab,
Ingratitude, more ſtrong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquiſh'd him: then burſt his mighty heart;
[7] And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even

[6] *For Brutus, as you know, was* Cæſar's angel:] This title of endearment is more than once introduced in Sidney's *Arcadia*.
STEEVENS.

[7] *And, in his mantle,* &c.] Read the lines thus:

And, in his mantle muffling up his face
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæſar fell,
Even at the baſe of Pompey's ſtatue.

Plutarch tells us, that Cæſar received many wounds in the face on this occaſion, ſo that it might be ſaid to run blood. But, inſtead of that, the ſtatue, in this reading, and not the face, is ſaid to do ſo; it is plain theſe two lines ſhould be tranſpoſed: And then the reflection, which follows:

O what a fall was there——

is natural, lamenting the diſgrace of being at laſt ſubdued in that quarrel in which he had been compleat victor. WARBURTON.

The image ſeems to be, that the blood of Cæſar flew upon the ſtatue, and trickled down it. And the exclamation;

O what

Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity [8]: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here!
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Pleb.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Pleb.* O woeful day!

4 *Pleb.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Pleb.* O most bloody sight!

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd: Revenge: About,—
Seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

O what a fall was there——
follows better after
——*great Cæsar fell,*
than with a line interposed. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakespeare meant that the very statue of Pompey lamented the fate of Cæsar in tears of blood. Such poetical hyperboles are not uncommon. Pope, in his *Eloisa*, talks of
——*pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep.*
Shakespeare has enumerated *dews of blood* among the prodigies on the preceding day; and, as I have since discovered, took these very words from sir Thomas North's Translation of *Plutarch*: "—against the very base whereon Pompey's image stood, *which ran all a gore blood*, till he was slain." STEEVENS.

[8] *The dint of pity*] is the impression of pity.

The word is in common use among our ancient writers. So, in Preston's *Cambyses*:
"Your grace therein may hap receive, with others for your parte,
"The *dent* of death, &c."
Again, *Ibid*:
"He shall dye by *dent* of sword, or els by choking rope."
STEEVENS.

1 *Pleb.*

1 *Pleb.* Peace there:—Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'l die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They, that have done this deed, are honourable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise, and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is:
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me publick leave to speak of him.
[4] For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;
Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths!
And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

1 *Pleb.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Pleb.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

[4] *For I have neither wit,*——] The old copy reads:
For I have neither writ, nor words,———
may mean, I have no *penned* and premeditated oration.
JOHNSON.
The second folio reads *wit.* STEEVENS.

Ant.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæſar thus deſerv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not:—I muſt tell you then:—
You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Moſt true;—the will;—let's ſtay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæſar's ſeal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every ſeveral man, ſeventy five drachmas [1].

2 *Pleb.* Moſt noble Cæſar!—We'll revenge his death.

3 *Pleb.* O royal Cæſar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
[2] On this ſide Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleaſures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourſelves.
Here was a Cæſar: When comes ſuch another?

[1] *——ſeventy-five drachmas.*] A drachma was a Greek coin, the ſame as the Roman *denier*, of the value of four ſeſterces, 7d. ob. STEEVENS.

[2] *On* this *ſide Tiber.*] The ſcene is here in the Forum near the Capitol, and in the moſt frequented part of the city; but Cæſar's gardens were very remote from that quarter:

Trans Tiberim *longe cubat is, prope* Cæſaris hortos,

ſays Horace: and both the Naumachia and gardens of Cæſar were ſeparated from the main city by the river; and lay out wide, on a line with Mount Janiculum. Our author therefore certainly wrote,

On that *ſide Tyber;*——

and Plutarch, whom Shakeſpeare very diligently ſtudied, in the *Life of Marcus Brutus*, ſpeaking of Cæſar's will, expreſsly ſays, That he left to the public his gardens, and walks, *beyond* the Tiber. THEOBALD.

This emendation has been adopted by the ſubſequent editors; but hear the old tranſlation, where *Shakeſpeare's ſtudy* lay. "He bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome ſeventy five drachmas a man, and he left his gardens and arbours unto the people, which he had on *this* ſide of the river Tiber." FARMER.

1 *Pleb.*

1 *Pleb.* Never, never :—Come, away, away :
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houſes [3].
Take up the body.

2 *Pleb.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Pleb.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Pleb.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Plebeians, with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work : Miſchief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what courſe thou wilt!——How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæſar's houſe.

Ant. And thither will I ſtraight to viſit him :
He comes upon a wiſh. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him ſay, Brutus and Caſſius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike, they had ſome notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*

[4] SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him, the Plebeians.

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feaſt with Cæſar,
And things unluckily charge my fantaſy :

[3] —fire *the traitors' houſes.*] Thus the old copy. The more modern editors read—fire *all* the traitor's houſes; but *fire* was then pronounced, as it was ſometimes written, *fier*. So, in *Humors Ordinary*, a collection of Epigrams :

" Oh rare compound, a dying horſe to choke,
" Of Engliſh *fier* and of Indian ſmoke!" STEEVENS.

[4] *Scene III.*] The ſubject of this ſcene is taken from *Plutarch*. STEEVENS.

I have

have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

1 *Pleb.* What is your name?

2 *Pleb.* Whither are you going?

3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Pleb.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Pleb.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Pleb.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then to answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly. Wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2 *Pleb.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry:—You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Pleb.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Pleb.* That matter is answer'd directly.

4 *Pleb.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Pleb.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Pleb.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Pleb.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

4 *Pleb.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho! firebrands. To Brutus' and to Cassius', burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's, some to Ligarius': away; go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

On [5] *a ſmall Iſland near Mutina.*

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

Ant. Theſe many then ſhall die; their names are prick'd.

Octa. Your brother too muſt die; Conſent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do conſent.

Octa. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. [6] Upon condition Publius ſhall not live,

Who

[5] *A ſmall iſland*] Mr. Rowe, and Mr. Pope after him, have mark'd the ſcene here to be at Rome. The old copies ſay nothing of the place. Shakeſpeare, I dare ſay, knew from *Plutarch*, that theſe triumvirs met, upon the proſcription, in a little iſland; which Appian, who is more particular, ſays, lay near Mutina, upon the river Lavinius. THEOBALD.

A ſmall iſland in the little river Rhenus near Bononia. HANMER.

So, in the old tranſlation of *Plutarch*: "Thereuppon all three met together (to wete, Cæſar, Antonius, & Lepidus) in an iland enuyroned round about with a little riuer, & there remayned three dayes together. Now as touching all other matters, they were eaſily agreed, & did deuide all the empire of Rome betwene them, as if it had bene their owne inheritance. But yet they could hardly agree whom they would put to death: for euery one of them would kill their enemies, and ſaue their kinſmen and friends. Yet at length, giving place to their greedy deſire to be reuenged of their enemies, they ſpurned all reuerence of blood, and holines of friendſhip at their feete. For Cæſar left Cicero to Antonius will, Antonius alſo forſooke Lucius Cæſar, who was his vncle by his mother: and both of them together ſuffred Lepidus to kill his owne brother Paulus." That Shakeſpeare, however, meant the ſcene to be at Rome, may be inferred from what almoſt immediately follows:

"*Lep.* What, ſhall I find you here?
"*Caſ.* Or here, or at the Capitol." STEEVENS.

[6] *Upon condition, Publius ſhall not live.*] Mr. Upton has ſufficiently proved that the poet made a miſtake as to this character

Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him[7].

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Octa. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: Is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Octa. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold[8],
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,

ter mentioned by Lepidus. Lucius, not Publius, was the person meant, who was uncle by the mother's side to Mark Antony: and in consequence of this, he concludes, that Shakespeare wrote:

You are his sister's son, *Mark Antony.*

The mistake, however, is more like the mistake of the author, than of his transcriber or printer. STEEVENS.

[7] ——damn *him.*] i. e. *condemn* him. So, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

"Vouchsafe to give my *damned* husband life."

Again, in Chaucer's *Knightes Tale*, v. 1747.

"——by your confession
"Hath *damned* you, and I wol it recorde." STEEVENS.

[8] ——*as the ass bears gold,*] This image had occurr'd before in *Measure for Measure*, Act III. sc. i:

"——like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
"Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
"Till death unloads thee." STEEVENS.

Like to the empty aſs, to ſhake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Octa. You may do your will;
But he's a try'd and valiant ſoldier.

Ant. So is my horſe, Octavius; and, for that,
I do appoint him ſtore of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to ſtop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my ſpirit.
And, in ſome taſte, is Lepidus but ſo;
He muſt be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
[1] A barren-ſpirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations;
Which, out of uſe, and ſtal'd by other men,

[1] In the old editions:

A barren-ſpirited fellow, one that feeds
On objects, arts, *and imitations*, &c.

'Tis hard to conceive, why he ſhould be call'd a *barren-ſpirited* fellow that could feed either on *objects* or *arts*: that is, as I preſume, form his ideas and judgment upon them: *ſtale* and *obſolete imitation*, indeed, fixes ſuch a character. I am perſuaded, to make the poet conſonant to himſelf, we muſt read, as I have reſtored the text:

On abject orts,———

i. e. on the *ſcraps* and *fragments* of things *rejected* and *deſpiſed* by others. THEOBALD.

It is ſurely eaſy to find a reaſon why that devotee to pleaſure and ambition, Antony, ſhould call him *barren-ſpirited* who could be content to feed his mind with *objects*, i. e. *ſpeculative knowledge*, or *arts*, i. e. *mechanic operations*. I have therefore taken the liberty of bringing back the old reading to its place, though Mr. Theobald's emendation is ſtill left before the reader. Lepidus, in the tragedy of *Antony and Cleopatra*, is repreſented as inquiſitive about the ſtructures of Egypt, and that too when he is almoſt in a ſtate of intoxication. Antony, as at preſent, makes a jeſt of him, and returns him unintelligible anſwers to very reaſonable queſtions.

Objects, however, may mean things *objected* or thrown out to him. In this ſenſe Shakeſpeare uſes the verb *to object* in another play, where I have given an inſtance of its being employ'd by Chapman on the ſame occaſion. A man who can avail himſelf of neglected hints thrown out by others, though without original ideas of his own, is no uncommon character. STEEVENS.

Begin

Begin his faſhion: Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Liſten great things.——Brutus and Caſſius
Are levying powers: we muſt ſtraight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our beſt friends made, and our beſt means ſtretch'd
out;
And let us preſently go ſit in council,
How covert matters may be beſt diſclos'd,
And open perils ſureſt anſwered.

Octa. Let us do ſo: for we are at the ſtake [7],
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And ſome, that ſmile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of miſchief. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before Brutus' tent, in the camp near Sardis.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, and Soldiers: Titinius and Pindarus meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho!

Luc. Give the word, ho! and ſtand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius? is Caſſius near?

Luc. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you ſalutation from his maſter.

Bru. He greets me well.—Your maſter, Pindarus,
[8] In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath

[7] —*at the ſtake.*] An alluſion to bear-baiting. So, in *Macbeth*, act V:

"They have chain'd me to a *ſtake*, I cannot fly,
"But bear-like I muſt fight the courſe." STEEVENS.

[8] *In his own* change, *or by ill officers,*] The ſenſe of which is this, *Either your maſter, by the* change *of his virtuous nature, or by his officers abuſing the power he had intruſted to them, hath done ſome things I could wiſh undone.* This implies a *doubt* which of the two was the caſe. Yet, immediately after, on Pindarus's ſaying, *His maſter was full of regard and honour*, he replies, *He is not doubted.* To reconcile this we ſhould read:

Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard, and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius;—
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

In his own charge, *or by ill officers,*
i. e. *Either by those under his immediate command, or under the command of his lieutenants, who had abused their trust.* *Charge* is so usual a word in Shakespeare, to signify the forces committed to the trust of a commander, that I think it needless to give any instances. WARBURTON.

The arguments for the change proposed are insufficient. Brutus could not but know whether the wrongs committed were done by those who were immediately under the command of Cassius, or those under his officers. The answer of Brutus to the servant is only an act of artful civility; his question to Lucilius proves, that his suspicion still continued. Yet I cannot but suspect a corruption, and would read:

In his own change, or by ill offices.

That is, either *changing* his inclination *of himself*, or *by* the *ill-offices* and bad influences of others. JOHNSON.

Surely alteration is unnecessary. In the subsequent conference Brutus charges both Cassius and his *officer* Lucius Pella, with corruption. STEEVENS.

Luc.

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horſe in general,
Are come with Caſſius. [*March within.*

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd:—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter Caſſius, and Soldiers.

Caſ. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Caſ. Moſt noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not ſo, how ſhould I wrong a brother?

Caſ. Brutus, this ſober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them——

Bru. Caſſius, be content,
Speak your griefs ſoftly,—I do know you well:—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which ſhould perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Caſſius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Caſ. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, 'till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The inside of Brutus' tent.

Enter Brutus, and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein, my letter, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.
Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.
Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That [9] every nice offence should bear his comment.
Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.
Cas. I an itching palm?
You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cas. Chastisement!
Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now

[9] ——*every* nice *offence*—] i. e. small trifling offence. WARBURTON.

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, act V:
" The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge
" Of dear import." STEEVENS.

Conta-

Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?—
[1] I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
[2] To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I [3],

[1] *I had rather be a dog, and* bay *the moon,*
Than such a Roman.]
The poets and common people, who generally think and speak alike, suppose the dog bays the moon out of envy to its brightness; an allusion to this notion makes the beauty of the passage in question: Brutus hereby insinuates a covert accusation against his friend, that it was only envy at Cæsar's glory which set Cassius on conspiring against him; and ancient history seems to countenance such a charge. Cassius understood him in this sense, and with much conscious pride retorts the charge by a like insinuation:

———*Brutus,* bay *not* me. WARBURTON.

The old copy reads—*bait* not me; but Dr. Warburton's emendation is strengthened by Shakespeare's having used the word *bay* in other places, and in the sense here required. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*, act II. sc. iii:

"What moves Ajax thus to *bay* at him?"

Again, in the Second Part of *K. Henry* IV. act I. sc. iii:

"———the French and Welsh
"*Baying* him at the heels."

Again, in *Cymbeline:*

"Set the dogs of the street
"To *bay* me."

The old reading, however, may be countenanced by the following passage in *A Pleasant conceited comedy how to chuse a good Wife from a bad*, 1634:

"Do I come home so seldom, and that seldom,
"Am I thus *baited?*" MALONE.

[2] *To hedge me in;*——] That is, to limit my authority by your direction or censure. JOHNSON.

[3] ———*I am a soldier,* I,
Older in practice, &c.]
Thus the ancient copies; but the modern editors, instead of *I*, have read *ay*, because the vowel *I* sometimes stands for *ay* the affirmative adverb. I have replaced the old reading, on the authority of the following line:

And I am Brutus; Marcus Brutus I. STEEVENS.

Older

Older in practice, abler than yourself
* To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Caſſius.

Caſ. I am.

Bru. I ſay, you are not.

Caſ. Urge me no more, I ſhall forget myſelf;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, ſlight man!

Caſ. Is't poſſible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will ſpeak.
Muſt I give way and room to your raſh choler?
Shall I be frighted, when a madman ſtares?

Caſ. O ye gods! ye gods! Muſt I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret, 'till your proud heart break;
Go, ſhew your ſlaves how cholerick you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Muſt I budge?
Muſt I obſerve you? Muſt I ſtand and crouch
Under your teſty humour? By the gods,
You ſhall digeſt the venom of your ſpleen,
Though it do ſplit you: for, from this day forth
I'll uſe you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waſpiſh.

Caſ. Is it come to this?

Bru. You ſay, you are a better ſoldier:
Let it appear ſo; make your vaunting true,
And it ſhall pleaſe me well: For mine own part,
I ſhall be glad to learn of noble men.

Caſ. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus;
I ſaid, an elder ſoldier, not a better:
Did I ſay, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Caſ. When Cæſar liv'd, he durſt not thus have mov'd me.

* *To make conditions.*] That is, to know on what terms it is fit to confer the offices which are at my diſpoſal. JOHNSON.

Bru.

Bru. Peace, peace; you durſt not ſo have tempted him.

Caſ. I durſt not?

Bru. No.

Caſ. What? durſt not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durſt not.

Caſ. Do not preſume too much upon my love,
I may do that I ſhall be ſorry for.

Bru. You have done that you ſhould be ſorry for.
There is no terror, Caſſius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd ſo ſtrong in honeſty,
That they paſs by me, as the idle wind,
Which I reſpect not. I did ſend to you
For certain ſums of gold, which you deny'd me;—
For I can raiſe no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, [5] than to wring
From the hard hands of peaſants their vile traſh,
By any indirection. I did ſend
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you deny'd me: Was that done like Caſſius?
Should I have anſwer'd Caius Caſſius ſo?
When Marcus Brutus grows ſo covetous,
To lock ſuch raſcal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Daſh him to pieces!

Caſ. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Caſ. I did not:——he was but a fool,
That brought my anſwer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my heart:

[5] —*than to* wring
From the hard *hands of peaſants their vile traſh*,]
This is a noble ſentiment, altogether in character, and expreſſed in a manner inimitably happy. For *to wring*, implies both to get *unjuſtly*, and to uſe *force* in getting: and *hard hands* ſignify both the peaſant's great *labour and pains* in acquiring, and his *great unwillingneſs* to quit his hold. WARBURTON.

A friend

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
[6] *Bru.* I do not, 'till you practise them on me.
Cas. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!——There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
[7] If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;

I, that

[6] Bru. *I do not,* till *you practise them on me.*] But was this talking like Brutus? Cassius complained that his friend made his infirmities greater than they were. To which Brutus replies, not till those infirmities were injuriously turned upon me. But was this any excuse for *aggravating* his friend's failings? Shakespeare knew better what was fit for his hero to say, and certainly wrote and pointed the line thus:

I do not. Still *you practise them on me.*

i. e. I deny your charge, and this is a fresh injury done me. WARBURTON.

The meaning is this: I do not look for your faults, I only see them, and mention them with vehemence, when you force them into my notice, by *practising them on me.* JOHNSON.

[7] *If that thou* be'st a Roman, *take it forth,* &c.] But why is he bid to rip out his heart, if he were a Roman? There is no other sense but this, If you have the courage of a Roman. But this is so poor, and so little to the purpose, that the reading may be justly suspected. The occasion of this quarrel was Cassius's refusal to supply the necessities of his friend, who charges it on him as a dishonour and crime, with great asperity of language. Cassius, to shew him the injustice of accusing him of avarice, tells him, he was ready to expose his life in his service; but at the

same

I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didſt at Cæſar; for, I know,
When thou didſt hate him worſt, thou lov'dſt him better
Than ever thou lov'dſt Caſſius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it ſhall have ſcope;
Do what you will, diſhonour ſhall be humour.
O Caſſius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced, ſhews a haſty ſpark,
And ſtraight is cold again.

Caſ. Hath Caſſius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I ſpoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Caſ. Do you confeſs ſo much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Caſ. O Brutus!—

Bru. What's the matter?

Caſ. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that raſh humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

ſame time, provoked and exaſperated at the other's reproaches, he upbraids him with the ſeverity of his temper, that would pardon nothing, but always aimed at the life of the offender; and delighted in his blood, though a Roman, and attached to him by the ſtrongeſt bonds of alliance: hereby obliquely inſinuating the caſe of Cæſar. The ſenſe being thus explained, it is evident we ſhould read:

If that thou needſt a Roman'*s*, *take it forth*.

i. e. if nothing but another Roman's death can ſatisfy the unrelenting ſeverity of your temper, take my life as you did Cæſar's. WARBURTON.

I am not ſatisfied with the change propoſed, yet cannot deny, that the words, as they now ſtand, require ſome interpretation. I think he means only, that he is ſo far from avarice, when the cauſe of his country requires liberality, that if any man ſhould wiſh for his heart, he would not need enforce his deſire any otherwiſe, than by ſhewing that he was a Roman. JOHNSON.

Bru.

Bru. Yes, Caſſius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earneſt with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you ſo.
[*A noiſe within.*

Poet. [*within.*] Let me go in to ſee the generals;
There is ſome grudge between them, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. [*within.*] You ſhall not come to them.

Poet. [*within.*] Nothing but death ſhall ſtay me.

Enter Poet [8].

Caſ. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For ſhame, you generals; What do you mean?
[9] Love, and be friends, as two ſuch men ſhould be;
For I have ſeen more years, I am ſure, than ye.

Caſ. Ha, ha; how vilely doth this cynic rhime!

Bru. Get you hence, ſirrah; ſaucy fellow, hence.

Caſ. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his faſhion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What ſhould the wars do with theſe jigging fools?—
Companion [1], hence.

Caſ. Away, away, be gone. [*Exit Poet.*

[8] *Enter Poet.*] Shakeſpeare found the preſent incident in *Plutarch*. The intruder, however, was *Marcus Phaonius* who had been a friend and follower of Cato; not a poet, but one who aſſumed the character of a cynic philoſopher. STEEVENS.

[9] *Love, and be friends, as two ſuch men ſhould be;*
For I have ſeen more years, I'm ſure, than ye.

This paſſage is a tranſlation from the following one in the firſt book of *Homer*:

Ἀλλὰ πίθεσθ' ἄμφω δὲ νεωτέρω ἐςὸν ἐμεῖο.

which is thus given in ſir Thomas North's *Plutarch*:

"My lords, I pray you hearken both to me,
"For I have ſeen more years than ſuch ye three."

STEEVENS.

[1] Companion, *hence.*] *Companion* is uſed as a term of reproach in many of the old plays; as we ſay at preſent—*fellow*. So, in *K. Henry* IV. Part II. Dol Tearſheet ſays to Piſtol:

"——I ſcorn you, ſcurvy *companion*, &c." STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Lucilius, and Titinius.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.
Caſ. And come yourſelves, and bring Meſſala with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius, and Titinius.*
Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.
Caſ. I did not think, you could have been ſo angry.
Bru. O Caſſius, I am ſick of many griefs.
Caſ. Of your philoſophy you make no uſe,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears ſorrow better:—Portia is dead.
Caſ. Ha! Portia?
Bru. She is dead.
Caſ. How ſcap'd I killing, when I croſs'd you ſo?—
O inſupportable and touching loſs!—
Upon what ſickneſs?
Bru. Impatient of my abſence;
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themſelves ſo ſtrong;—for with her death
That tidings came;—With this ſhe fell diſtract,
And, her attendants abſent, ſwallow'd fire [2].
Caſ. And dy'd ſo?
Bru. Even ſo.
Caſ. O ye immortal gods!

[2] *And, her attendants abſent, ſwallow'd fire.*] This circumſtance is taken from *Plutarch*. It is alſo mentioned by *Val. Maximus*.

It may not, however, be amiſs to remark, that the death of Portia wants that foundation which has hitherto entitled her to a place in poetry, as a pattern of Roman fortitude. She is reported, by Pliny, I think, to have died at Rome of a lingering illneſs while Brutus was abroad; but ſome writers ſeem to look on a natural death as a derogation from a diſtinguiſhed character.
STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Lucius, with wine, and tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine :—
In this I bury all unkindneſs, Caſſius. [*Drinks.*
Caſ. My heart is thirſty for that noble pledge :—
Fill, Lucius, 'till the wine o'er-ſwell the cup ;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

Re-enter Titinius, and Meſſala.

Bru. Come in, Titinius :——Welcome, good Meſſala.——
Now ſit we cloſe about this taper here,
And call in queſtion our neceſſities.
Caſ. Portia ! art thou gone ?
Bru. No more, I pray you.——
Meſſala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition towards Phi ippi.
Meſ. Myſelf have letters of the ſelf-ſame tenour.
Bru. With what addition ?
Meſ. That by proſcription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death a hundred ſenators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree ;
Mine ſpeak of ſeventy ſenators, that dy'd
By their proſcriptions, Cicero being one.
Caſ. Cicero one ?
Meſ. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proſcription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord ?
Bru. No, Meſſala.
Meſ. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her ?
Bru. Nothing, Meſſala.
Meſ. That, methinks, is ſtrange.

Bru.

Bru. Why aſk you? Hear you ought of her in yours?
Meſ. No, my lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
Meſ. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain ſhe is dead, and by ſtrange manner.
Bru. Why, farewel, Portia.—We muſt die, Meſſala:
With meditating that ſhe muſt die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Meſ. Even ſo great men great loſſes ſhould endure.
Caſ. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it ſo.
Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi preſently?
Caſ. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reaſon?
Caſ. This it is:
'Tis better, that the enemy ſeek us:
So ſhall he waſte his means, weary his ſoldiers,
Doing himſelf offence; whilſt we, lying ſtill,
Are full of reſt, defence, and nimbleneſs.
Bru. Good reaſons muſt, of force, give place to better.
The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do ſtand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them ſhall make a fuller number up,
Come on refreſh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage ſhall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
Theſe people at our back.
Caſ. Hear me, good brother.
Bru. Under your pardon.—You muſt note beſide,
That we have try'd the utmoſt of our friends,

Our legions are brim full, our cauſe is ripe:
The enemy increaſeth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men [5],
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in ſhallows, and in miſeries.
On ſuch a full ſea are we now afloat;
And we muſt take the current when it ſerves,
Or loſe our ventures.

Caſ. Then, with your will, go on; we will along
Ourſelves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature muſt obey neceſſity;
Which we will niggard with a little reſt.
There is no more to ſay?

Caſ. No more. Good night:
Early to-morrow will we riſe, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit Luc.*] Farewel, good Meſſala;—
Good night, Titinius:—Noble, noble Caſſius,
Good night, and good repoſe.

Caſ. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come ſuch diviſion 'tween our ſouls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Caſ. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Meſ. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewel, every one. [*Exeunt.*

5 *There is a tide,* &c.] This paſſage is poorly imitated by B. and Fletcher, in the *Cuſtom of the Country:*
" *There is an hour in each man's life appointed*
" *To make his happineſs, if then he ſeize it,* &c.
STEEVENS.

Re-enter

Re-enter Lucius, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy inſtrument?
Luc. Here in the tent.
Bru. What, thou ſpeak'ſt drowſily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call Claudius, and ſome other of my men;
I'll have them ſleep on cuſhions in my tent.
Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter Varro, and Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord?
Bru. I pray you, ſirs, lie in my tent, and ſleep;
It may be, I ſhall raiſe you by and by
On buſineſs to my brother Caſſius.
Var. So pleaſe you, we will ſtand, and watch your pleaſure.
Bru. I will not have it ſo: lie down, good ſirs;
It may be, I ſhall otherwiſe bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here's the book I ſought for ſo;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.
Luc. I was ſure, your lordſhip did not give it me.
Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Can'ſt thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,
And touch thy inſtrument a ſtrain or two?
Luc. Ay, my lord, an't pleaſe you.
Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty, ſir.
Bru. I ſhould not urge thy duty paſt thy might;
I know, young bloods look for a time of reſt.
Luc. I have ſlept, my lord, already.
Bru. It was well done; and thou ſhalt ſleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Muſick, and a ſong.*
This is a ſleepy tune:—O murd'rous ſlumber!

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace [6] upon my boy,
That plays thee musick?—Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.—
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see;—Is not the leaf turn'd down,
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.
[*He sits down to read.*

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me:—Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well; Then I shall see thee again [7]?

Ghost.

[6] —*thy leaden* mace.] A *mace* is the ancient term for a scepter. So, in the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:
"——look upon my stately grace,
"Because the pomp that longs to Juno's *mace*, &c."
Again:
"————because he knew no more
"Fair Venus' Ceston, than dame Juno's *mace*."
Again, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:
"————proud Tarquinius
"Rooted from Rome the sway of kingly *mace*."
Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. I. c. x:
"Who mightily upheld that royal *mace*." STEEVENS.

[7] *Well; then I shall see thee again.*] Shakespeare has on this occasion deserted his original. It does not appear from *Plutarch* that the *Ghost of Cæsar* appeared to Brutus, but "a wonderful straunge and

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.' [*Exit Ghost.*

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks, he still is at his instrument.—
Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord!

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so cry'dst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: Didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow [8] thou! awake.

Var. My lord.

Clau. My lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Both. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay; Saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

and monstruous shape of a body." This apparition could not be at once the *shade of Cæsar*, and the *evil genius* of *Brutus*.

"Brutus boldly asked what he was, a god, or a man, and what cause brought him thither. The spirit aunswered him, I am thy euill spirit, Brutus: and thou shalt see me by the citie of Philippes. Brutus beeing no otherwise affrayd, replyed againe vnto it: well, then I shall see thee agayne. The spirit presently vanished away: and Brutus called his men vnto him, who tolde him that they heard no noyse, nor sawe any thinge at all."

See the story of *Cassius Parmensis* in *Valerius Maximus*, Lib. I. c. 7. STEEVENS.

[8] *Thou! awake.*] The accent is so unmusical and harsh, 'tis impossible the poet could begin his verse thus. Brutus certainly was intended to speak to both his other men; who both awake, and answer, at an instant. I read:

Varro awake! WARBURTON.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Both. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Plains of Philippi.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Octa. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to [9] warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content

[9] ——warn *us*——] To *warn*, seems to mean here the same as to *alarm*. Hanmer reads:

They mean to wage *us*. JOHNSON.

I know not the exact signification of this verb. It may, however, mean *to stop*, or *to oppose*. So, in the ancient metrical romance of *Syr Guy Earl of Warwick*, bl. l. no date:

"For whoso *warned* him the gate,
"He smote him sore upon the pate."

To *warn him the gate* from the context must mean to impede his passage through the gate. In *K. John*, to *warn* is undoubtedly to summon:

"Who is it that hath *warn'd* us to the walls?"

Shakespeare uses the word yet more intelligibly in *K. Rich.* III:

"And sent to *warn* them to his royal presence.

STEEVENS.

To

To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant shew;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Octa. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Octa. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army; Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, &c.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: We must out and talk.

Octa. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth, the generals would have some words.

Octa. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: Is it so, countrymen?

Octa. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, *Long live! hail, Cæsar!*

Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You shew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned [1] Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Octa. Come, come, the cause: If arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look, I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?—
Never, 'till Cæsar's [2] three and twenty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or 'till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou can'st not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Octa. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou could'st not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish school-boy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

[1] *Casca*——] Casca struck Cæsar on the neck, coming like a degenerate *cur behind him.* JOHNSON.

[2] ——*three and* thirty *wounds*] Thus all the editions implicitly; but I have ventured to reduce this number to *three* and *twenty* from the joint authorities of *Appian*, *Plutarch*, and *Suetonius*: and I am persuaded, the error was not from the poet but his transcribers. THEOBALD.

Ant.

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Octa. Come, Antony; away.—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and army.*

Cas. Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow; and swim, bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho, Lucilius; hark, a word with you.

[*Lucilius, and Messala, stand forth.*

Luc. My lord. [*Brutus speaks apart to Lucilius.*

Cas. Messala.

Mes. What says my general?

Cas. Messala [3],
This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness, that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.

[3] *Messala*, &c.] Almost every circumstance in this speech is taken from sir Thomas North's Translation of *Plutarch*.

"But touching Cassius, Messala reporteth that he supped by him selfe in his tent with a few of his friendes, and that all supper tyme he looked very sadly, and was full of thoughts, although it was against his nature: and that after supper he tooke him by the hande, and holding him fast (in token of kindnes as his manner was) told him in Greeke: Messala, I protest vnto thee, and make thee my witnes, that I am compelled against my minde and will (as Pompey the Great was) to ieopard the libertie of our contry, to the hazard of a battel. And yet we must be liuely, and of good corage, considering our good fortune, whom we shoulde wronge too muche to mistrust her, although we followe euill counsell. Messala writeth, that Cassius hauing spoken these last wordes vnto him, he bad him farewell, and willed him to come to supper to him the next night following, bicause it was his birth-day. STEEVENS.

Coming

Coming from Sardis, on our foremost ensign [4]
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away, and gone;
And, in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,
Lovers, in peace, lead on our days to age!
But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
[5] The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy [6],

By

[4] —*our* foremost *ensign.*] The old copy reads *former*, which may be right, as Shakespeare sometimes uses the *comparative* instead of the *positive* and superlative. See *K. Lear*, act IV. sc. iii. Either word has the same origin; nor do I perceive why *former* should be less applicable to *place* than *time*. STEEVENS.

[5] *The very last time we shall speak together:*
What are you then determined to do?]
i. e. I am resolved in such a case to kill myself. What are you determined of? WARBURTON.

[6] —*of that philosophy,*] There is an apparent contradiction between the sentiments contained in this and the following speech which Shakespeare has put into the mouth of Brutus. In this, Brutus declares his resolution to wait patiently for the determinations of Providence; and in the next, he intimates, that though he should survive the battle, he would never submit to be led in chains to Rome. This sentence in sir Thomas North's *Translation*,

By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself;—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life:—[7] arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;

tion, is perplexed, and might be easily misunderstood. Shakespeare, in the first speech, makes that to be the present opinion of Brutus, which in *Plutarch*, is mentioned only as one he formerly entertained, though now he condemned it.

So, in sir Thomas North:——"There Cassius beganne to speake first, and sayd: the gods graunt vs, O Brutus, that this day we may winne the field, and euer after to liue all the rest of our life quietly, one with another. But sith the gods haue so ordeyned it, that the greatest & chiefest things amongest men are most vncertaine, and that if the battell fall out otherwise to daye then we wishe or looke for, we shall hardely meete againe: what art thou then determined to doe, to fly, or dye? Brutus aunswered him, being yet but a young man, and not ouergreatly experienced in the world: I trust, (I know not how) a certaine rule of philosophie, by the which I did greatly blame and reproue Cato for killing of him selfe, as being no lawfull nor godly acte, touching the gods, nor concerning men, valliant, not to giue place and yeld to diuine prouidence, and not constantly and paciently to take whatsoever it pleaseth him to send vs, but to drawe backe, and flie: but being nowe in the middest of the daunger, I am of a contrarie mind. For if it be not the will of God, that this battell fall out fortunate for vs: I will looke no more for hope, neither seeke to make any new supply for war againe, but will rid me of this miserable world, and content me with my fortune. For, I gaue vp my life for my contry in the ides of Marche, for the which I shall liue in another more glorious worlde." STEEVENS.

[7] —*arming myself with patience*, &c.] Dr. Warburton thinks, that in this speech something is lost, but there needed only a parenthesis to clear it. The construction is this; I am determined to act according to that philosophy which directed me to blame the suicide of Cato, arming myself with patience. JOHNSON.

He

He bears too great a mind: But this same day
Must end that work, the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewel take:—
For ever, and for ever, farewel, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.
Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewel, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.
Bru. Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business, ere it come!
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Alarum. Enter Brutus, and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills [8]
Unto the legions on the other side: [*Loud alarm.*
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala; let them all come down.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Alarum. Enter Cassius, and Titinius.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

[8] —*give these* bills] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch:* "In the meane tyme Brutus that led the right winge, sent litle *billes* to the collonels and captaines of private bandes, in which he wrote the worde of the battell, &c." STEEVENS.

Tit.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early:
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.
Cas. This hill is far enough[9].——Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my lord.

[9] *This hill is far enough*, &c.] Thus, in the old translation of *Plutarch:* "So, Cassius him selfe was at length compelled to flie, with a few about him, vnto a little hill, from whence they might easely see what was done in all the plaine: howbeit Cassius him self sawe nothing, for his sight was verie bad, sauing that he saw (and yet with much a doe) how the enemies spoiled his campe before his eyes. He sawe also a great troupe of horsemen, whom Brutus sent to aide him, and thought that they were his enemies that followed him: but yet he sent Titinnius, one of them that was with him, to goe and know what they were. Brutus horsemen sawe him comming a farre of, whom when they knewe that he was one of Cassius chiefest frendes, they showted out for ioy: and they that were familiarly acquainted with him, lighted from their horses, and went and imbraced him. The rest compassed him in rounde about a horsebacke, with songs of victorie and great rushing of their harnes, so that they made all the field ring againe for ioy. But this marred all. For Cassius thinking in deede that Titinnius was taken of the enemies, he then spake these wordes: Desiring too much to liue, I haue liued to see one of my best frendes taken, for my sake, before my face. After that, he gotte into a tent where no bodie was, and tooke Pyndarus with him, one of his freed bondmen, whom he reserued ever for suche a pinche, since the cursed battell of the Parthians, where Crassus was slaine, though he notwithstanding scaped from that ouerthrow: but then casting his cloke ouer his head, & holding out his bare neck vnto Pyndarus, he gaue him his head to be striken of. So the head was found seuered from the bodie: but after that time Pyndarus was neuer seene more."
STEEVENS.

Caſ. Titinius, if thou lov'ſt me,
Mount thou my horſe, and hide thy ſpurs in him,
'Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may reſt aſſur'd,
Whether yon troops are friend or enemy.
Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*

[1] *Caſ.* Go, Pindarus, get thither on that hill;
My ſight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'ſt about the field.— [*Exit Pindarus.*
This day I breathed firſt: time is come round *,
And, where I did begin, there ſhall I end;
My life is run his compaſs.—Sirrah, what news?
Pind. [*above.*] O my lord!
Caſ. What news?
Pind. Titinius is encloſed round about
With horſemen, that make to him on the ſpur;—
Yet he ſpurs on.—Now they are almoſt on him; now,
Titinius!—Now ſome 'light:—O, he 'lights too:—
He's ta'en;—and, hark, they ſhout for joy. [*Shout.*
Caſ. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live ſo long,
To ſee my beſt friend ta'en before my face!

Re-enter Pindarus.

Come hither, ſirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee priſoner;
And then I ſwore thee, ſaving of thy life,
That whatſoever I did bid thee do,
Thou ſhould'ſt attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;
Now be a freeman; and, with this good ſword,

[1] *Go, Pindarus*] This dialogue between Caſſius and Pindarus, is beautifully imitated by B. and Fletcher in their tragedy of *Bonduca*, Act III. ſc. v. STEEVENS.

* —*time is come round.*] So, in *K. Lear*, the Baſtard, dying ſays: "The *wheel* is *come* full *circle.*" STEEVENS.

That

That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*
Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.
Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.
Mes. Where did you leave him?
Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.
Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?
Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!
Mes. Is not that he?
Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.
Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.
Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?
Mes. Seek him, Titinius; whilst I go to meet
The

The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit Mes.*
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part;
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Dies.*

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, young Cato, Strato, Volumnius, and Lucilius.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. Oh Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*

Cato. Brave Titinius!—
Look, whe'r he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
Thou last of all the Romans,[2] fare thee well!

[2] *Thou last of all the Romans,*] Objectum est Historico (*Cremutio Cordo.* Tacit. Ann. l. iv. 34.) quod Brutum Cassiumque *ultimos Romanorum* dixisset. *Suet. Tiber.* Lib. III. c. 61.
STEEVENS.

It

It is impoſſible, that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man, than you ſhall ſee me pay.—
I ſhall find time, Caſſius, I ſhall find time.—
Come, therefore, [3] and to Thaſſos ſend his body;
His funeral ſhall not be in our camp,
Leſt it diſcomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—
Labeo, and Flavius, ſet our battles on:—
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We ſhall try fortune in a ſecond fight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Cato, Lucilius, and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet, hold up your heads!

Cato. What baſtard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field:—
I am the ſon of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the ſon of Marcus Cato, ho [4]!

Enter Soldiers, and fight.

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus. [*Exit.*

Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou dy'ſt as bravely as Titinius;

[3] *and to* Tharſus *ſend his body:*] Thus all the editions hitherto very ignorantly. But the whole tenor of hiſtory warrants us to write, as I have reſtored the text, *Thaſſos.* THEOBALD.

It is *Thaſſos* in ſir Tho. North's *Tranſlation.* STEEVENS.

[4] *I am the ſon of Marcus Cato*—] So, in the old tranſlation of *Plutarch:* "There was the ſonne of *Marcus Cato* ſlaine valiantly fighting, &c. *telling aloud his name and his father's name,* &c." STEEVENS.

And may'st be honour'd [5] being Cato's son.

1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

[6] *Luc.* Only I yield to die:
There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;
[*Offering money.*
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1 *Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner!

2 *Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* [7] I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general:—

Enter Antony,

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, Antony [8]; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare

[5] ——*being Cato's son.*] i.e. worthy of him. WARBURTON.

[6] Luc. *Only I yield to die:*
There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;]
Dr. Warburton has been much inclined to find *lacunæ*, or passages broken by omission, throughout this play. I think he has been always mistaken. The soldier here says, *Yield, or thou diest.* Lucilius replies, I yield only on this condition, that I may die; here is so much gold as thou seest in my hand, which I offer thee as a reward for speedy death. What now is there wanting?
JOHNSON.

[7] *I'll tell* the *news.*] The old copy reads:
I'll tell thee *news.*——— JOHNSON.

[8] *Safe, Antony;*] So in the old translation of *Plutarch:* "In the mean time Lucilius was brought to him, who stowtly with a bold countenaunce sayd, Antonius, I dare assure thee, that no enemie hath taken, nor shall take Marcus Brutus aliue: and I beseech God keepe him from that fortune. For wheresoeuer he be found, aliue or dead, he will be founde like him selfe. And nowe for my selfe, I am come vnto thee, hauing deceiued these men of armes here, bearing them downe that I was Brutus: and doe not refuse to suffer any torment thou wilt put me to. Lucilius wordes made them all amazed that heard him. Antonius on the other side, looking vpon all them that had brought him, sayd vnto them: my companions, I thinke ye are sorie you haue failed of your purpose, & that you thinke this man hath done great wrong: but I doe assure you, you have taken a better
bootie,

I dare assure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead:
And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,
How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another part of the field.

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius shew'd the torch-light [9]; but, my lord,

He

bootie, then that you followed. For, instead of an enemie, you have brought me a frend, &c." STEEVENS.

[9] *Statilius shew'd the torch-light,* &c.] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch:* "Furthermore, Brutus thought that there was no great number of men slaine in battell, and to know the trueth of it, there was one called Statilius, that promised to goe through his enemies (for otherwise it was impossible to goe see their campe) and from thence if all were well, that he woulde lift vp a *torch light* in the ayer, and then returne againe with speede to him. The *torche-light* was lift vp as he had promised, for Statilius went thither. Nowe Brutus seeing Statilius tarie long after that, and that he came not again, he sayd: if Statilius be aliue, he will come againe. But his euill fortune was suche, that as he came backe, he lighted in his enemies hands, and was slaine. Now, the night being farre spent, Brutus as he sate, bowed towards Clitus one of his men, and told him somwhat in his eare, the other

He came not back, he is or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: Slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus —
[*Whispering.*

Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius!

Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Cli. O, Dardanius!

Dar. O, Clitus!

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus: Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me

aunswered him not, but fell a weeping. Thereupon he proued Dardanus, and sayd somwhat also to him: at length he came to Volumnius him selfe, and speaking to him in Græke, prayed him for the studies sake which brought them acquainted together, that he woulde helpe him to put his hande to his sword, to thrust it in him to kill him. Volumnius denied his request, and so did many others: and amongest the rest, one of them sayd, there was no tarying for them there, but that they must needes flie. Then Brutus rising vp, we must flie in deede sayd he, but it must be with our hands, not with our feete. Then taking euery man by the hand, he sayd these words vnto them with a cheerefull countenance. It reioyceth my hart that not one of my frends hath failed me at my neede, and I do not complaine of my fortune, but only for my contries sake: for, as for me, I thinke my selfe happier than they that haue ouercome, considering that I leaue a perpetuall fame of our corage and manhoode, the which our enemies the conquerors shall neuer attaine vnto by force nor money, neither can let their posteritie to say, that they being naughtie and uniust men, haue slaine good men, to vsurpe tyrannical power not pertaining to them. Hauing sayd so, he prayed euery man to shift for them selues, and then he went a litle aside &c." STEEVENS.

Two

Two ſeveral times by night: at Sardis, once;
And, this laſt night, here in Philippi' fields.
I know, my hour is come.

Vol. Not ſo, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am ſure it is, Volumnius.
Thou ſee'ſt the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [*Alarum.*
It is more worthy, to leap in ourſelves,
Than tarry 'till they puſh us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'ſt, that we two went to ſchool together;
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my ſword's hilt, whilſt I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord. [*Alarum ſtill.*

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewel to you;—and you;—and you, Volumnius.—
Strato, thou haſt been all this while aſleep;
[1] Farewel to thee too, Strato.——Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I ſhall have glory by this loſing day,
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
By this vile conqueſt ſhall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almoſt ended his life's hiſtory:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would reſt,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.
[*Alarum. Cry within.* Fly, fly, fly.

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly. [*Exeunt Clitus, Dar. and Vol.*

Bru. Hence; I will follow.
I pr'ythee, Strato, ſtay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good reſpect;
Thy life hath had ſome ſmack of honour in it:

[1] *Farewel to thee too, Strato.*] Thus the modern editions. I think, rightly. The old folio reads:
Farewell to thee, to Strato, *countrymen.* JOHNSON.

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first: Fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewel, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still;
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony, Messala, Lucilius, and the army.

Octa. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him:
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Octa. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, will thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Octa. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all;
All the conspirators, save only he [2],

2 —*save only he, &c.*] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "For, it was sayd that Antonius spake it openly diuers tymes, that he thought, that of all them that had slayne Cæsar, there was none but Brutus only that was moued to do it, as thinking the acte commendable of it selfe: but that all the other conspiratois did conspire his death, for some priuate malice or enuy, that they otherwise did beare vnto him." STEEVENS.

Did

Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements[3]
So mix'd in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*

Octa. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect, and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—
So, call the field to rest: and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt.*

[3] ——— *the elements*
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, This was a man.]

So, in the *Barons' Wars*, by Drayton, Canto III:

"He was a man (then boldly dare to say)
"In whose rich soul the virtues well did suit;
"*In whom so mix'd the elements all lay,*
"That none to one could sov'reignty impute;
"As all did govern, so did all obey:
"He of a temper was so absolute,
"As that it seem'd, when nature him began,
"She meant to shew *all that might be in man.*"

This poem was published in the year 1598. The play of our author did not appear before 1623. STEEVENS.

Of this tragedy many particular passages deserve regard, and the contention and reconcilement of Brutus and Cassius is universally celebrated; but I have never been strongly agitated in perusing it, and think it somewhat cold and unaffecting, compared with some other of Shakespeare's plays; his adherence to the real story, and to Roman manners, seems to have impeded the natural vigour of his genius. JOHNSON.

ANTONY

AND

CLEOPATRA.

Perfons Reprefented.

M. Antony, Octavius Cæfar, Æmilius Lepidus, } *Triumvirs.*
Sextus Pompeius.
Domitius Enobarbus, Ventidius, Canidius, Eros, Scarus, Dercetas, Demetrius, Philo, } *Friends of* Antony,
Mecænas, Agrippa, Dolabella, Proculeius, Thyreus, Gallus, } *Friends of* Cæfar,
Menas, Menecrates, Varrius, } *Friends of* Pompey,
Silius, *an Officer in* Ventidius's *army.*
Taurus, *Lieutenant-General to* Cæfar.
Alexas, Mardian, Seleucus, Diomedes, } *Servants to* Cleopatra,
A Soothfayer: A Clown.
Cleopatra, *Queen of Ægypt.*
Octavia, *Sifter to* Cæfar, *and Wife to* Antony,
Charmian, Iras, } *Attendants on* Cleopatra.

Ambaffadors from Antony *to* Cæfar, *Captains, Soldiers, Meffengers, and other Attendants.*

The SCENE *is difperfed in feveral parts of the Roman Empire.*

ANTONY

AND

CLEOPATRA.[1]

ACT I. SCENE I.

Cleopatra's Palace at Alexandria.

Enter Demetrius, and Philo.

Phil. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, [2] reneges all temper;
And

[1] Among the entries in the books of the Stationers' Company, October 19, 1593, I find "A Booke entituled the Tragedie of *Cleopatra*." It is entered by Symon Waterson, for whom some of Daniel's works were printed; and therefore it is probably by that author, of whose *Cleopatra* there are several editions.
In the same volumes, May 2, 1608, Edward Blount entered "A Booke called *Anthony and Cleopatra*." This is the first notice I have met with concerning any edition of this play more ancient than the folio, 1623. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*reneges*——] Renounces. POPE.

So;

[3] And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a [4] gypsy's lust.—Look, where they come!

Flourish. Enter Antony and Cleopatra, with their trains; Eunuchs fanning her.

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
[5] The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

So, in *K. Lear:* "*Renege*, affirm &c." This word is likewise used by Stanyhurst in his version of the second book of Virgil's Æneid:

"To live now longer, Troy burnt, he flatly *reneageth*."
STEEVENS.

[3] *And is become the bellows, and the fan,*
To cool a gypsy's lust.——]
In this passage something seems to be wanting. The *bellows* and *fan* being commonly used for contrary purposes, were probably opposed by the author, who might perhaps have written:

——*is become the bellows, and the fan,*
To kindle and *to cool a gypsy's lust.* JOHNSON.

In Lylly's *Midas*, 1592, the *bellows* is used both to *cool* and to kindle: "Methinks Venus and Nature stand with *each of them a pair of bellows*, one *cooling* my low birth, the other *kindling* my lofty affections." STEEVENS.

I do not see any necessity for supposing a word lost. The *bellows*, as well as the *fan*, *cools* the air by ventilation; and Shakespeare probably considered it in that light only. We meet a similar phraseology in his *Venus and Adonis*, 1593:

"Then with her *windy* sighs and golden hair
"To *fan* and *blow* them dry again, she seeks."
MALONE.

[4] —*gypsy's lust.*——] *Gypsy* is here used both in the original meaning for an *Egyptian*, and in its accidental sense for a *bad woman*. JOHNSON.

[5] *The* triple *pillar*—] *Triple* is here used improperly for *third*, or *one of three*. One of the *triumvirs*, one of the three masters of the world. WARBURTON.

Ant.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd [6].
Cleo. I'll set a [7] bourn how far to be belov'd.
Ant. [8] Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, my good lord, from Rome.
Ant. Grates me:—The sum [9].
Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:
Fulvia, perchance, is angry; Or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this;*
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform't, or else we damn thee.
Ant. How, my love!
Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your dismission
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's, I would say?—Both?—
Call in the messengers.—As I am Ægypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame,
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.——The messengers.

[6] *There's* beggary *in the love that can be* reckon'd.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
"They are but *beggars* that can count their worth."

"*Basia pauca cupit, qui numerare potest.*"
Mart. l. vi. ep. 36. STEEVENS.

[7] —*bourn*—] Bound or limit. POPE.

[8] *Then must thou needs find out new heaven,* &c.] Thou must set the boundary of my love at a greater distance than the present visible universe affords. JOHNSON.

[9] —*The sum.*] Be brief, *sum* thy business in a few words. JOHNSON.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt! [1] and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my ſpace;
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beaſt as man: the nobleneſs of life
Is, to do thus; when ſuch a mutual pair, [*Embracing.*
And ſuch a twain can do't; in which, I bind
On pain of puniſhment, the world [2] to weet,
We ſtand up peerleſs.

Cleo. Excellent falſhood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?——
I'll ſeem the fool I am not; [3] Antony
Will be himſelf.

Ant. But ſtirr'd by Cleopatra.—
Now, for the love of love, and his ſoft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harſh:
There's not a minute of our lives ſhould ſtretch
Without ſome pleaſure now: What ſport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the embaſſadors.

[1] ——*and the wide arch*
Of the rang'd *empire fall!*——]
Taken from the Roman cuſtom of raiſing triumphal arches to perpetuate their victories. Extremely noble. WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether Shakeſpeare had any idea but of a fabrick ſtanding on pillars. The later editions have all printed the *raiſed* empire, for the *ranged* empire, as it was firſt given. JOHNSON.

The *rang'd empire* is certainly right. Shakeſpeare uſes the ſame expreſſion in *Coriolanus*:
"——bury all which yet diſtinctly *ranges*,
"In heaps and piles of ruin."
Again, in *Much ado about Nothing*, act II. ſc. ii: "Whatſoever comes athwart his affection, *ranges* evenly with mine."
STEEVENS.

[2] ——*to weet,*] To know. POPE.

[3] ——*Antony*
Will be himſelf.
Ant. *But ſtirr'd by Cleopatra.*—]
But, in this paſſage, ſeems to have the old Saxon ſignification of *without*, *unleſs*, *except*. *Antony*, ſays the queen, *will recollect his thoughts*. Unleſs *kept*, he replies, *in commotion by Cleopatra*.
JOHNSON.

Ant.

Ant. Fye, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!
No messenger, but thine;—And all alone,
To-night, we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people[4]. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it:—Speak not to us.
[*Exeunt Ant. and Cleop. with their train.*

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?
Phil. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.
Dem. I am full sorry,
That he approves the common liar[5], who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!
[*Exeunt.*

[4] *To-night we'll wander through the streets,* &c.] So, in sir Thomas North's *Translation of the Life of Antonius:* "—Sometime also when he would goe up and downe the citie disguised like a slave in the night, and would peere into poore mens' windowes and their shops, and scold and brawl with them within the house; Cleopatra would be also in a chamber maides array, and amble up and down the streets with him, &c." STEEVENS.

[5] *That he* approves *the common liar,*—] Fame. That he *proves* the common lyar, fame, in his case to be a true reporter. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Another part of the palace.

Enter Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothsayer[6].

Char. Lord Alexas, ſweet Alexas, moſt any thing Alexas, almoſt moſt abſolute Alexas, where's the ſoothſayer that you prais'd ſo to the queen? O! that I knew this huſband, which, you ſay, muſt [7] change his horns with garlands.

Alex. Soothſayer.

Sooth. Your will?

[6] *Enter Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothſayer.*] The old copy reads: "Enter Enobarbus, *Lamprius*, a Southſayer, *Rannius*, *Lucillius*, Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch, and Alexas."

Plutarch mentions his grandfather *Lamprias*, as his author for ſome of the ſtories he relates of the profuſeneſs and luxury of Antony's entertainments at Alexandria. Shakeſpeare appears to have been very anxious in this play to introduce every incident and every perſonage he met with in his hiſtorian. In the multitude of his characters, however, *Lamprias* is entirely overlook'd, together with the others whoſe names we find in this ſtage-direction. STEEVENS.

[7] ——change *his horns with garlands.*] This is corrupt; the true reading evidently is: ——*muſt* charge *his horns with garlands*, i. e. make him a rich and honourable cuckold, having his horns hung about with garlands. WARBURTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, not improbably, *change* for *horns* his *garlands*. I am in doubt, whether to *change* is not merely to *dreſs*, or *to dreſs with changes of* garlands. JOHNSON.

So, Taylor the water-poet, deſcribing the habit of a coachman: "——with a cloak of ſome py'd colour, with two or three *change* of laces about." *Change* of clothes in the time of Shakeſpeare ſignified *variety* of them. *Coriolanus* ſays that he has received "*change* of honours" from the Patricians. Act II. ſc. i. STEEVENS.

Char.

Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, ſir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of ſecrecy,
A little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good ſir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foreſee.

Char. Pray then, foreſee me one.

Sooth. You ſhall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in fleſh.

Iras. No, you ſhall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his preſcience; be attentive.

Char. Huſh!

Sooth. You ſhall be more beloving, than belov'd.

[8] *Char.* I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, ſome excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all! let me have a child at fifty, [9] to whom Herod

[8] *I had rather heat my liver*——] To know why the lady is ſo averſe from *heating* her *liver*, it muſt be remembered, that a heated liver is ſuppoſed to make a pimpled face. JOHNSON.

[9] —— *to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage!*—] Herod paid homage to the Romans, to procure the grant of the kingdom of Judea; but I believe there is an alluſion here to the theatrical character of this monarch, and to a proverbial expreſſion founded on it. *Herod* was always one of the perſonages in the myſteries of our early ſtage, on which he was conſtantly repreſented as a fierce, haughty, bluſtering tyrant, ſo that *Herod of Jewry* became a common proverb, expreſſive of turbulence and rage. Thus, Hamlet ſays of a ranting player, that he "*out-herods Herod.*" And in this tragedy Alexas tells Cleopatra that "not even *Herod of Jewry* dare look upon her when ſhe is angry;" i. e. not even a man as fierce as *Herod.* According to this explanation, the ſenſe of the preſent

Herod of Jewry may do homage! find me to marry with Octavius Cæſar, and companion me with my miſtreſs!

Sooth. You ſhall out-live the lady whom you ſerve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs[1].

Sooth. You have ſeen and prov'd a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach.

Char. [2] Then, belike, my children ſhall have no names: Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches muſt I have?

Sooth. [3] If every of your wiſhes had a womb,

preſent paſſage will be—Charmian wiſhes for a ſon who may arrive to ſuch power and dominion that the proudeſt and fierceſt monarchs of the earth may be brought under his yoke.
STEEVENS.

[1] —— *I love long life better than figs.*] This is a proverbial expreſſion. STEEVENS.

[2] *Then, belike, my children ſhall* have no names:—] If I have already had the beſt of my fortune, then I ſuppoſe *I ſhall never name children*, that is, I am never to be married. However, tell me the truth, tell me, *how many boys and wenches?* JOHNSON.

A *fairer fortune*, I believe, means—a more reputable one. Her anſwer then implies, that belike all her children will be baſtards, who have no right to the name of their father's family. Thus ſays Launce in the third act of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*: "That's as much as to ſay *baſtard* virtues, that indeed know not their fathers, and therefore *have no names*." STEEVENS.

[3] *If every of your wiſhes had a womb,*
And foretold *every wiſh a million.*]
This nonſenſe ſhould be reformed thus:
If ev'ry of your wiſhes had a womb,
And fertil *ev'ry wiſh*, ———] WARBURTON.

For *foretel*, in ancient editions, the later copies have *foretold*. *Foretel* favours the emendation, which is made with great acuteneſs; yet the original reading may, I think, ſtand. *If you had as many wombs as you will have wiſhes, and* I ſhould *foretel all thoſe wiſhes, I ſhould foretel a million of children.* It is an ellipſis very frequent in converſation; *I ſhould ſhame you, and tell all*; that is, *and if I ſhould* tell all. *And* is for *and if*, which was anciently, and is ſtill provincially uſed for *if*. JOHNSON.

And

And foretel every wiſh, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your ſheets are privy to your wiſhes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and moſt of our fortunes, to night, ſhall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm preſages chaſtity, if nothing elſe.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus preſageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot ſoothſay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognoſtication, I cannot ſcratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have ſaid.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than ſhe?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you chooſe it?

Iras. Not in my huſband's noſe.

[4] *Char.* Our worſer thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,

[4] Char. *Our worſer thoughts heav'ns mend.*

Alex. *Come, his fortune, his fortune. O, let him marry a woman,* &c.] Whoſe fortune does Alexas call out to have told? But, in ſhort, this I dare pronounce to be ſo palpable and ſignal a tranſpoſition, that I cannot but wonder it ſhould have ſlipt the obſervation of all the editors; eſpecially of the ſagacious Mr. Pope, who has made this declaration, *That if, throughout the plays, had all the* ſpeeches *been printed without the very* names *of the perſons,* he believes *one might have applied them* with certainty *to every ſpeaker.* But in how many inſtances has Mr. Pope's want of judgment falſified this opinion? The fact is evidently this; Alexas brings a fortune-teller to Iras and Charmian, and ſays himſelf, *We'll know all our fortunes.* Well; the ſoothſayer begins with the women; and ſome jokes paſs upon the ſubject of huſbands and chaſtity: after which, the women hoping for the ſatisfaction of having

as,—come, his fortune, his fortune.—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, 'till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Ias. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the queen.

Enter Cleopatra.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

having something to laugh at in Alexas's fortune, call him to hold out his hand, and wish heartily that he may have the prognostication of cuckoldom upon him. The whole speech, therefore, must be placed to Charmian. There needs no stronger proof of this being a true correction, than the observation which Alexas immediately subjoins on their wishes and zeal to hear him abused.
THEOBALD.

Alex.

Alex. Here, at your service.—My lord approaches.

Enter Antony, with a Messenger, and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: Go with us. [*Exeunt.*

Mes. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mes. Ay:
But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar;
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mes. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—On:
Things, that are past, are done, with me.—'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mes. Labienus (this is stiff news)
Hath, with his Parthian force, [5] extended Asia,
From

[5] ——— *extended Asia,*] i. e. widened or extended the bounds of the Lesser Asia. WARBURTON.

To *extend*, is a term used for to *seize*; I know not whether that be not the sense here. JOHNSON.

I believe Dr. Johnson's explanation right. So, in *Selimus Emperor of the Turks*, by T. Goff, 1638:

"Ay, though on all the world we *make extent*
"From the south pole unto the northern bear."

Again, in *Twelfth Night:*

"———this uncivil and unjust *extent*
"Against thy peace."

Again, in Massinger's *New Way to pay old Debts*, the Extortioner says:

"This manor is *extended* to my use."

Mr. Toller has likewise no doubt but that Dr. Johnson's explanation is just; "for (says he) Plutarch informs us that Labienus was by the Parthian king made general of his troops, and had over-run Asia from Euphrates and Syria to Lydia and Ionia" To *extend* is a law term used for to seize lands and tenements. In support of his assertion he adds the following instance: "Those wasteful companions had neither lands to *extend* nor goods to be seized.

Savile's

From Euphrates his conquering banner shook,
From Syria, to Lydia, and to Ionia;
Whilst——

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

Mess. O my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue;
Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome:
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,
[6] When our quick winds lie still; and our ills told us,
Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while.

Mess. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*

Ant. From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.

1 *Att.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there such an one?

2 *Att.* He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.——
These strong Ægyptian fetters I must break,

Enter a second Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

2 *Mess.* *Fulvia* thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

Savile's Translation of Tacitus, dedicated to Q. Elizabeth:" and then observes, that "Shakespeare knew the legal signification of the term, as appears from a passage in *As you like it:*

"And let my officers of such a nature
"Make an *extent* upon his house and lands." STEEVENS.

[6] *When our quick* winds *lie still;*————] The sense is, that man, not agitated by censure, like soil not ventilated by *quick winds*, produces more evil than good. JOHNSON.

The *Tragedy of Crœsus*, 1604, seems to contain a similar allusion:

"Whose knowledge clouded is with *prosp'rous winds*."

Some one, I forget who, has proposed to read—*minds*. It is at least a conjecture that deserves to be mentioned. STEEVENS.

2 *Meſ.* In Sicyon:
Her length of ſickneſs, with what elſe more ſerious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a Letter.*
Ant. Forbear me.— [*Exit Meſſenger.*
There's a great ſpirit gone! Thus did I deſire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wiſh it ours again; [7] the preſent pleaſure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The oppoſite of itſelf: ſhe's good, being gone;
[8] The hand could pluck her back, that ſhov'd her on.
I muſt from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thouſand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleneſs doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

[7] —— *the preſent pleaſure,*
By revolution lowering, *does become*
The oppoſite *of itſelf;*——]
The alluſion is to the ſun's diurnal courſe; which riſing in the *eaſt*, and by *revolution lowering*, or ſetting in the *weſt*, becomes *the oppoſite of itſelf.* WARBURTON.

This is an obſcure paſſage. The explanation which Dr. Warburton has offer'd is ſuch, that I can add nothing to it; yet perhaps Shakeſpeare, who was leſs learned than his commentator, meant only, that our pleaſures, as they are *revolved* in the mind, turn to pain. JOHNSON.

I rather underſtand the paſſage thus: "*What we often caſt from us in contempt we wiſh again for, and what is at preſent our greateſt pleaſure, lowers in our eſtimation by the revolution of time;* or *by a frequent return of poſſeſſion becomes undeſireable and diſagreeable.*" TOLLET.

I believe *revolution* means change of circumſtances. This ſenſe appears to remove every difficulty from the paſſage.—*The pleaſure of to-day, by revolution of events and change of circumſtances, often loſes all its value to us, and becomes to-morrow a pain.* STEEVENS.

[8] *The hand* could *pluck her back*, &c.] The verb *could* has a peculiar ſignification in this place; it does not denote *power* but *inclination*. The ſenſe is, *the hand that drove her off would now willingly pluck her back again.* REVISAL.

Could, *would* and *ſhould*, are a thouſand times indiſcriminately uſed in the old plays, and yet appear to have been ſo employed rather by choice than by chance. STEEVENS.

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. What's your pleaſure, ſir?

Ant. I muſt with haſte from hence.

Eno. Why, then we kill all our women: We ſee how mortal an unkindneſs is to them; if they ſuffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I muſt be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occaſion, let women die: It were pity to caſt them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cauſe, they ſhould be eſteem'd nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the leaſt noiſe of this, dies inſtantly; I have ſeen her die twenty times upon far [9] poorer moment: I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits ſome loving act upon her, ſhe hath ſuch a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning paſt man's thought.

Eno. Alack, ſir, no; her paſſions are made of nothing but the fineſt part of pure love: We cannot call her winds and waters, ſighs and tears; they are greater ſtorms and tempeſts than almanacks can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, ſhe makes a ſhower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. 'Would I had never ſeen her!

Eno. O, ſir, you had then left unſeen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been bleſt withal, would have diſcredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, ſir, give the gods a thankful ſacrifice. When it pleaſeth their deities to take the wife of a

9 —*poorer moment:*—] For leſs reaſon; upon meaner motives. JOHNSON.

man

man from him, [1] it shews to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crown'd with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow [2].

Ant. The business she hath broach'd in the state, Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broach'd here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose: I shall break
[3] The cause of our expedience to the queen,
And get her love to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with [4] more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome

[1] —*it shews to man the tailors of the earth, comforting therein,* &c.] I have printed this after the original, which, though harsh and obscure, I know not how to amend. Sir. Tho. Hanmer reads, They shew *to man the tailors of the earth comforting* him therein. I think the passage, with somewhat less alteration, for alteration is always dangerous, may stand thus; *It shews to* men *the tailors of the earth, comforting* them, *&c.* JOHNSON.

The meaning is this. *As the gods have been pleased to take away your wife Fulvia, so they have provided you with a new one in Cleopatra; in like manner as the tailors of the earth, when your old garments are worn out, accommodate you with new ones.* ANONYMOUS.

[2] ——*the tears live in an onion* &c.] So, in *The noble Soldier,* 1634: "So much water as you might squeeze out of *an onion* had been tears enough &c." STEEVENS.

[3] *The cause of our* expedience——] *Expedience* for expedition. WARBURTON.

[4] ——*more urgent touches,*] Things that touch me more sensibly, more pressing motives. JOHNSON.

Petition

[5] Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
The empire of the sea: our slippery people
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,
'Till his deserts are past) begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his dignities
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier; whose quality, going on,
The sides o' the world may danger: Much is breeding,
Which, like the [6] courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. [7] Say, our pleasure,

[5] *Petition us at home:—*] Wish us at home; call for us to reside at home. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*the courser's hair,* &c.] Alludes to an old idle notion that the hair of a horse dropt into corrupted water, will turn to an animal. POPE.

So, in Holinshed's *Description of England,* p. 224: "——A *horse-haire* laid in a pale full of the like water will in a short time stirre and become a living creature. But sith the certaintie of these things is rather proved by few &c." STEEVENS.

Dr. Lister, in the *Philosophical Transactions,* showed that what were vulgarly thought animated horse-hairs, are real insects. It was also affirmed, that they moved like serpents, and were poisonous to swallow. TOLLET.

[7] ——*Say, our pleasure*
To such whose places under us require
Our quick remove from hence.]

Such is this passage in the first copy. The late editors have all altered it, or received it altered in silence thus:

——*Say, our pleasure,*
To such whose place is *under us,* requires
Our quick remove from hence.

This is hardly sense. I believe we should read:

Their *quick remove from hence.*

Tell our design of going away to those, who being by their places, obliged to attend us, must remove in haste. JOHNSON.

Surely the old reading with the slight amendment made by some former editor—*whose place is*—affords perfect sense.——"Say to such whose place is under us, i. e. to our attendants, that our pleasure requires our quick remove from hence." MALONE.

To

To ſuch whoſe place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.
Eno. I ſhall do't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is he?
Char. I did not ſee him ſince.
Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does:——
[8] I did not ſend you;——If you find him ſad,
Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am ſudden ſick: Quick, and return. [*Exit Alex.*
Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.
Cleo. What ſhould I do, I do not?
Char. In each thing give him way, croſs him in nothing.
Cleo. Thou teacheſt like a fool: the way to loſe him.
Char. Tempt him not ſo too far: I wiſh, forbear;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter Antony.

But here comes Antony.
Cleo. I am ſick, and ſullen.
Ant. I am ſorry to give breathing to my purpoſe.—
Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I ſhall fall;
It cannot be thus long, the ſides of nature
Will not ſuſtain it.

[8] *I did not ſend you;*—] You muſt go as if you came without my order or knowledge. JOHNSON.

Ant.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,——
Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.
Ant. What's the matter?
Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.
What says the marry'd woman?—You may go;
'Would, she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you; hers you are.
Ant. The gods best know,—
Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,
I saw the treasons planted.
Ant. Cleopatra,—
Cleo. Why should I think, you can be mine, and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!
Ant. Most sweet queen,—
Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewel, and go: when you su'd staying,
Then was the time for words: No going then;—
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;
Bliss in our brows' bent [9]; none our parts so poor,
But was [1] a race of heaven: They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.
Ant. How now, lady!

[9] ——*in our* brows' bent;——] i. e. in the arch of our eye-brows. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*a race of heaven:*——] i. e. had a smack or flavour of heaven. WARBURTON.

This word is well explained by Dr. Warburton; the *race* of wine is the taste of the soil. Sir T. Hanmer, not understanding the word, reads, *ray*. JOHNSON.

Cleo. I would, I had thy inches; thou shouldst know,
There were a heart in Ægypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen:
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services a while; but my full heart
[2] Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
Equality of two domestic powers
Breeds scrupulous faction: The hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: [3] My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,

[2] *Remains in use*——] The poet seems to allude to the legal distinction between the *use* and *absolute possession*. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*My more particular,*
And that which most with you should save *my going,*
Is Fulvia's death.]

Thus all the more modern editions; the first and second folios read *safe:* All corruptedly. Antony is giving several reasons to Cleopatra, which make his departure from Ægypt necessary; most of them, reasons of state; but the death of Fulvia, his wife, was a particular and private call. Cleopatra is jealous of Antony, and suspicious that he is seeking colours for his going. Antony replies to her doubts, with the reasons that obliged him to be absent for a time; and tells her, that, as his wife Fulvia is dead, and so she has no rival to be jealous of, that circumstance should be his best plea and excuse, and have the greatest weight with her for his going. Who does not see now, that it ought to be read:

——*should* salve *my going.* THEOBALD.

Mr. Upton reads, I think rightly:

—*safe* my going. JOHNSON.

It

It does from childishness:—Can Fulvia die[4]?
Ant. She's dead, my queen:
Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils she awak'd[5]; at the last, best:
See, when, and where she died.
Cleo. [6] O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.
Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice: By the fire,
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,

[4] ——*Can Fulvia die?*] That Fulvia was mortal, Cleopatra could have no reason to doubt; the meaning therefore of her question seems to be:—*Will there ever be an end of your excuses? As often as you want to leave me, will not some Fulvia, some new pretext be found for your departure?* She has already said that though age could not exempt her from some follies, at least it frees her from a childish belief in all he says. STEEVENS.

[5] *The* garboils *she awak'd;*——] i. e. the commotion she occasioned. The word is used by Heywood in the *Rape of Lucrece*, 1616:

"——thou Tarquin, dost alone survive,
"The head of all those *garboiles*."

Again, by Stanyhurst in his translation of the four first books of *Virgil's Æneid*, 1582:

"Now manhood and *garboils* I chaunt and martial horror."

Again, in Jarvis Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1607: "Days of mourning by continuall *garboiles* were, however, numbered and encreased." The word is derived from the old French *garbouil*, which Cotgrave explains by *hurlyburly, great stir*. STEEVENS.

[6] *O most false love!*
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water?——]

Alluding to the lachrymatory vials, or bottles of tears, which the Romans sometimes put into the urn of a friend. JOHNSON.

So, in the first act of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, written by B. and Fletcher in conjunction with Shakespeare:

"Balms and gums, and heavy cheers,
"*Sacred vials fill'd with tears.*" STEEVENS.

Thy

Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'st.
Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;——
But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well:
So Antony loves [7].
Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.
Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
Belong [8] to Egypt: Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.
Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.
Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.
Ant. Now, by my sword,—
Cleo. And target,—Still he mends;
But this is not the best: Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman [9] does become
The carriage of his chafe.
Ant. I'll leave you, lady.
Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it;
That you know well: Something it is I would,—
[1] O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And

[7] *So Antony loves.*] i. e. uncertain as the state of my health is the love of Antony. STEEVENS.

[8] *— to Egypt:* —] To me, the queen of Egypt. JOHNSON.

[9] —Herculean *Roman*—] Antony traced his descent from *Anton* a son of *Hercules.* STEEVENS.

[1] *O, my oblivion is a very Antony,*
And I am all forgotten.]
The plain meaning is, *My forgetfulness makes me forget myself.* But she expresses it by calling *forgetfulness Antony*; because *forgetfulness* had forgot her, as *Antony* had done. For want of apprehending this quaintness of expression, the Oxford editor is forced

And I am all-forgotten.

Ant. [2] But that your royalty

Holds

to tell us news, *That* all forgotten *is an old way of speaking, for* apt to forget every thing. WARBURTON.

I cannot understand the learned critic's explanation. It appears to me, that she should rather have said:

O my remembrance *is a very* Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

It was her memory, not her oblivion, that, like Antony, was forgetting and deserting her. I think a slight change will restore the passage. The queen, having something to say, which she is not able, or would not seem able to recollect, cries out:

O my oblivion!—'Tis *a very Antony.*

The thought of which I was in quest is a very Antony, is treacherous and fugitive, and has irrevocably left me:

And I am all forgotten.

If this reading stand, I think the explanation of Hanmer must be received. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation is certainly just, but I cannot perceive any need of change. Cleopatra has something to say, which seems to be suppress'd by sorrow, and after many attempts to produce her meaning, she cries out: *O, this oblivious memory of mine is as false and treacherous to me as Antony is, and I forget every thing. Oblivion*, I believe, is boldly used for *a memory apt to be deceitful.*

If too great a latitude be taken in this explanation, we might with little violence read, as Mr. Edwards has proposed in his MS. notes:

Oh me! *oblivion is a very Antony*, &c. STEEVENS.

[2] *But that your royalty*
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.]

i. e. *But that your charms hold me, who am the* greatest *fool on earth, in chains, I should have adjudged you to be the* greatest. That this is the sense is shewn by her answer:

'Tis sweating labour,
To bear such idleness so near the heart,
As Cleopatra, this.——— WARBURTON.

The sense may be:—*But that your queenship chuses idleness for the subject of your conversation, I should take you for idleness itself.* So Webster (who was often a very close imitator of Shakespeare) in his *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:

" ——— how *idle* am I
" To *question* my own *idleness!*"

Or

Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour,
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becomings kill me [3], when they do not
Eye well to you: Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword
Sit laurell'd victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Cæsar's palace in Rome.

Enter Octavius Cæsar, Lepidus, and Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
[4] One great competitor: From Alexandria
This is the news; He fishes, drinks, and wastes

Or an antithesis may be designed between *royalty* and *subject*.—*But that I know you to be a queen, and that your royalty holds idleness in subjection to you, exalting you far above its influence, I should suppose you to be the very genius of idleness itself.* STEEVENS.

[3] *Since my* becomings *kill me,*———] There is somewhat of obscurity in this expression. In the first scene of the play Antony had called her:

"———wrangling queen,
"Whom every thing *becomes*."

It is to this, perhaps, that she alludes. STEEVENS.

[4] *One great competitor:*———] Perhaps, *Our* great competitor. JOHNSON.

The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: You shall find there
A man, who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think, there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem [5] as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than [6] purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

5 ——— *as the spots of heav'n,*
More fiery by night's blackness;]
If by spots are meant stars, as night has no other fiery spots, the comparison is forced and harsh, stars having been always supposed to beautify the night; nor do I comprehend what there is in the counter-part of this simile, which answers to night's blackness. Hanmer reads:

——— *spots* on ermine,
Or fires, *by night's blackness.* JOHNSON.

The meaning seems to be—*As the stars or spots of heaven are not obscured, but rather rendered more bright by the blackness of the night, so neither is the goodness of Antony eclipsed by his evil qualities, but, on the contrary, his faults seem enlarged and aggravated by his virtues.*

That which answers to the *blackness of the night*, in the counter-part of the simile, is *Antony's goodness*. His goodness is a ground which gives a relief to his faults, and makes them stand out more prominent and conspicuous.

It is objected, that stars rather beautify than deform the night. But the poet considers them here only with respect to their *prominence and splendour*. It is sufficient for him that their scintillations appear stronger in consequence of darkness, as jewels are more resplendent on a black ground than on any other.—That the *prominence* and *splendour* of the stars were alone in Shakespeare's contemplation, appears from a passage in *Hamlet*, where the same thought is less equivocally express'd:

"——Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
"*Stick fiery off* indeed." MALONE.

6 ——*purchas'd*;—] Procur'd by his own fault or endeavour.
JOHNSON.

Cæs.

Cæſ. You are too indulgent: Let us grant, it is not
Amiſs to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to ſit
And keep the turn of tipling with a ſlave;
To reel the ſtreets at noon, and ſtand the buffet
With knaves that ſmell of ſweat: [7] ſay, this becomes him,
(As his compoſure muſt be rare indeed,
Whom theſe things cannot blemiſh) yet muſt Antony
No way excuſe his foils, when we do bear
[8] So great weight in his lightneſs: If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuouſneſs,
Full ſurfeits, and the dryneſs of his bones,
[9] Call on him for't: but, to confound ſuch time,—
That drums him from his ſport, and ſpeaks as loud
As his own ſtate, and ours,—'tis to be chid
As we rate [1] boys; who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their preſent pleaſure,
And ſo rebel to judgment.

—*ſay, this becomes him;*
As his compoſure muſt be rare, indeed
Whom theſe things cannot blemiſh; —]
This ſeems inconſequent. I read;
And *his compoſure*, &c.
Grant that this becomes him, and *if it can become him, he muſt have in him ſomething very uncommon*; yet, &c. JOHNSON.

[8] *So great weight in his lightneſs:* —] The word *light* is one of Shakeſpeare's favourite play-things. The ſenſe is, His trifling levity throws ſo much burden upon us. JOHNSON.

[9] *Call on him for't:* —] *Call on him*, is, *viſit him*. Says Cæſar, *If Antony followed his debaucheries at a time of leiſure, I ſhould leave him to be puniſhed by their natural conſequences, by* ſurfeits *and* dry bones. JOHNSON.

[1] —*boys; who, being mature in knowledge*,] For this Hanmer, who thought the *maturity* of a *boy* an inconſiſtent idea, has put:
— *who*, immature *in knowledge*:
but the words *experience* and *judgment* require that we read *mature*: though Dr. Warburton has received the emendation. By *boys mature in knowledge*, are meant, *boys old enough to know their duty*. JOHNSON.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.
Mes. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears, he is belov'd of those
[2] That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and mens' reports
Give him much wrong'd.
Cæs. I should have known no less:—
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That [3] he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, 'till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
[4] Goes to, and back, lackying the varying tide,
To

[2] *That only have fear'd Cæsar:*—] Those whom not *love* but *fear* made adherents to Cæsar, now shew their affection for Pompey. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;*
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, 'till ne'er worth love,
Comes fear'd, *by being lack'd.*——]

Let us examine the sense of this in plain prose. *The earliest histories inform us, that the man in supreme command was always wish'd to gain that command, 'till he had obtain'd it. And he, whom the multitude has contemn'dly seen in a low condition, when he begins to be wanted by them, becomes to be* fear'd *by them.* But do the multitude fear a man, because they want him? Certainly, we must read:

Comes dear'd, *by being lack'd.*

i. e. endear'd, a favourite to them. Besides, the context requires this reading; for it was not fear, but love, that made the people flock to young Pompey, and what occasion'd this reflection. So, in *Coriolanus:*

"I shall be *lov'd*, when I am *lack'd*." WARBURTON.

[4] *Goes to, and back,* lashing *the varying tide,*
To rot itself with motion.]

How can a flag, or rush, floating upon a stream, and that has no motion but what the fluctuation of the water gives it, be said to lash the

To rot itself with motion [5].

Mes. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them; [6] which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
[7] Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth [8] revolt:
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more,

the tide? This is making a scourge of a weak ineffective thing, and giving it an active violence in its own power. All the old editions read *lacking*. 'Tis true, there is no sense in that reading; but the addition of a single letter will not only give us good sense, but the genuine word of our author into the bargain.

——Lacquing *the varying tide*,

i. e. floating backwards and forwards with the variation of the tide, like a page, or *lacquey*, at his master's heels. THEOBALD.

Theobald's conjecture may be supported by a passage in the fifth book of Chapman's translation of Homer's *Odyssey*:

"——— who would willingly
"*Lacky* along so vast a lake of brine?"

Again, in his version of the 24th *Iliad*:

"My guide to Argos either ship'd or *lackying* by thy side."

Again, in the Prologue to the second part of *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602:

"O that our power
"Could *lacky* or keep pace with our desires!" STEEVENS.

[5] Perhaps *another messenger* should be noted here, as entering with fresh news. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*which they ear*——] To *ear*, is to *plow*; a common metaphor. JOHNSON.

To *ear*, is not, however, at this time, a common word. I meet with it in Turbervile's *Falconry*, 1575:

"—— because I have a larger field to *ear*."

Again, in Drayton's *Legend of Robert Duke of Normandy*:

"So Troy, thought I, her stately head did rear,
"Whose crazed ribs the furrowing plough doth *ear*."

Again, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, b. i. fol. 26:

"And *even* it with strength of plough." STEEVENS.

[7] *Lack blood to think on't*,——] Turn pale at the thought of it. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*and* flush *youth*——] *Flush youth* is youth ripened to manhood; *youth* whose blood is at the flow. STEEVENS.

Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassels [9]. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink
The stale of horses [1], and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st: on the Alps,
It is reported, thou did'st eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: And all this
(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. It is pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: Time is it, that we twain
Did shew ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,
Assemble me immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To 'front this present time.

9 —— *thy lascivious* wassels.——] *Wassel* is here put for intemperance in general. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost:*

"At wakes and *wassels*, meetings, markets, fairs."

For a more particular account of the word, see *Macbeth*, act I. sc. *ult.* The old copy, however, reads *vassailes*. STEEVENS.

1 —— *Thou didst drink*
The stale of horses,——]

All these circumstances of Antony's distress, are taken literally from Plutarch. STEEVENS.

Cæs.

Cæs. 'Till which encounter,
It is my businefs too. Farewel.

Lep. Farewel, my lord: What you fhall know mean time
Of ftirs abroad, I fhall befeech you, fir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt it not, fir; I knew it for my bond.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian,—

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha,—Give me to drink [2] mandragora.

Char. Why, madam?

Cleo. That I might fleep out this great gap of time,
My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

[2] —*mandragora.*] A plant of which the infufion was fuppofed to procure fleep. Shakefpeare mentions it in *Othello:*
"Not poppy, nor *mandragora*,
"Can ever med'cine thee to that fweet fleep." JOHNSON.

So, in Webfter's *Dutchefs of Malfy*, 1623:
"Come violent death,
"Serve for *mandragora*, and make me fleep."
STEEVENS.

——*to drink* mandragora.] Gerard, in his *Herbal*, fays of the *mandragoras:* "Diofcorides doth particularly fet downe many faculties hereof, of which notwithftanding there be none proper unto it, fave thofe that depend upon the drowfie and fleeping power thereof."

In Adlington's *Apuleius* (of which the epiftle is dated 1566) reprinted 1639, 4to, bl. l. p. 187, lib. 10: "I gave him no poyfon, but a doling drink of *mandragoras*, which is of fuch force, that it will caufe any man to fleepe, as though he were dead."
PERCY.

Cleo. O, 'tis treason!
Char. Madam, I trust, not so.
Cleo. Thou, eunuch! Mardian!
Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?
Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Ægypt. Hast thou affections?
Mar. Yes, gracious madam.
Cleo. Indeed?
Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,
What Venus did with Mars.
Cleo. O Charmian!
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demy Atlas of this earth, the arm
[3] And burgonet of man.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile?*
For so he calls me;—Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison:—Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? [4] Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey

[3] *And burgonet of man.*——] A *burgonet* is a kind of *helmet*. So, in Hen. VI:
"This day I'll wear aloft my *burgonet*."
So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:
"I'll hammer on thy proof-steel'd *burgonet*."
Again, in the *Birth of Merlin*, 1662:
"This, by the gods and my good sword, I'll set
"In bloody lines upon thy *burgonet*." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*Broad-fronted Cæsar*,] Mr. Seyward is of opinion, that the poet wrote—*bald-fronted Cæsar*. STEEVENS.

Would

Would ſtand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aſpect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Sovereign of Ægypt, hail!
Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, [5] that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.—
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?
Alex. Laſt thing he did, dear queen,
He kiſs'd, the laſt of many doubled kiſſes,
This orient pearl;—His ſpeech ſticks in my heart.
Cleo. Mine ear muſt pluck it thence.
Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, *the firm Roman to great Ægypt ſends*
This treaſure of an oyſter: at whoſe foot,
To mend the petty preſent, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; All the eaſt,
Say thou, *ſhall call her miſtreſs.* So he nodded,
And ſoberly did mount an [6] arm-gaunt ſteed,
Who

[5] ——*that great medicine hath with his tinct gilded thee.*] Alluding to the philoſopher's ſtone, which, by its touch, converts baſe metal into gold. The alchemiſts call the matter, whatever it be, by which they perform tranſmutation, a *medicine*. JOHNSON.

Thus Chapman, in his *Shadow of Night*, 1594,
"O then, thou *great elixir* of all treaſures."
And on this paſſage he has the following note: "The philoſopher's ſtone, or *philoſophica medicina* is called the *great Elixir*, to which he here alludes." Thus, in the *Chanones Yemannes Tale* of Chaucer, late edit. v. 16330:
"——the philoſophre's ſtone,
"*Elixir* cleped, we ſeken faſt eche on." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*arm-gaunt ſteed*,] i. e. his ſteed worn lean and thin by much ſervice in war. So, Fairfax:
"His *ſtall worn* ſteed the champion ſtout beſtrode."
WARBURTON.

On this note Mr. Edwards has been very laviſh of his pleaſantry, and indeed has juſtly cenſured the miſquotation of *ſtall-worn*, for *ſtall-worth*, which means *ſtrong*, but makes no attempt to explain
the

Who neigh'd ſo high, that what I would have ſpoke
[7] Was beaſtly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he ſad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the extreams
Of hot and cold; he was nor ſad, nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided diſpoſition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:
He was not ſad; for he would ſhine on thoſe
That make their looks by his: he was not merry;
Which ſeem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay

the word in the play. Mr. Seyward, in his preface to Beaumont, has very elaborately endeavoured to prove, that an *arm-gaunt* ſteed is a ſteed with *lean ſhoulders*. *Arm* is the Teutonic word for *want*, or *poverty*. *Arm-gaunt* may be therefore an old word, ſignifying, *lean* for *want*, ill fed. Edwards's obſervation, that a worn-out horſe is not proper for Atlas to mount in battle, is impertinent; the horſe here mentioned ſeems to be a poſt-horſe, rather than a war horſe. Yet as *arm-gaunt* ſeems not intended to imply any defect, it perhaps means, a horſe ſo ſlender that a man might claſp him, and therefore formed for expedition. Hanmer reads:

——*arm*-girt *ſteed*. JOHNSON.

The following compound word which I find in Chaucer's deſcription of a king of Thrace in the *Knight's Tale*, may ſupport Dr. Johnſon's explanation:

"A wreth of gold *arm-gret*, of huge weight
"Upon his hed &c." late edit. v. 2147.

Armgrete is *as big as the arm*, and *arm gaunt* may mean *as ſlender as the arm*. We ſtill ſay, in vulgar compariſon, *as long as my arm*, *as thick as my leg*, &c. Again, in the Booke of *Fyſhing*, &c. bl. l. no date: "——cut between Michelmas and Candellmas a fayre ſtaff of a fadome and a half longe and *arm-great*, of haſyll, &c." Again, in *Lidgate*: "——*Line-right*," i. e. as ſtrait as a line.

STEEVENS.

[7] *Was beaſtly* dumb *by him.*] Mr. Theobald reads *dumb'd*, put to ſilence. "Alexas means, (ſays he) the horſe made ſuch a neighing, that if he had ſpoke he could not have been heard."

JOHNSON.

The verb which Theobald would introduce, is found in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"Deep clerks ſhe *dumbs* &c." STEEVENS.

In Ægypt with his joy: But between both:
O heavenly mingle!—Be'ſt thou ſad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes;
So does it no man elſe.—Met'ſt thou my poſts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty ſeveral meſſengers:
Why do you ſend ſo thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to ſend to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.——
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæſar ſo?

Char. O that brave Cæſar!

Cleo. Be choak'd with ſuch another emphaſis!
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæſar!

Cleo. By Iſis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæſar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your moſt gracious pardon,
I ſing but after you.

Cleo. [8] My ſallad days!

When

[8] *My ſallad days!*
When I was green in judgment, cold in blood!
To ſay, as I ſaid then!——]

This puzzles the late editor, Mr. Theobald. He ſays: "Cleopatra may ſpeak very naturally here with contempt of her judgment at that period: but how truly with regard to the coldneſs of her blood may admit ſome queſtion:" and then employs his learning to prove, that at this *cold* ſeaſon of her *blood*, ſhe had ſeen twenty good years. But yet he thinks his author may be juſtified, becauſe Plutarch calls Cleopatra at thoſe years, Κόρη, which by ill luck proves juſt the contrary; for that ſtate which the Greeks deſigned by Κόρη, was the very height of blood. But Shakeſpeare's beſt juſtification is reſtoring his own ſenſe, which is done merely by a different pointing:

My ſallad days;
When I was green in judgment. Cold in blood!
To ſay as I ſaid then.

Cold in blood, is an upbraiding expoſtulation to her maid. *Thoſe*, ſays.

When I was green in judgment: Cold in blood,
To say, as I said then!—But, come, away;
Get me ink and paper: he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I'll [9] unpeople Ægypt.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Messina. Pompey's House.

Enter [1] *Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas.*

Pomp. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.
Men. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.
Pomp. [2] Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.

Men.

says she, *were my sallad days, when I was green in judgment; but your blood is as cold as my judgment, if you have the same opinion of things now as I had then.* WARBURTON.

[9] ——*unpeople Ægypt.*] By sending out messengers. JOHNSON.

[1] The persons are so named in the first edition; but I know not why Menecrates appears; Menas can do all without him. JOHNSON.

[2] *Whiles we are suitors to their throne,* decays
The thing we sue for.]
This nonsense should be read thus:
Whiles we are suitors to their throne, delay's
The thing we sue for."
Menecrates had said, *The gods do not deny that which they delay.* The other turns his words to a different meaning, and replies, *Delay is the very thing we beg of them,* i. e. the delay of our enemies in making preparation against us: which he explains afterwards,

Men. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good: so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.
Pomp. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
[3] My power's a crescent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Ægypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money, where
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.
Men. Cæsar and Lepidus are in the field;
A mighty strength they carry.
Pomp. Where have you this? 'tis false.
Men. From Silvius, sir.
Pomp. He dreams; I know, they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony: But all the charms of love,

wards, by saying, Mark Antony was tied up by lust in Ægypt; Cæsar by avarice at Rome; and Lepidus employed in keeping well with both. WARBURTON.

It is not always prudent to be too hasty in exclamation; the reading which Dr. Warburton rejects as *nonsense*, is in my opinion right; if *delay* be what they sue for, they have it, and the consolation offered becomes superfluous. The meaning is, *While we are praying, the thing for which we pray is losing its value.*

JOHNSON.

[3] In old editions,

My powers *are crescent, and my auguring hope*
Says it *will come to th' full.*]

What does the relative *it* belong to? It cannot in *sense* relate to *hope*, nor in *concord* to *powers*. The poet's allusion is to the *moon*; and Pompey would say, he is yet but a half moon, or *crescent*; but his hopes tell him, that crescent will come to a *full* orb.

THEOBALD.

Salt

Salt Cleopatra, soften [4] thy wan lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even 'till a Lethe'd dulness—How now Varrius?

Enter Varrius.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:

4 ——*thy wan lip!*] In the old edition it is
-*thy* wand *lip!*
Perhaps, for *fond* lip, or *warm* lip, says Dr. Johnson. *Wand*, if it stand, is either a corruption of *wan*, the adjective, or a contraction of *wanned*, or *made wan*, a participle. So, in Hamlet:
"That, from her working, all his visage *wan'd*."
Again, in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*:
"——a cheek
"Not as yet *wan'd*."
Or perhaps *waned* lip, i. e. decreased, like the moon, in its beauty. So, in the *Tragedy of Mariam*, 1613:
"And Cleopatra then to seek had been
"So firm a lover of her *wained* face."
Again, in the *Skynner's Play*, among the Chester collection of *Mysteries*, MS. Harl. 101 . p. 152:
"O blessed be thou ever and aye
"Now *wayned* is all my woo."
Yet this expression of Pompey's perhaps, after all, implies a wish only, that every charm of love may confer additional softness on the lips of Cleopatra: i. e. that her beauty may improve to the ruin of her lover. The epithet *wan* might have been added, only to shew the speaker's private contempt of it. It may be remarked, that the lips of Africans and Asiatics are paler than those of European nations. STEEVENS.
Shakespeare's orthography often adds a *d* at the end of a word. Thus, *vile* is (in the old editions) every where spelt *vild*. *Laund* is given instead of *lawn*: why not therefore *wan'd* for *wan* here?
If this however should not be accepted, suppose we read with the addition only of an apostrophe, *wan'd*; i. e. *waned*, declined, gone off from its perfection; comparing Cleopatra's beauty to the moon past the full. PERCY.

Mark

Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected; since he went from Ægypt, 'tis
A space for farther travel [5].

Pomp. I could have given less matter
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,
This amorous surfeiter would have don'd his helm [6]
For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain: [7] But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Ægypt's widow pluck
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

5 ——*since he went from Ægypt, 'tis*
A space for farther travel.]
i. e. since he quitted Egypt, a space of time has elapsed in which a longer journey might have been performed than from Egypt to Rome. STEEVENS.

6 ——*would have* don'd *his helm*] To *don* is to *do on*, to put on. So, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:

"Call upon our dame aloud,
Bid her quickly *don* her shrowd." STEEVENS.

7 ——*But let us rear*
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The near *lust-wearied Antony.*]
Sextus Pompeius, upon hearing that Antony is every hour expected in Rome, does not much relish the news. He is twice the soldier, (says he) that Octavius and Lepidus are; and I did not think, the petty war, which I am raising, would rouze him from his amours in Ægypt.—But why should Pompey hold a higher opinion of his own expedition, because it awaked Antony to arms, who was *near* weary, *almost* surfeited, of lascivious pleasures? Indolent and stupid editors, that can dispense with words without ever weighing the reason of them! How easy is the change to the true reading?

The ne'er-*lust-wearied Antony.*

If Antony, though *never* tired of luxury, yet moved from that charm, upon Pompey's stirring, it was a reason for Pompey to pride himself upon being of such consequence. THEOBALD.

Could it be imagined, after this swelling exultation, that the first edition stands literally thus?

The neere *lust wearied Antony.* JOHNSON.

Men. I cannot hope [8],
Cæſar and Antony ſhall well greet together:
His wife, that's dead, did treſpaſſes to Cæſar;
His brother warr'd upon him [9]; although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.

Pomp. I know not, Menas,
How leſſer enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we ſtand up againſt them all,
'Twere pregnant they ſhould [1] ſquare between themſelves;
For they have entertained cauſe enough
To draw their ſwords: but how the fear of us
May cement their diviſions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be it as our gods will have it! It only ſtands
[2] Our lives upon, to uſe our ſtrongeſt hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*

[8] *I cannot hope,* &c.] The judicious editor of the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer in four vols 8vo, 1775, obſerves that to *hope* on this occaſion means to *expect.* So, in the *Reve's Tale,* v. 4027:

"Our manciple I *hope* he wol be ded." STEEVENS.

[9] —warr'd *upon him;* —] Thus the ſecond folio; the firſt *wan'd.* MALONE.

[1] —*ſquare*—] That is, *quarrel.* So, in the *Shoemaker's Holiday, or the gentle Craft,* 1600:

"What? *ſquare* they, maſter Scott?—
"——Sir, no doubt:
"Lovers are quickly in and quickly out."

The ſame word is uſed both in the *Midſummer Night's Dream, Titus Andronicus,* and in this play, act III. ſc. vi:

"Mine honeſty and I begin to *ſquare.*" STEEVENS.

[2] *Our lives upon,*——] This play is not divided into acts by the authour or firſt editors, and therefore the preſent diviſion may be altered at pleaſure. I think the firſt act may be commodiouſly continued to this place, and the ſecond act opened with the interview of the chief perſons, and a change of the ſtate of action. Yet it muſt be confeſſed, that it is of ſmall importance, where theſe unconnected and deſultory ſcenes are interrupted. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Rome.

Enter Enobarbus, and Lepidus.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
[3] Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shav't to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time for private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion:
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter Antony, and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter Cæsar, Mecænas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia:
Hark you, Ventidius.

[3] *Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,*
I would not shav't to-day.] Alluding to the phrase, I will beard him. WARBURTON.
I believe he means, *I would meet him undressed, without show of respect.* JOHNSON.

Cæs. I do not know,
Mecænas; aſk Agrippa.
Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was moſt great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiſs,
May it be gently heard: When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earneſtly beſeech)
Touch you the ſoureſt points with ſweeteſt terms,
[4] Nor curſtneſs grow to the matter.
Ant. 'Tis ſpoken well:
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I ſhould do thus.
Cæſ. Welcome to Rome.
Ant. Thank you.
Cæſ. Sit [5].
Ant. Sit, ſir!
Cæſ. Nay, then—
Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not ſo;
Or, being, concern you not.

[4] *Nor curſtneſs grow to the matter.*] Let not *ill-humour* be added to the real *ſubject* of our difference. JOHNSON.

[5] Caſ. *Sit.*
Ant. *Sit, ſir!*]
Antony appears to be jealous of a circumſtance which ſeemed to indicate a conſciouſneſs of ſuperiority in his too ſucceſsful partner in power; and accordingly reſents the invitation of Cæſar to be ſeated: Cæſar anſwers, *Nay then*——i. e. if you are ſo ready to reſent what I meant an act of civility, there can be no reaſon to ſuppoſe you have temper enough for the buſineſs on which at preſent we are met. The former editors leave a full point at the end of this as well as the preceeding ſpeech. STEEVENS.

The following circumſtance may ſerve to ſtrengthen Mr. Steevens's opinion: When the fictitious Sebaſtian made his appearance in Europe, he came to a conference with the Conde de Lemos; to whom, after the firſt exchange of civilities, he ſaid, *Conde de Lemos, be covered.* And being aſked by that nobleman, by what pretences he laid claim to the ſuperiority expreſſed by ſuch permiſſion, he replied, I do it by right of my birth; I am Sebaſtian. JOHNSON.

Cæſ.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended; and with you
Chiefly i' the world: more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Ægypt: Yet, if you there
Did practise on my state [6], your being in Egypt
Might be my question [7].

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befal me. Your wife, and brother,
Made wars upon me; and [8] their contestation
Was

[6] *Did* practise *on my state,*——] To *practise* means to employ unwarrantable arts or stratagems. So, in the *Tragedie of Antonie*, done into English by the countess of Pembroke, 1595:

"—— nothing kills me so
"As that I so my Cleopatra see
"*Practise* with Cæsar." STEEVENS.

[7] ——*question.*] i. e. My theme or subject of conversation. So before:

"Out of our *question* wipe him."

See a note on *Hamlet*, act I: "Thou com'st in such a *questionable* shape, &c." MALONE.

[8] ——*their contestation*
Was theam *for you, you were the word of war.*]
The only meaning of this can be, that the war, which Antony's wife and brother made upon Cæsar, was theam for Antony too to make war; or was the occasion why he did make war. But this is directly contrary to the context, which shews, Antony did neither encourage them to it, nor second them in it. We cannot doubt then, but the poet wrote:

——*and their contestation*
Was theam'd *for you.*

i. e. The pretence of the war was on your account, they took up arms in your name, and you were made the theme and subject of their insurrection. WARBURTON.

I am

Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do miſtake your buſineſs; [9] my brother never
Did urge me in his act: I did enquire it;
And have my learning from ſome true reports [1],
That drew their ſwords with you. Did he not rather
Diſcredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike againſt my ſtomach,
[2] Having alike your cauſe? Of this, my letters
Be-

I am neither ſatisfied with the reading nor the emendation; *theam'd* is, I think, a word unauthoriſed, and very harſh. Perhaps we may read:

——*their conteſtation*
Had *theme* from *you*, *you were the word of war.*

The diſpute derived its ſubject from you. It may be corrected by mere tranſpoſition:

——*their conteſtation*
You were theme for, *you were the word*— JOHNSON.

Was theam for you, I believe means only, *was propoſed as an example for you to follow on a yet more extenſive plan*; as *themes* are given for a writer to dilate upon. Shakeſpeare, however, may prove the beſt commentator on himſelf. Thus, in *Coriolanus*, act I. ſc. i:

"——throw forth greater *themes*
"For inſurrection's arguing."

Sicinius calls Coriolanus, "——the *theme* of our aſſembly."
STEEVENS.

Was theam &c.] I cannot help thinking Dr. Warburton's conjecture right. *Theam'd* is ſuch a word as Shakeſpeare would not ſcruple to uſe. In almoſt every one of his plays we meet ſubſtantives uſed as verbs. I read:

Was theam'd from *you*. MALONE.

9 —— *my brother never*
Did urge me in his act: ——]

i. e. Never did make uſe of my name as a pretence for the war.
WARBURTON.

1 ——*true* reports,] *Reports* for *reporters*. Mr. Tollet obſerves that Holinſhed, p. 1181, uſes *records* for *vouchers*. STEEVENS.

2 *Having alike your cauſe?*—] The meaning ſeems to be, *having the ſame cauſe as you to be offended with me.* But why, becauſe he was offended with Antony, ſhould he make war upon Cæſar? May it not be read thus:

——*Did he not rather*
Diſcredit

Before did ſatisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
[3] As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It muſt not be with this.

Cæſ. You praiſe yourſelf,
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuſes.

Ant. Not ſo, not ſo:
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very neceſſity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cauſe 'gainſt which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes [4] attend thoſe wars
Which [5] fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her ſpirit in ſuch another:
The third o' the world is yours; which with a ſnaffle
You may pace eaſy, but not ſuch a wife.

Eno. 'Would, we had all ſuch wives, that the men might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæſar,
Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
Shrewdneſs of policy too) I grieving grant,

Diſcredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike againſt my ſtomach,
Hating *alike* our *cauſe?* JOHNSON.

The old reading is immediately explained by Antony's being the partner with Octavius in the cauſe againſt which his brother fought. STEEVENS.

[3] *As matter whole you have not to make it with,*] The original reads:

As matter whole you have *to make it with.*

Without doubt erroneouſly; I therefore only obſerve it, that the reader may more readily admit the liberties which the editors of this authour's works have neceſſarily taken. JOHNSON.

The old reading may be right. It ſeems to allude to Antony's acknowledged neglect in aiding Cæſar; but yet Antony does not allow himſelf to be faulty upon the preſent cauſe alledged againſt him. STEEVENS.

[4] —*with* graceful *eyes*—] Thus the old copy reads, and I believe, rightly. We ſtill ſay, *I could not look* handſomely *on* ſuch or ſuch a proceeding. The modern editors read—*grateful.* STEEVENS.

[5] —*fronted*—] i. e. *Oppoſed.* JOHNSON.

 Did

Did you too much diſquiet: for that, you muſt
But ſay, I could not help it.

Cæſ. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my miſſive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell on me, ere admitted; then
Three kings I had newly feaſted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but, next day,
[6] I told him of myſelf; which was as much
As to have aſk'd him pardon: Let this fellow
Be nothing of our ſtrife; if we contend,
Out of our queſtion wipe him.

Cæſ. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you ſhall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæſar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him ſpeak;
[7] The honour is ſacred which he talks on now,
Suppoſing that I lack'd it:—But on, Cæſar;—
The article of my oath,——

[6] *I told him of myſelf,*—] i. e. Told him the condition I was in, when he had his laſt audience. WARBURTON.

[7] *The honour is* ſacred—] *Sacred*, for unbroken, unviolated. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton ſeems to underſtand this paſſage thus; *The honour which he* talks *of me as* lacking, *is* unviolated, *I never lacked it.* This may perhaps be the true meaning, but before I read the note, I underſtood it thus: Lepidus interrupts Cæſar, on the ſuppoſition that what he is about to ſay will be too harſh to be endured by Antony; to which Antony replies, *No, Lepidus, let him ſpeak, the ſecurity of* honour on which he now ſpeaks, *on which this conference is held now,* is ſacred, *even* ſuppoſing that I lacked *honour* before. JOHNSON.

I do not entirely agree with either of the learned commentators on this paſſage. Antony, in my opinion, means to ſay:—"The theme of honour which he now ſpeaks of, namely the religion of an oath, for which he ſuppoſes me not to have a due regard, is ſacred; it is a tender point, and touches my character nearly. Let him therefore urge his charge, that I may vindicate myſelf." MALONE.

Cæſ.

Cæf. To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd them;
The which you both deny'd.
Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it: Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Ægypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.
Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.
Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between you: to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.
Lep. Worthily spoken, Mecænas.
Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.
Ant. Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.
Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.
Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.
Eno. Go to then; [8] your considerate stone.

Cæf.

[8] ——*your considerate stone.*] This line is passed by all the editors, as if they understood it, and believed it universally intelligible. I cannot find in it any very obvious, and hardly any possible meaning. I would therefore read:

Go to then, you *considerate* ones.

You who dislike my frankness and temerity of speech, and are so *considerate* and discreet, *go to*, do your own business. JOHNSON.

I believe, *Go to then, your considerate stone*, means only this: *If I must be chidden, henceforward I will be mute as a marble statue,* which

Cæs. [9] I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech: for it cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar,——

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa;
If Cleopatra heard you, [1] your reproof

Were

which seems to think, though it can say nothing. As silent as a stone, however, might have been once a common phrase. So, in the Interlude of *Jacob and Esau*, 1598:

"Bring thou in thine, Mido, and see thou be *a stone*.
"*Mido.*] *A stone!* how should that be &c.
"*Rebecca.*] I meant *thou shouldst nothing say*."

Again, in the old metrical romance of *Syr Guy of Warwick*, bl. l. no date:

"Guy let it passe *as still as stone*,
"And to the steward word spake none."

Again, in *Gower, De Confessione Amantis*, b. i. fol. 17;

"But he lay *still as any stone*."

Again, in *Titus Andronicus*, act III. sc. i:

"A *stone is silent* and offendeth not."

Again, Chaucer:

"To riden by the way, *dombe as the* [illegible]."

Mr. Tollet explains the passage in question, thus: "I will henceforth seem senseless as a stone, however I may observe and consider your words and actions." STEEVENS.

[9] *I do not much dislike the* matter, *but*
The manner of his speech:——]

I do not, says Cæsar, think the man wrong, but too free of his interposition; *for't cannot be, we shall remain in friendship: yet if it were possible, I would endeavour it.* JOHNSON.

[1] ——*your reproof*
Were well deserv'd——]

In the old edition:

——*your* proof
Were well deserv'd——]

Which

Were well deserv'd of rashness.
Ant. I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak.
Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would be tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.
Ant. Will Cæsar speak?
Cæs. Not 'till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.
Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, *Agrippa, be it so,*
To make this good?
Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.
Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shews,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs!
Cæs. There is my hand.

Which Mr. Theobald, with his usual triumph, changes to *approof*, which he explains, *allowance*. Dr. Warburton inserted *reproof* very properly into Hanmer's edition, but forgot it in his own.
JOHNSON.

A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
[2] Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cæs. About the mount Misenum.

Ant. What is his strength by land?

Cæs. Great, and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.
'Would, we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus.*

Mec. Welcome from Ægypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas!—my honourable friend, Agrippa!—

[2] *Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;*] Lest I be thought too willing to forget benefits, I must barely return him thanks, and then I will defy him. JOHNSON.

Agr.

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cauſe to be glad, that matters are ſo well digeſted. You ſtay'd well by it in Ægypt.

Eno. Ay, ſir; we did ſleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roaſted whole at a breakfaſt, and but twelve perſons there; Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monſtrous matter of feaſt, which worthily deſerved noting.

Mec. She's a moſt triumphant lady, if report be ſquare to her[3].

Eno. When ſhe firſt met Mark Antony, ſhe purs'd up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There ſhe appear'd indeed; or my reporter Deviſ'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you:
The barge ſhe ſat in, like a burniſh'd throne,
Burnt on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the ſails, and ſo perfumed, that
The winds were love-ſick with them: the oars were ſilver;
Which to the tune of flutes kept ſtroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faſter,
As amorous of their ſtrokes. For her own perſon,
It beggar'd all deſcription: ſhe did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tiſſue)
[4] O'er-picturing that Venus, where we ſee
The fancy out-work nature: on each ſide her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like ſmiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whoſe wind did ſeem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,

[3] —*be ſquare to her.*] i. e. if report *quadrates* with her, or ſuits with her merits. STEEVENS.

[4] *O'er-picturing that Venus, where we ſee,* &c.] Meaning the Venus of Protogenes mentioned by Pliny, l. 35. c. 10. WARBURTON.

And

[5] And what they undid, did.

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, [6] tended her i' the eyes,
[7] And made their bends adornings; at the helm

A

[5] *And what they undid, did.*] It might be read less harshly:
And what they did, undid. JOHNSON.

[6] —*tended her i' th' eyes.*] Perhaps *tended her* by th' *eyes*, discovered her will by her eyes. JOHNSON.

[7] *And made their bends* adornings:—] This is sense indeed, and may be understood thus; her maids bowed with so good an air, that it added new graces to them. But this is not what Shakespeare would say: Cleopatra, in this famous scene, personated Venus just rising from the waves: at which time the Mythologists tell us, the Sea-deities surrounded the Goddess to *adore*, and pay her homage. Agreeably to this fable Cleopatra had dressed her maids, the poet tells us, like Nereids. To make the whole therefore conformable to the story represented, we may be assured, Shakespeare wrote:

And made their bends adorings.

They did her observance in the posture of *adoration*, as if she had been Venus. WARBURTON.

That Cleopatra personated Venus, we know; but that Shakespeare was acquainted with the circumstance of homage being paid her by the Deities of the sea, is by no means as certain. The old term will probably appear the more elegant of the two to modern readers, who have heard so much about *the line of beauty*. The whole passage is taken from the following in sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch: "She disdained to set forward otherwise, but to take her barge in the river of Cydnus, the poope whereof was of gold, the sailes of purple, and the owers of siluer, which kept stroke in rowing after the sounde of the musicke of flutes, howboyes, citherns, violls, and such other instruments as they played vpon in the barge. And now for the person of her selfe: she was layed vnder a pauillion of cloth of gold of tissue, apparelled and attired like the Goddesse Venus, commonly drawn in picture; and hard by her, on either hand of her, pretie faire boyes apparelled as painters do set forth God Cupide, with little fannes in their hands, with the which they fanned wind vpon her. Her ladies and gentlewomen also, the fairest of them were apparelled like the nymphes Nereides (which are the mermaides of the waters) and like the Graces, some stearing the helme, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of the which there came a wonderfull passing sweete sauor of perfumes, that perfumed

A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackles
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge

ed the wharfes side, pestered with innumerable multitudes of people. Some of them followed the barge all alongst the riuer's side: others also ranne out of the citie to see her coming in. So that in thend, there ranne such multitudes of people one after another to see her, that Antonius was left post alone in the market place, in his imperiall seate to geve audience:" &c.

Had Shakespeare written *adore* instead of *adorn*, it has been observed that they were once synonymously used. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. iv. c. 11:

"Congealed little drops which do the morn *adore*."

Again, in the *Elder Brother* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"And those true tears, falling on your pure chrystals,
"Should turn to armlets for great queens to *adore*."

STEEVENS.

I think *bends* or *bands* is the same word, and means in this place the several *companies* of Nereids, that waited on Cleopatra. It is said in Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar* for May: "A fresh *bend* of lovely nymphs did attend on lady Flora." It is easy to conceive how these attendants being happily disposed in groups, might add new graces to the appearance of their mistress. So, in *Titus Andronicus*, act II. sc. iii: "Whom have we here? Rome's royal emperess? Unfurnish'd of her *well-beseeming troop*?" TOLLET.

Mr. Tollet may be right. So, in Tho. Drant's translation of the third epistle of *Horace*, 1567:

"Quid studiosa *cohors* operum struit?"
"What doth our busye *bende* of clarkes?"

Again, in Hall's *Chronicle*, *K. Henry* VIII. p. 75: "—should be set in the breste of the battaill or *bend* of footmen." Again, "[illegible] goodly battaill or *bend* of footmen." STEEVENS.

And made their bends *adornings.*—] *Their bends*, I apprehend, refers to Cleopatra's eyes, and not to her gentlewomen. *Her attendants in order to learn their mistress's will, watched the motion of her eyes, the* bends *or movements of which added new lustre to her beauty.*

In our author we frequently find the word *bend* applied to the eye. Thus, in the first act of this play:

"Those his goodly *eyes*
———— now *bend*, now turn, &c."

Again,

"Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
"Bliss in our brows-*bent*."

A ſtrange inviſible perfume hits the ſenſe
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city caſt
Her people out upon her: and Antony,
Enthron'd i' the market-place, did ſit alone,
Whiſtling to the air; [8] which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Ægyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony ſent to her,
Invited her to ſupper: ſhe reply'd,
It ſhould be better, he became her gueſt;
Which ſhe intreated: Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of *no* woman heard ſpeak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feaſt;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!
She made great Cæſar lay his ſword to bed;
He plough'd her, and ſhe cropt.

Eno. I ſaw her once
Hop forty paces through the publick ſtreet:
And having loſt her breath, ſhe ſpoke, and panted,
That ſhe did make defect, perfection,
And, breathleſs, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony muſt leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not:

Again, in *Cymbeline*:
"Although they wear their faces to the *bent*
"Of the king's looks."
Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:
"All gaze and *bent* of amorous view."
And laſtly, in *Julius Cæſar*, which affords an inſtance exactly appoſite:
"And that ſame *eye* whoſe *bend* doth awe the world."
MALONE.

[8] ——*which, but for vacancy,*
Had gone ——]
Alluding to an axiom in the peripatetic philoſophy then in vogue, that *Nature abhors a vacuum.* WARBURTON.

Age

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale [9]
Her infinite variety: Other women cloy [1]
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
Bless her, when she is riggish [2].

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is [3]
A blessed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.—
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

9 —*nor custom* stale] This verb is used by Heywood in the *Iron Age*, 1632: "One that hath *stal'd* his courtly tricks at home." STEEVENS.

1 —*Other women cloy*
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies.—]
Almost the same thought, cloathed nearly in the same expressions, is found in the old play of *Pericles*: "Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry the more she gives them speech." MALONE.

2 —*when she is* riggish.] *Rigg* is an ancient word meaning a strumpet. So, in Whetstone's *Castle of Delight*, 1576:
"Then loath they will both lust and wanton love,
"Or else be sure such *ryggs* my care shall prove."
Again:
"Unmodest *rigg*, I Ovid's counsel usde." STEEVENS.

3 —*Octavia is*
A blessed lottery *to him.*]
Dr. Warburton says, the poet wrote *allottery*: but there is no reason for this assertion. The ghost of Andrea in the *Spanish Tragedy*, says:
"Minos in graven leaves of *lottery*
"Drew forth the manner of my life and death." FARMER.

So, in Stanyhurst's translation of *Virgil*, 1582:
"By this hap escaping the filth of *lottarye* carnal."
Again, in the *Honest Man's Fortune*, by B. and Fletcher:
"—fainting under
"Fortune's false *lottery*."— STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Octavia between them; Attendants, and a Soothsayer.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.
Octa. All which time,
Before the gods my knee shall bow in prayers[4]
To them for you.
Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.
Octa. Good night, sir.
Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt Cæsar, and Octavia.*
Ant. Now, sirrah! you do wish yourself in Ægypt?
Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you
Thither!
Ant. If you can, your reason?
Sooth. [5] I see it in
My

[4] —*shall bow* in *prayers*] The old copy reads
—*shall* bow my *prayers*
which I believe to be the true reading. The same construction is in *Coriolanus*, act I. sc. i:
"*Shouting their* emulation."
Again, in *K. Lear*, act II. sc. ii:
"*Smile you* my speeches?" STEEVENS.

[5] *I see it in*
My motion, *have it not in my tongue* —]
What *motion?* I can trace no sense in this word here, unless the author were alluding to that *agitation* of the *divinity*, which diviners pretend to when the fit of foretelling is upon them; but then, I think verily, he would have wrote, *emotion*. I am persuaded, Shakespeare meant that the Soothsayer should say, he saw a rea-

My motion, have it not in my tongue: But yet
Hie you again to Ægypt.

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's, or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
[6] Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd; therefore

a reason in his *thought* or *opinion*, though he gave that thought or opinion no utterance. *Notion* is a word which our author frequently chuses to express the mental faculties. See *K. Lear*, *Coriolanus*, *Macbeth*, and *Othello*. THEOBALD.

I see it in
My motion,——]
i. e. the divinitory agitation. WARBURTON.

[6] *Becomes a* Fear,——] i. e. a fearful thing. The abstract for the concrete. WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton reads:

Becomes afear'd,——

The common reading is more poetical. JOHNSON.

A *Fear* was a personage in some of the old moralities Fletcher alludes to it in the *Maid's Tragedy*, where Aspasia is instructing her servants how to describe her situation in needle-work:

" —— and then a *Fear*:
" Do that *Fear* bravely, wench."——

Spenser had likewise personified *Fear*, in the 12th canto of the third book of his *Faery Queen*. In the sacred writings *Fear* is also a person: " I will put a *Fear* in the land of Egypt."

Exodus.

The whole thought is borrowed from sir T. North's translation of Plutarch: "With Antonius there was a soothsayer or astronomer of Egypt, that coulde cast a figure, and iudge of mens natiuities, to tell them what should happen to them. He, either to please Cleopatra, or else for that he founde it so by his art, told Antonius plainly, that his fortune (which of it selfe was excellent good, and very great) was altogether bleamished, and obscured by Cæsars fortune: and therefore he counselled him vtterly to leaue his company, and to get him as farre from him as he could. For thy Demon said he, (that is to say, the good angell and spirit that keepeth thee) is affraied of his: and being coragious and high when he is alone, becometh fearefull and timerous when he commeth neere vnto the other." STEEVENS.

Make ſpace enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.
If thou doſt play with him at any game,
Thou art ſure to loſe; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainſt the odds; thy luſtre thickens,
When he ſhines by: I ſay again, thy ſpirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:
Say to Ventidius, I would ſpeak with him:—
[*Exit Soothſayer.*
He ſhall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath ſpoken true: The very dice obey him;
And, in our ſports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he ſpeeds:
His cocks do win the battle ſtill of mine,
When it is all to nought; and [7] his quails ever
Beat mine, [8] inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Ægypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

7 ——*his quails*——] The ancients uſed to match quails as we match cocks. JOHNSON.

So, in the old tranſlation of Plutarch: "For, it is ſaid, that as often as they two drew cuts for paſtime, who ſhould haue any thing, or whether they plaied at dice, Antonius alway loſt. Oftentimes when they were diſpoſed to ſee cockefight, or quailes that were taught to fight one with an other: Cæſars cockes or quailes did euer ouercome." STEEVENS.

8 ——*inhoop'd, at odds.*——] Thus the old copy. *Inhoop'd* is *incloſed, confined*, that they may fight. The modern editions read:—

Beat mine, in whoop'd-at *odds*.—— JOHNSON.

Shakeſpeare gives us the practice of his own time: and there is no occaſion for *in whoop'd at*, or any other alteration. John Davies begins one of his epigrams upon *proverbs*:

"He ſets cocke *on* the hoope," *in*, you would ſay;
"For cocking *in hoopes* is now all the play." FARMER.

The attempt at emendation, however, deſerves ſome reſpect; as in *As you like it*, Celia ſays: "—— and after that *out of all whooping*." STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Ventidius.

I' the eaſt my pleaſure lies.—O, come, Ventidius,
You muſt to Parthia; your commiſſion's ready:
Follow me, and receive it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame; a Street.

Enter Lepidus, Mecænas, and Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble yourſelves no farther: pray you, haſten
Your generals after.
Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiſs Octavia, and we'll follow.
Lep. 'Till I ſhall ſee you in your ſoldiers' dreſs,
Which will become you both, farewel.
Mec. We ſhall,
As I conceive the journey, be at mount *
Before you, Lepidus.
Lep. Your ſtay is ſhorter,
My purpoſes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.
Both. Sir, good ſucceſs!
Lep. Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me ſome muſick; [9] muſick, moody food
Of

* —*at mount*] i. e. Mount *Miſenum*. STEEVENS.
9 —*muſick*, moody *food*] The *mood* is the *mind*, or *mental diſpoſition*. Van Haaren's panegyrick on the Engliſh begins, *Groot-moedig*

Of us that trade in love.

Omnes. The musick, ho!

Enter Mardian.

Cleo. Let it alone; let us to billiards: come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman:—Come, you'll play with me, sir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is shew'd, though it come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—
Give me mine angle,—We'll to the river: there,
My musick playing far off, I will betray
[1] Tawny-finn'd fishes: my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ha! you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook [2], which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time!——O times!——
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drank him to his bed;

moedig Volk, [*great-minded nation.*] Perhaps here is a poor jest intended between *mood* the *mind* and *moods* of musick. JOHNSON.

Moody, in this instance, means *melancholy.* Cotgrave explains *moody,* by the French words, *morne* and *triste.* STEEVENS.

[1] *Tawny-fin'd fishes;*—] The first copy reads:
Tawney fine fish.———— JOHNSON.

[2] *Did hang a salt-fish* &c.] This circumstance is likewise taken from sir Tho. North's translation of the life of Antony in *Plutarch.* STEEVENS.

Then put my tires and mantles on him, [3] whilst
I wore his sword Philippan. O! from Italy;—

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings [4] in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.
Mes. Madam, madam,——
Cleo. Antony's dead?—
If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:
But well and free [5],
If so thou yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand, that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.
Mes. First, madam, he is well.

[3] *whilst I wore his sword Philippan.*——] We are not to suppose, nor is there any warrant from history, that Antony had any particular sword so called. The dignifying weapons, in this sort, is a custom of much more recent date. This therefore seems a compliment a posteriori. We find Antony, afterwards, in this play, boasting of his own prowess at Philippi.

Ant. *Yes, my lord, yes; he at Philippi kept*
His sword e'en like a dancer; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; &c.

That was the greatest action of Antony's life; and therefore this seems a fine piece of flattery, intimating, that his sword ought to be denominated from that illustrious battle, in the same manner as modern heroes in romance are made to give their swords pompous names. THEOBALD.

[4] Ram *thou thy fruitful tidings*—] Shakespeare probably wrote, (as sir T. Hanmer observes) *Rain thou* &c. *Rain* agrees better with the epithets *fruitful* and *barren*. So, in *Timon:*

" *Rain* sacrificial whisp'rings in his ear."

Again, in the *Tempest:*

" ———Heavens *rain* grace!" STEEVENS.

[5] *But well and free*, &c.] This speech is but coldly imitated by B. and Fletcher in *The False One:*

" *Cleop.* What of him? Speak: if ill, Apollodorus,
" It is my happiness: and for thy news
" Receive a favour kings have kneel'd in vain for,
" And kiss my hand." STEEVENS.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah, mark; We use
To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mes. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face: If Antony
Be free, and healthful,—so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
[6] Not like a formal man.

Mes. Will't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well [7],
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
[8] I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich

6 *Not like a formal man.*] *Formal*, for ordinary. WARBURTON.

Rather decent, regular. JOHNSON.

By a *formal* man, Shakespeare means, a man *in his senses*. *Informal* women, in *Measure for Measure*, is used for women *beside themselves*. STEEVENS.

Formal man, I believe, only means a man *in form*, i. e. *shape*. You shall come in the *form* of a fury, and not in the *form* of a man. So, in *A mad World my Masters*, by Middleton, 1640;

"The very devil assum'd thee *formally*."

i. e. assumed thy form. MALONE.

7 *I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st;*
Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, 'tis well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.——]

We surely should read *is well*. The messenger is to have his reward, if he says, that Antony is *alive*, in *health*, and *either friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him*. TYRWHITT.

I have adopted this reading, being thoroughly convinced of its probability and propriety. STEEVENS.

8 *I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail*
Rich pearls upon thee.]

That is, I will give thee a kingdom: it being the eastern ceremony,

Rich pearls upon thee.

Mes. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mes. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou art an honest man.

Mes. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mes. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay
The good precedence; fye upon *but yet*:
But yet is as a jailor to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: He's friends with Cæsar;
In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st, free.

Mes. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mes. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mes. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
[*Strikes him down.*

Mes. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you?—Hence, [*Strikes him again.*
Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;
[*She hales him up and down.*
Thou shalt be whipt with wire, and stew'd in brine,

mony, at the coronation of their kings, to powder them with *gold-dust* and *seed-pearl*; so Milton:
"——the gorgeous east with liberal hand
"Showers on her kings barbaric *pearl* and *gold*."
In the Life of Timur-bec or Tamerlane, written by a Persian contemporary author, are the following words, as translated by Monf. Petit de la Croix, in the account there given of his coronation, book ii. chap. i. "*Les princes du sang royal & les emirs repandirent à pleines mains sur sa tête quantité d'or & de pierreries* selon la coûtume." Warburton.

 Smarting

Smarting in lingring pickle.

Mes. Gracious madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow, thou hadst,
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mes. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

[*Draws a dagger*[9].

Mes. Nay, then I'll run:—
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.

[*Exit.*

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself;
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.—
Melt Ægypt into Nile[1]! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—Call.

Char. He is afeard to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him:—
[2] These hands do lack nobility, that they strike

[9] *Draws a dagger.*] The old copy——*Draw a knife.* STEEVENS.

[1] *Melt Ægypt into Nile!*——] So, in the first scene of this play:

"Let Rome in Tyber *melt*, &c." STEEVENS.

[2] *These hands do lack nobility, that they strike*
A meaner than myself; ——]

This thought seems to be borrowed from the laws of chivalry, which forbad a knight to engage with his inferior. So, in *Albumazar*:

"Stay; understand'st thou well the points of duel?
"Art born of gentle blood, and pure descent?—
"Was none of all thy lineage hang'd, or cuckold?
"Bastard, or bastinado'd? is thy pedigree
"As long and wide as mine?—for otherwise
"Thou wert most unworthy, and 'twere loss of honour
"In me to fight." STEEVENS.

A meaner

A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.
Mes. I have done my duty.
Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say, Yes.
Mes. He is married, madam.
Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?
Mes. Should I lye, madam?
Cleo. O, I would, thou didst;
So half my Ægypt were submerg'd [3], and made
A cistern for scal'd snakes! Go, get thee hence;
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?
Mes. I crave your highness' pardon.
Cleo. He is married?
Mes. Take no offence, that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal: He is married to Octavia.
Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
[4] That art not what thou'rt sure of!—Get thee hence:
The

[3] ——*were* submerg'd,——] *Submerg'd* is whelm'd under water. So, in the *Martial Maid*, by B. and Fletcher:
"—spoil'd, lost, and *submerg'd* in the inundation &c."
STEEVENS.

[4] *That art not what thou'rt sure of!*—] For this, which is not easily understood, sir Thomas Hanmer has given:
That say'st but *what thou'rt sure of!*

I am

The merchandise, which thou hast brought from Rome,
Are all too dear for me; Lye they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit Messenger.*

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for it now. Lead me from hence,
I faint; O Iras, Charmian,—'Tis no matter:—
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia [5], her years,

I am not satisfied with the change, which, though it affords sense, exhibits little spirit. I fancy the line consists only of abrupt starts.

O that this fault should make a knave of thee,
That art—not what?—Thou'rt sure on't.—Get thee hence:

That his fault should make a knave of thee that art—but what *shall I say thou art not?* Thou art then sure of this *marriage.*—Get thee hence.

Dr. Warburton has received sir T. Hanmer's emendation. JOHNSON.

In *Measure for Measure*, act II. sc. ii. is a passage so much resembling this, that I cannot help pointing it out for the use of some future commentator, though I am unable to apply it with success to the very difficult line before us:

" Drest in a little brief authority,
" *Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,*
" His glassy essence." STEEVENS.

Thou art not what thou'rt sure of!——] i. e. Thou art not an honest man, of which thou art thyself assured, but thou art in my opinion a knave by thy master's fault alone. TOLLET.

5 ——*the* feature *of Octavia,*——] By *feature* seems to be meant the cast and make of her face. *Feature, however,* anciently appears to have signified *beauty* in general. So, in Greene's *Farewel to Folly,* 1617: " ——rich thou art, *featur'd* thou art, feared thou art." Spenser uses *feature* for the whole turn of the body. *Faery Queen,* b. i. c. 8:

" Thus when they had the witch disrobed quite,
" And all her filthy *feature* open shown."

Again, in b. iii. c. 9:

" She also doft her heavy haberjeon
" Which the fair *feature of her limbs* did hide."

STEEVENS.

Her

Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.—
[*Exit Alexas.*
[6] Let him for ever go:—Let him not,—Charmian;
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way he is a [7] Mars:—Bid you Alexas
[*To Mardian.*
Bring me word, how tall she is.——Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Near Misenum.

Enter Pompey, and Menas, at one door, with drum and trumpet: at another, Cæsar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Mecænas, with soldiers marching.

Pomp. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet,
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent:
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword;
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,
That else must perish here.

[6] *Let him for ever go.——*] She is now talking in broken sentences, not of the messenger, but Antony. JOHNSON.

[7] *The other way's a Mars.—*] In this passage the sense is clear, but, I think, may be much improved by a very little alteration. Cleopatra, in her passion upon the news of Antony's marriage, says:

Let him for ever go—Let him not—*Charmian,—*
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way he's a Mars.—

This, I think, would be more spirited thus:

Let him for ever go—let him—no,—*Charmian;*
Though he be painted, &c. TYRWHITT.

Pomp.

Pomp. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know,
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son, and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was it,
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And
What made, all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol; but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it,
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despightful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. [8] Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails,
We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pomp. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house:
[9] But, since the cuckow builds not for himself,
Remain in't, as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the present) how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be intreated to, but weigh

[8] *Thou canst not fear us*—] Thou canst not affright us with thy numerous navy. JOHNSON.

[9] *But since the cuckow builds not for himself,*] Since, like the cuckow, that seizes the nests of other birds, you have invade a house which you could not build, keep it while you can.
JOHNSON.

So, in P. Holland's translation of *Pliny*, b. x. ch. 9:
"These (cuckows) lay alwaies in other birds' nests."
STEEVENS.

What

What it is worth embrac'd.
Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.
Pomp. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates: then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome: This 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targes undinted.
Omnes. That's our offer.
Pomp. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: But Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience:—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, You must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.
Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.
Pomp. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.
Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to you
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither;
For I have gain'd by it.
Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.
Pomp. Well, I know not,
[1] What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.
Lep. Well met here.
Pomp. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed:

[1] *What counts hard fortune* casts, &c.] Metaphor from making marks or lines in casting accounts in arithmetick. WARBURTON.

I crave,

I crave, our compofition may be written,
And feal'd between us.

Cæf. That's the next to do.

Pomp. We'll feaft each other, ere we part; and let us
Draw lots, who fhall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pomp. No, Antony, take the lot: but, firft,
Or laft, your fine Ægyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius Cæfar
Grew fat with feafting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pomp. I have fair meaning, fir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pomp. Then fo much have I heard:—
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried——

Eno. No more of that:—He did fo.

Pomp. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæfar [1] in a mattrefs.

Pomp. I know thee now; How far'ft thou, foldier?

Eno. Well;
And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feafts are toward.

Pomp. Let me fhake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I have feen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,
When you have well deferv'd ten times as much
As I have faid you did.

Pomp. Enjoy thy plainnefs,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?

All. Shew us the way, fir.

Pomp. Come. [*Exeunt. Manent Enob. and Menas.*

[1] ——*to Cæfar*——] i. e. To Julius Cæfar. STEEVENS.

Men.

Men. [*Aſide.*] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—

You and I have known, ſir.

Eno. At ſea, I think.

Men. We have, ſir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. [3] I will praiſe any man that will praiſe me: though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, ſomething you can deny for your own ſafety: you have been a great thief by ſea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land ſervice. But give me your hand, Menas: If our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kiſſing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatſoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No ſlander; they ſteal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am ſorry it is turn'd to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, ſure, he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You have ſaid, ſir. We look'd not for Mark Antony here; Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæſar's ſiſter is call'd Octavia.

[3] *I will praiſe any man that will praiſe me,*] The poet's art in delivering this humourous ſentiment (which gives us ſo very true and natural a picture of the commerce of the world) can never be ſufficiently admired. The confeſſion could come from none but a frank and rough character like the ſpeaker's: and the moral leſſon inſinuated under it, that *flattery* can make its way through the moſt ſtubborn manners, deſerves our ſerious reflexion.

WARBURTON.

Men.

Men. True, ſir; ſhe was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But now ſhe is the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray you, ſir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæſar, and he, for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not propheſy ſo.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpoſe made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think ſo too. But you ſhall find, the band, that ſeems to tie their friendſhip together, will be the very ſtrangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and ſtill converſation.

Men. Who would not have his wife ſo?

Eno. Not he, that himſelf is not ſo; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Ægyptian diſh again: then ſhall the ſighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæſar; and, as I ſaid before, that which is the ſtrength of their amity, ſhall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will uſe his affection where it is; he marry'd but his occaſion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, ſir, will you aboard?
I have a health for you.

Eno. I ſhall take it, ſir: we have us'd our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come; let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Near mount Misenum.

On board Pompey's Galley.

Musick plays. Enter two or three Servants with a banquet.

1 *Serv.* Here they'll be, man: [4] Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already, the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-colour'd.

1 *Serv.* [5] They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 *Serv.* [6] As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, *no more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as [7] a partizan I could not heave.

1 *Serv.* [8] To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to

[4] *—Some o' their plants—*] *Plants*, besides its common meaning, is here used for the *foot*, from the Latin. JOHNSON.

[5] *They have made him drink* alms-drink.] A phrase, amongst good fellows, to signify that liquor of another's share which his companion drinks to ease him. But it satirically alludes to Cæsar and Antony's admitting him into the triumvirate, in order to take off from themselves the load of envy. WARBURTON.

[6] *As they pinch one another by the disposition,——*] A phrase equivalent to that now in use, of *Touching one in a sore place.* WARBURTON.

[7] *——partizan——*] A pike. JOHNSON.

[8] *To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the* [illegible] *where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.*] This speech seems to be mutilated; to supply the deficiencies is impossible, but perhaps the sense was originally approaching to this. *To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in it,* is a

to be ſeen to move in't, are the holes where eyes ſhould be, which pitifully diſaſter the cheeks.

A ſennet ſounded. Enter Cæſar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecænas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, ſir: They take the flow o' the Nile
By certain ſcales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowneſs, or the mean [9], if dearth,
Or foizon, follow [1]: The higher Nilus ſwells,
The more it promiſes: as it ebbs, the ſeedſman
Upon the ſlime and ooze ſcatters his grain,
And ſhortly comes to harveſt.

Lep. You have ſtrange ſerpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your ſerpent of Ægypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your ſun: ſo is your crocodile.

Ant. They are ſo.

very ignominious ſtate; great offices *are the holes where eyes ſhould be, which,* if eyes be wanting, *pitifully diſaſter the cheeks.* JOHNSON.

In the eighth book of the *Civil Wars*, by Daniel, ſt. 10[illegible], is a paſſage which reſembles this, though it will hardly ſerve to explain it. The earl of Warwick ſays to his confeſſor:

"I know that I am *fix'd unto a ſphere*
That is ordain'd to move. It is the place
My fate appoints me; and the region where
I muſt, whatever happens there embrace
Diſturbance, travail, labour, hope and fear,
Are of that clime, ingender'd in that place:
And action beſt, I ſee, becomes the beſt:
The ſtars that have moſt glory, have no reſt."

STEEVENS.

[9] *—the mean,—*] i. e. the middle. STEEVENS.

[1] *Or foizon follow.—*] *Foizon* is a French word ſignifying plenty, abundance. I am told that it is ſtill in common uſe in the North. STEEVENS.

Pomp.

Pomp. Sit,—and ſome wine.—A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not ſo well as I ſhould be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not 'till you have ſlept; I fear me, you'll be in, 'till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies' Pyramiſes are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word. [*Aſide.*

Pomp. Say in mine ear: What is't?

Men. Forſake thy ſeat, I do beſeech thee, captain, [*Aſide.*
And hear me ſpeak a word.

Pomp. Forbear me 'till anon.—This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is ſhap'd, ſir, like it ſelf; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is juſt ſo high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nouriſheth it; and the elements once out of it, it tranſmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a ſtrange ſerpent.

Ant. 'Tis ſo. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæſ. Will this deſcription ſatisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, elſe he is a very epicure.

Pomp. [*To Menas aſide.*] Go, hang, ſir, hang! Tell me of that? away!
Do as I bid you.—Where's the cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the ſake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Riſe from thy ſtool.

Pomp. [*Riſes, and walks aſide.*] I think, thou'rt mad. The matter?

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pomp. [*To Menas.*] Thou hast serv'd me with much faith: What's else to say?—
Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pomp. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

Pomp. How shall that be?

Men. But entertain it,
And, though you think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pomp. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips[2],
Is thine, if thou wilt have it.

Pomp. Shew me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel: Let me cut the cable[3];
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All then is thine[4].

Pomp. Ah, this thou should'st have done,

[2] ——*or sky* inclips,] i. e. embraces. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*Let me cut the cable*;] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "Now in the middest of the feast, when they fell to be merie with Antonius loue vnto Cleopatra: Menas the pirate came to Pompey, and whispering in his eare, said unto him: shall I cut the gables of the ankers, and make thee Lord not only of Sicile and Sardinia, but of the whole empire of Rome besides? Pompey hauing pawsed a while vpon it, at length aunswered him: thou shouldest haue done it, and neuer haue told it me, but now we must content vs with that we haue. As for my selfe, I was neuer taught to breake my faith, nor to be counted a traitor." STEEVENS.

[4] *All* then *is thine.*] The old copy reads: *All there is thine.* If alteration be necessary, we might as well give: *All theirs is thine.* All *there*, however, may mean *all in the vessel.* STEEVENS.

And

And not have ſpoke of it! In me, 'tis villany;
In thee, it had been good ſervice. Thou muſt know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath ſo betray'd thine act: Being done unknown,
I ſhould have found it afterwards well done;
But muſt condemn it now. Deſiſt, and drink.

Men. For this,
I'll never follow [5] thy pall'd fortunes more.—
Who ſeeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pomp. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him aſhore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pomp. Fill, 'till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a ſtrong fellow, Menas.
[*Pointing to the attendant who carries off Lepidus.*

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears
The third part of the world, man; See'ſt not?

Men. The third part then he is drunk: 'Would it were all,
That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; encreaſe the reels.

Men. Come.

Pomp. This is not yet an Alexandrian feaſt.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—[6] Strike the veſſels, ho!
Here

[5] —*thy* pall'd *fortunes*—] *Palled*, is *vapid*, paſt its time of excellence; *palled* wine, is wine that has loſt its original ſpritelineſs. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Hiſt. of Clyomon Knight of the Golden Shield*, &c. 1599: &c.

"Can comfort more the careful corps and over-*palled* ſpright." STEEVENS.

[6] —*Strike the veſſels*,—] Try whether the caſks ſound as empty. JOHNSON.

Here is to Cæſar.

Cæſ. I could well forbear it.
It's monſtrous labour, when I waſh my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæſ. Poſſeſs it,
I will make anſwer: but I had rather faſt
From all, four days, than drink ſo much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [*To Ant.*
Shall we dance now the Ægyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink.

Pomp. Let's ha't, good ſoldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands;
'Till that the conquering wine hath ſteep'd our ſenſe
In ſoft and delicate lethe.

Eno. All take hands.——
Make battery to our ears with the loud muſic:—
The while, I'll place you: Then the boy ſhall ſing;
[7] The holding every man ſhall bear, as loud
As his ſtrong ſides can volly.

[*Muſick plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.*

I believe, *ſtrike the veſſels* means no more than *chink the veſſels one againſt the other, as a mark of our unanimity in drinking*, as we now ſay, *chink glaſſes*. STEEVENS.

[7] In old editions:

The holding every man ſhall beat,——

The company were to join in the burden, which the poet ſtiles, the Holding. But how were they to *beat* this with their *ſides*? I am perſuaded, the poet wrote:

The holding ev'ry man ſhall bear, *as loud*
As his ſtrong ſides can volly.

The breaſt and *ſides* are immediately concerned in ſtraining to ſing as loud and forcibly as a man can. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald's emendation is very plauſible; and yet *beat* I believe to have been the poet's word, however harſh it may appear at preſent. In *Hen.* VIII. we find a ſimilar expreſſion:

"——let the muſic *knock* it." STEEVENS.

The holding every man ſhall beat,——] Every man ſhall accompany the chorus by drumming on his ſides, in token of concurrence and applauſe. JOHNSON.

SONG.

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne[8]*:*
In thy vats our cares be drown'd;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;
Cup us 'till the world go round;
Cup us, 'till the world go round!

Cæſ. What would you more?—Pompey, good night. Good brother,
Let me requeſt you off: our graver buſineſs
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;
You ſee, we have burnt our cheeks: ſtrong Enobarbe
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it ſpeaks: the wild diſguiſe hath almoſt
Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good night.—
Good Antony, your hand.

Pomp. I'll try you on the ſhore.

Ant. And ſhall, ſir: give's your hand.

Pomp. [9] O, Antony, you have my father's houſe,
But,

[8] —*with* pink *eyne:*] Dr. Johnſon, in his *Dictionary* ſays a *pink eye* is a ſmall eye, and quotes this paſſage for his authority. *Pink eyne*, however, may be *red eyes:* eyes inflamed with drinking, are very well appropriated to Bacchus. So, in *Julius Cæſar:*

"—ſuch *ferret* and ſuch fiery eyes."

So, Greene, in his *Defence of Coney-catching*, 1592. "—like a *pink ey'd* ferret." Again, in a ſong ſung by a drunken Clown in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

"Thou makeſt ſome to ſtumble, and many mo to fumble,
"And me have *pinky eyne*, moſt brave and jolly wine!"

STEEVENS.

[9] *O, Antony, you have my father's houſe,*] The hiſtorian Paterculus: "*Cum Pompeio quoque circa Miſenum pax inita: Qui haud abſurdè cum in navi Cæſaremque et Antonium cœna exciperet, dixit:* in Carinis ſuis ſe cœnam dare: *referens hoc dictum ad loci nomen, in quo paterna domus ab Antonio poſſidebatur.*" Our author, though he loſt the joke, yet ſeems willing to commemorate the ſtory. WARBURTON.

The

But what? we are friends: Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.—
Menas I'll not on ſhore.

Men. No, to my cabin.—
Theſe drums!—theſe trumpets, flutes! what!—
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewel
To theſe great fellows: Sound, and be hang'd, ſound out. [*Sound a flouriſh, with drums.*

Eno. Ho, ſays 'a!—There's my cap.

Men. Ho!—noble captain! Come! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Plain in Syria.

Enter Ventidius, as after conqueſt; with Silius and other Romans, and the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou [1] ſtruck; and now
Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Craſſus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's ſon's body
Before our army:—Thy Pacorus, Orodes [2]!
Pays this for Marcus Craſſus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilſt yet with Parthian blood thy ſword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; ſpur through Media,

The joke of which the learned editor ſeems to lament the loſs, is not preſerved in the old tranſlation of Plutarch, and Shakeſpeare looked no further. STEEVENS.

[1] *Struck*] alludes to *darting*. Thou whoſe darts have ſo often ſtruck others, art ſtruck now thyſelf. JOHNSON.

[2] —*Thy Pacorus, Orodes!*] *Pacorus* was the ſon of Orodes, king of Parthia. STEEVENS.

Meſopotamia,

Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough: A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: For learn this, Silius;
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when he we serve's away.
Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won
More in their officer, than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he atchiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain, which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, [1] that,
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to
Antony?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

[1] ———— *that, without the which*
A soldier, and his sword, grants scarce distinction:]
Grant, for afford. It is badly and obscurely expressed: but the sense is this, *Thou hast that, Ventidius, which if thou didst want, there would be no distinction between thee and thy sword. You would be both equally cutting and senseless.* This was wisdom or knowledge of the world. Ventidius had told him the reasons why he did not pursue his advantages: and his friend, by this compliment, acknowledges them to be of weight. WARBURTON.

Sil.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens: whither with what haste
The weight we must convey with us will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rome.

Cæsar's House.

Enter Agrippa at one door, Enobarbus at another.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have dispatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome: Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Eno. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How? the nonpareil!

Agr. O Antony! O thou [2] Arabian bird!

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar;—go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best;—Yet he loves Antony:
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, [3] bards, poets, cannot
Think,

[2] ——— *Arabian bird!*] The phœnix. JOHNSON.

[3] — *bards, poets.*—] Not only the tautology of *bards* and *poets*, but the want of a correspondent action for the *poet*, whose business
in

Think, ſpeak, caſt, write, ſing, number, ho, his love
To Antony. But as for Cæſar, kneel,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his ſhards, and he their beetle[4]. So,—
This is to horſe.—Adieu, noble Agrippa. [*Trumpets.*

Agr. Good fortune, worthy ſoldier; and farewel.

Enter Cæſar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Ant. No further, ſir.

in the next line is only to *number*, makes me ſuſpect ſome fault in this paſſage, which I know not how to mend. JOHNSON.

I ſuſpect no fault. The ancient *bard* ſung his compoſitions to the harp; the *poet* only commits them to paper. Verſes are often called *numbers*, and to *number*, a verb (in this ſenſe) of Shakeſpeare's coining, is *to make verſes*.

This puerile arrangement of words was much ſtudied in the age of Shakeſpeare, even by the firſt writers.

So in *An excellent Sonnet of a Nymph*, by Sir P. Sidney; printed in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

"Vertue, beautie, and ſpeech, did ſtrike, wound, charme,
"My heart, eyes, eares, with wonder, love, delight:
"Firſt, ſecond, laſt, did binde, enforce, and arme,
"His works, ſhowes, ſutes, with wit, grace, and vowes-might:

"Thus honour, liking, truſt, much, farre, and deepe,
"Held, pearſt, poſſeſt, my judgment, ſence, and will;
"Till wrongs, contempt, deceite, did grow, ſteale, creepe,
"Bands, favour, faith, to breake, defile, and kill.

"Then griefe, unkindnes, proofe, tooke, kindled, taught,
"Well grounded, noble, due, ſpite, rage, diſdaine:
"But ah, alas (in vaine) my mind, ſight, thought,
"Doth him, his face, his words, leave, ſhunne, refraine:

"For nothing, time, nor place, can looſe, quench, eaſe,
"Mine own, embraced, ſought, knot, fire, diſeaſe."

STEEVENS.

4 *They are his* ſhards, *and he their* beetle.—] i. e. They are the *wings* that raiſe this *heavy lumpiſh inſect* from the ground. So in *Macbeth*,

"——the *ſhard-borne* beetle." STEEVENS.

Cæſ.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself [5];
Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and [6] as my furthest band
Shall pass on thy approof.—Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram, to batter
The fortress of it: for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious [7], the least cause
For what you seem to fear: So, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewel, my dearest sister, fare thee well;
[8] The elements be kind to thee, and make

Thy

[5] *You take from me a great part of myself;*]
So in the *Tempest:*
"I have given you here a third of my own life."
STEEVENS.

[6] ——*as my furthest band*] As I will venture the greatest pledge of security, on the trial of thy conduct. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*therein* curious,] i. e. scrupulous. So in the *Taming of a Shrew:*
"For *curious* I cannot be with you." STEEVENS.

[8] *The elements be kind*, &c.] This is obscure. It seems to mean, *May the different* elements *of the body, or principles of life, maintain such proportion and harmony as may keep you cheerful.*
JOHNSON.

The elements be kind, &c. I believe means only, *May the four elements, of which this world is composed, unite their influences to make thee cheerful.*

There is, however, a thought which seems to favour Dr. Johnson's explanation in *The two noble Kinsmen* by Beaumont, Fletcher, and Shakespeare:

"——My

Thy ſpirits all of comfort! fare thee well.
Octa. My noble brother!—
Ant. The April's in her eyes; It is love's ſpring,
And theſe the ſhowers to bring it on:—Be cheerful.
Octa. Sir, look well to my huſband's houſe; and—
Cæſ. What, Octavia?
Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.
Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue: the ſwan's down feather,
That ſtands upon the ſwell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.
Eno. Will Cæſar weep?
Agr. He has a cloud in his face.
Eno. He were the worſe for that were he a horſe [9];
So is he, being a man.
Agr. Why, Enobarbus?
When Antony found Julius Cæſar dead,
He cried almoſt to roaring: and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus ſlain.

"——My precious maid,
"Thoſe beſt affections that the heavens infuſe
"In their beſt temper'd pieces, keep enthron'd
"In your dear heart!"

Again, in *Twelfth Night:*

"Does not our life conſiſt of the *four elements*?—Faith, ſo they ſay."

And another, which may ſerve in ſupport of mine,

"———the *elements*,
"That know not what nor why, yet do effect
"Rare iſſues by their operance."

Theſe parting words of Cæſar to his ſiſter, may indeed mean no more than the common compliment which the occaſion of her voyage very naturally required. He wiſhes *that ſerene weather and proſperous winds may keep her ſpirits free from every apprehenſion that might diſturb or alarm them.* STEEVENS.

[9] *—were he a horſe;*] A horſe is ſaid to have *a cloud in his face*, when he has a black or dark-coloured ſpot in his forehead between his eyes. This gives him a ſour look, and being ſuppoſed to indicate an ill-temper, is of courſe regarded as a great blemiſh. STEEVENS.

Eno.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd:
[1] Believe it, 'till I weep too.
Cæſ. No, ſweet Octavia,
You ſhall hear from me ſtill; the time ſhall not
Out-go my thinking on you.
Ant. Come, ſir, come;
I'll wreſtle with you in my ſtrength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.
Cæſ. Adieu; be happy!
Lep. Let all the number of the ſtars give light
To thy fair way!
Cæſ. Farewel, farewel! [*Kiſſes Octavia.*
Ant. Farewel! [*Trumpets ſound. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?
Alex. Half afeard to come.
Cleo. Go to, go to:—Come hither, ſir.

Enter Meſſenger.

Alex. Good majeſty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.

[1] *Believe it, till I weep too.*] I have ventur'd to alter the tenſe of the verb here, againſt the authority of all the copies. There was no ſenſe in it, I think, as it ſtood before. THEOBALD.

I am afraid there was better ſenſe in this paſſage as it ſtood before, than Mr. Theobald's alteration will afford us. *Believe it,* (ſays Enobarbus) *that Antony did ſo,* i. e. *that he wept over ſuch an event, till you ſee me weeping on the ſame occaſion, when I ſhall be obliged to you for putting ſuch a conſtruction on my tears, which, in reality, (like his) will be tears of joy.* I have replaced the old reading. Theobald reads, "*till I* wept *too.*" STEEVENS.

Cleo-

Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone,
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou near.

Mes. Most gracious majesty,—

Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?

Mes. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mes. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face; and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me[2]?

Mes. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd, or low?

Mes. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good:—he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian: Dull of tongue, and dwarfish!—
What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mes. She creeps;
Her motion and her station[3] are as one:
She shews a body rather than a life;
A statue, than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mes. Or I have no observance.

[2] *Is she as tall as me?* &c. &c. &c.] This scene (says Dr. Gray) is a manifest allusion to the questions put by queen Elizabeth to sir James Melvil, concerning his mistress, the queen of Scots. Whoever will give himself the trouble to consult his Memoirs, will probably suppose the resemblance to be more than accidental. STEEVENS.

[3] —— *her* station] *Station*, in this instance, means *the act of standing*. So in *Hamlet*:
"A *station* like the herald Mercury." STEEVENS.

Char. Three in Ægypt
Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceive't:—There's nothing in her yet:—
The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

Mess. Madam, she was a widow.

Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark.

Mess. And I do think, she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is it long, or round?

Mess. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part too,
They are foolish that are so.—Her hair, what colour?

Mess. Brown, madam: And her forehead
As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There's gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:—
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business: Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd.

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much,
That I so harry'd him [4]. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

[4] —*so* harry'd *him.*—] To *harry*, is *to use roughly*. I meet with the word in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1607:

"He *harried* her, and midst a throng, &c."

Again, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601,

"Will *harry* me about instead of her."

Holinshed, p. 735, speaking of the body of Rich. III. says, it was "*harried* on horseback, dead."

The same expression had been used by Harding in his *Chronicle*. Again, Nash in his *Lenten Stuff*, 1599, "—as if he were *harrying* and chasing his enemies." STEEVENS.

Char.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian:—
But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write: All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Antony's house at Athens.

Enter Antony, and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear:
Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me:
[5] When the best hint was given him, he not took it,
Or did it from his teeth.

Octa. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts; The good gods will mock me presently
When I shall pray, *O, bless my lord and husband!*
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
O, bless my brother! Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

[5] *When the best hint was given him, he* o'erlook'd.
Or did it from his teeth.]
The first folio reads, *not look'd.* Dr. Thirlby advis'd the emendation which I have inserted in the text. THEOBALD.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between us: [6] The mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother: Make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.

Octa. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! [7] Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

[6] ——*the mean time, lady,*
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain *your brother;* ——]
Thus the printed copies. But, sure, Antony, whose business here is to mollify Octavia, does it with a very ill grace: and 'tis a very odd way of satisfying her, to tell her the war, he raises, shall *stain*, i. e. cast an odium upon her brother. I have no doubt, but we must read, with the addition only of a single letter.

Shall strain *your brother;* ——
i. e. shall lay him under constraints; shall put him to such shifts, that he shall neither be able to make a progress against, or to prejudice me. Plutarch says, that Octavius, understanding the sudden and wonderful preparations of Antony, was astonish'd at it; for he himself was in many wants; and the people were sorely oppressed with grievous exactions. THEOBALD.

I do not see but *stain* may be allowed to remain unaltered, meaning no more than *shame* or *disgrace*. JOHNSON.

[7] —*wars 'twixt you twain would be*, &c.] The sense is, that war between Cæsar and Antony would engage the world between them, and that the slaughter would be great in so extensive a commotion. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE V.

The same.

Enter Enobarbus, and Eros.

Eno. How now, friend Eros?

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old; What is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him [8] rivality; would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; [9] upon his own appeal, seizes him: So the poor third is up, 'till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. [1] Then 'would thou had'st a pair of chaps, no more;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the other. Where is Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns
The rush that lies before him: cries, *Fool, Lepidus!*
And threats the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.

[8] *rivality.*] Equal rank. JOHNSON.

[9] *Upon his own appeal,*] To *appeal*, in Shakespeare, is to *accuse*; Cæsar seized Lepidus without any other proof than Cæsar's accusation. JOHNSON.

[1] *Then 'would thou had'st a pair of chaps, no more; and throw between them all the food thou hast, they'll grind the other. Where's Antony?*] This is obscure, I read it thus,

Then, world, *thou hast a pair of chaps, no more,*
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the *other. Where's Antony?*

Cæsar and Antony will make war on each other, though they have the world to prey upon between them. JOHNSON.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy, and Cæsar. [2] More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught:
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Rome. Cæsar's house.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mecænas.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this: And more;
In Alexandria,—here's the manner of it,—
I' the market-place [3], on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publickly enthron'd: at the feet, sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her

[2] —*More, Domitius;*] I have something *more* to tell you, which I might have told at once, and delayed my news. Antony requires your presence. JOHNSON.

[3] *I' the market-place,*—] So in the old translation of Plutarch. "For he assembled all the people in the show place, where younge men doe exercise them selves, and there vpon a high tribunall silvered, he set two chaires of gold, the one for him selfe, and the other for Cleopatra, and lower chaires for his children: then he openly published before the assembly, that first of all he did establish Cleopatra queene of Egypt, of Cyprus, of Lydia, and of the lower Syria, and at that time also, Cæsarion king of the same realmes. This Cæsarion was supposed to be the sonne of Julius Cæsar, who had left Cleopatra great with child. Secondly, he called the sonnes he had by her, the kings of kings, and gaue Alexander for his portion, Armenia, Media, and Parthia, when he had conquered the country: and vnto Ptolemy for his portion, Phenicia, Syria, and Cilicia." STEEVENS.

He

He gave the 'stablishment of Ægypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, [4] Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye?

Cæs. I' the common shew-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaim'd, The kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis [5]
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse?

Cæs. Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets,

[4] For *Lydia*, Mr. Upton, from Plutarch, has restored *Libya*. JOHNSON.

In the translation from the French of Amyot, by Tho. North, in folio, 1597*, will be seen at once the origin of this mistake.—"First of all he did establish Cleopatra queen of Ægypt, of Cyprus, of *Lydia*, and the lower Syria." FARMER.

[5] —— *the goddess Isis*] So in the old translation of Plutarch. "Now for Cleopatra, she did not onely weare at that time (but at all other times els when she came abroad) the apparell of the goddesse Isis, and so gaue audience vnto all her subjects, as a new Isis." STEEVENS.

* I find the character of this work pretty early delineated:
"'Twas Greek at first, that Greek was Latin made,
That Latin French, that French to English straid:
Thus 'twixt one Plutarch there's more difference,
Than i' th' same Englishman return'd from France.'"
FARMER.

That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.
Agr. Sir, this ſhould be anſwer'd.
Cæſ. 'Tis done already, and the meſſenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deſerve his change: for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.
Mec. He'll never yield to that.
Cæſ. Nor muſt not then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia.

Octa. Hail, Cæſar, and my lord! hail, moſt dear Cæſar!
Cæſ. That ever I ſhould call thee, caſt-away!
Octa. You have not call'd me ſo, nor have you cauſe.
Cæſ. Why have you ſtol'n upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæſar's ſiſter: The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an uſher, and
The neighs of horſe to tell of her approach,
Long ere ſhe did appear: the trees by the way,
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the duſt
Should have aſcended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops: But you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The oſtentation of our love, which, left unſhewn,
Is often left unlov'd: we ſhould have met you
By ſea, and land; ſupplying every ſtage
With an augmented greeting.

Octa,

Octa. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. [6] Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Octa. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Octa. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
[7] The kings o' the earth for war: He hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of scepters.

6 *Which soon he granted,*
Being an abstract *'tween his lust and him.*] Antony very soon comply'd to let Octavia go at her request, says Cæsar; and why? Because she was an *abstract* between his inordinate passion and him; this is absurd. We must read,

Being an obstruct *'tween his lust and him.*

i. e. his wife being an obstruction, a bar to the prosecution of his wanton pleasures with Cleopatra. WARBURTON.

7 Mr. Upton remarks, that there are some errours in this enumeration of the auxiliary kings: but it is probable that the authour did not much wish to be accurate. JOHNSON.

Mr. Upton proposes to read.

"——— Polemon and Amintas
"Of Lycaonia; and the king of Mede."

And this obviates all impropriety. STEEVENS.

Octa. Ay me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
'Till we perceived, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you justice, make their ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Be of comfort[8];
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you;
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his [9] potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Octa.

[8] *Be of comfort.*] The old copy—*Best* of comfort. STEEVENS.

[9] —*potent regiment*—] *Regiment* is, *government, authority*; he puts his *power* and his empire into the hands of a false woman.

It may be observed, that *trull* was not, in our author's time, a term of mere infamy, but a word of slight contempt, as *wench* is now. JOHNSON.

Regiment is used for *regimen* or *government* by most of our ancient writers. The old translation of the *Schola Salernitana*, is called the *Regiment of Health*.

Again, in Lyly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

"Or [illegible] Pluto's *regiment*."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. x:

"So when he had resign'd his *regiment*."

Trull is not employed in an unfavourable sense by G. Peele in the Song of *Coridon and Melampus*, published in *England's Helicon*:

"When swaines sweet pipes are puft, and *trulls* are warme."

Again,

Octa. Is it so, sir?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome: Pray you,
Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Antony's camp, near the promontory of Actium.

Enter Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast [illegible] forspoke my being in these wars;
And say'st, it is not fit.

[illegible] Well, is it, is it?

[illegible] in, in *D*[illegible] in praise of his love, by John Wooton, printed in the same collection [illegible]

"[illegible] be thy ninth scene,

"[illegible] me, [illegible]." STEEVENS.

[illegible] —— *forspoke my being*——] To [illegible], is to *contradict*, to [illegible], is [illegible]. JOHNSON.

[illegible] in the [illegible] *Pa*[illegible], 1580.

"—thy [illegible] love."

To *fo*[illegible] to [illegible]. So in Drayton's *Epistle* from [illegible] to *Duke Humphrey*,

"Or to *forspeak* whole flocks as they did feed."

To [illegible], in the last instance, has the same power as to *forbid* in [illegible]

"He shall live a man *forbid*."

So to *for*[illegible] meant [illegible] to [illegible].

"[illegible] to be olde,

"Lest thou *for*[illegible] it when thou art olde."

[illegible], bl. l. no date.

And in Gower, *De Con*[illegible], b. 1. to *forshape* is to [illegible].

"Out of a man [illegible] to a stone.

"*Forshap*, &c."

The [illegible] reference to the mischiefs effected by [illegible]. So in Ben Jonson's [illegible], "—— [illegible], gossip to *forspeak* the matter thus." In Shakespeare it is the opposite of *bespeak*. STEEVENS.

Cleo.

Cleo. Is't not denounc'd againſt us? Why ſhould not we
Be there in perſon [2]?

Eno. [*Aſide.*] Well, I could reply:——
If we ſhould ſerve with horſe and mares together,
The horſe were merely loſt; the mares would bear
A ſoldier, and his horſe.

Cleo. What is't you ſay?

Eno. Your preſence needs muſt puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time,
What ſhould not then be ſpar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis ſaid in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That ſpeak againſt us? A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the preſident of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not againſt it;
I will not ſtay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done: Here comes the emperor.

Enter Antony, and Canidius.

Ant. Is it not ſtrange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brunduſium,
He could ſo quickly cut the Ionian ſea,
And take in Toryne [3]?—You have heard on't, ſweet?

Cleo.

[2] *Is't not denounc'd againſt us?* &c.] I would read:
"Is't not? *Denounce* againſt us, why ſhould not we
"Be there in perſon?"——— TYRWHITT.

[3] *And* take in *Toryne.*] To *take in* is to gain by conqueſt. So in the 18th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion:*
"He *took* ſtrong Ivery *in*, &c."
Again, in Knolles's *Hiſt. of the Turks:*
"He ſent, &c. to *take in* the other cities of Tunis."

Again,

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.
Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.
Cleo. By sea! What else?
Can. Why will my lord do so?
Ant. For that he dares us to't.
Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.
Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: But these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.
Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd:
Your mariners are muleteers [4], reapers, people
Ingrost by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare; yours, heavy [5]: No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.
Ant. By sea, by sea.
Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego

Again, in the *Polyolbion*, Song I:
"Where *taking in* the towns pretended to belong
"Unto that Grecian lord, &c."
Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, chap. 3:
"He therefore, landing *took in* Crete, &c." STEEVENS.

[4] —*muleteers*,—] The old copy reads *militers*. MALONE.

[5] *Their ships are yare; yours, heavy:*——] So in sir Tho. North's *Plutarch*.—"Cæsar's ships were not built for pomp, high and great, &c. but they were light of *yarage*." *Yare* generally signifies, *dexterous*, *manageable*.
So in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. v. fol. 101. b.
"The winde was good, the ship was *yare*." STEEVENS.

The

The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
We then can do't at land.—Thy business?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
Strange, that his power should be.—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse:—We'll to our ship;
Away, my Thetis *!—How now, worthy soldier?

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. O noble emperor [6], do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Ægyptians,

* —*my Thetis!*——] Antony addresses Cleopatra by the name of this sea-nymph, because she had just promised him assistance in his naval expedition. STEEVENS.

[6] *O noble emperor, &c.*] So in the old translation of *Plutarch.* "Now, as he was setting his men in order of battel, there was a captaine, & a valliant man, that had serued Antonius in many battels & conflicts, & had all his body hacked & cut: who as Antonius passed by him, cryed out vnto him, & sayd: O, noble emperor, how commeth it to passe that you trust to these vile brittle shippes? what, doe you mistrust these woundes of myne, and this sword? let the Ægyptians and Phœnicians fight by sea, and set vs on the maine land, where we vse to conquer, or to be slayne on our feete. Antonius passed by him, and sayd neuer a word, but only beckoned to him with his hand and head, as though he willed him to be of good corage, although indeede he had no great corage him selfe." STEEVENS.

And

And the Phœnicians, go a ducking; we
Have us'd to conquer, ſtanding on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.*

Sold. [9] By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't: So our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horſe whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Juſteius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for ſea:
But we keep whole by land. This ſpeed of Cæſar's
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in ſuch [1] diſtractions, as
Beguil'd all ſpies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They ſay, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour; and throws forth,
Each minute, ſome.

[*Exeunt.*

[9] *By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.*
Can. *Soldier, thou art; but his whole action grows*
Not in the power on't:——]
That is, his whole conduct becomes ungoverned by the right, or by reaſon. JOHNSON.

[1] —*diſtractions*—] Detachments; ſeparate bodies. JOHNSON.
The word is thus uſed by ſir Paul Rycaut in his *Maxims of Turkiſh Polity*. "——and not ſuffer his affections to wander on other wives, ſlaves, or *diſtractions* of his love." STEEVENS.

SCENE VIII.

The same. A Plain.

Enter Cæsar, Taurus, Officers, &c.

Cæs. Taurus.—
Taur. My lord.
Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke not battle,
'Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scrowl: Our fortune lies
Upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antony, and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yon' side o' the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Canidius, marching with his land army one way over the stage; and Taurus, the lieutenant of Cæsar, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight. Alarum. Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer:
[2] The Antoniad, the Ægyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods, and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

[2] *The Antoniad*, &c.] Which Plutarch says, was the name of Cleopatra's ship. POPE.

Eno. What's thy paſſion?

Scar. [3] The greater cantle of the world is loſt
With very ignorance; we have kiſs'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our ſide like the [4] token'd peſtilence,
Where death is ſure. Yon' [5] ribald nag of Ægypt,
Whom

[3] *The greater* cantle——] A piece or lump. POPE.

Cantle is rather a *corner*. Cæſar in this play mentions the *three-nook'd world*. Of this triangular world every triumvir had a corner. JOHNSON.

The word is uſed by Chaucer in the *Knight's Tale*, late edit. v. 3010:

"Of no partie ne *cantel* of a thing." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*token'd*——] Spotted. JOHNSON.

The death of thoſe viſited by the plague was certain when particular eruptions appeared on the ſkin; and theſe were called *God's tokens*. So, in the comedy of *Two wiſe Men and all the reſt Fools*, in ſeven acts, 1619: "A will and a tolling bell are as preſent death as *God's tokens*." Again, in *Herod and Antipater*, 1622:

"His ſickneſs, madam, rageth like a plague
"Once *ſpotted*, never *cur'd*."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

"For the *Lord's tokens* on you both I ſee." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*ribald*——] A luxurious ſquanderer. POPE.

The word is in the old edition *ribaudred*, which I do not underſtand, but mention it, in hopes others may raiſe ſome happy conjecture. JOHNSON.

A *ribald* is a lewd fellow. So, in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:

"—— that injurious *riball* that attempts
"To vyolate my dear wyve's chaſtity."

Again:

"Injurious ſtrumpet and thou *ribald* knave."

Ribaudred, the old reading, is, I believe, no more than a corruption. Shakſpeare, who is not always very nice about his verſification, might have written:

Yon ribald-rid *nag of Egypt*.—

i. e. Yon ſtrumpet who is common to every wanton fellow. It appears, however from Barrett's *Alvearie*, 1580, that the word was ſometimes written *ribaudrous*. STEEVENS.

—*Yon ribald nag of Ægypt*,] I believe we ſhould read—*hag*. What follows ſeems to prove it:

"——She once being looft,
"The noble ruin of her *magic*, Antony,
"Claps on his ſea-wing.—— TYRWHITT.

The

[6] Whom leprosy o'ertake! i' the midst o' the fight,—
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,——
The brize upon her [7], like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being looft [8],
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doating mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general

The brieze, or œstrum, the fly that stings cattle, proves that *nag* is the right word. JOHNSON.

[6] *Whom leprosy o'ertake!*—] *Leprosy*, an epidemical distemper of the Ægyptians; to which Horace probably alludes in the controverted line:

"*Contaminato cum grege turpium*
"*Morbo virorum.*" JOHNSON.

Leprosy was one of the various names by which the *Lues venerea* was distinguished. So, in Greene's *Disputation between a He Conycatcher and a She Conycatcher*, 1592: "Into what jeopardy a man will thrust himself for her that he loves, altho' for his sweete villanie he be brought to loathsome *leprosie*." STEEVENS.

[7] *The* brize *upon her*,——] The *brize* is the *gad-fly*. So, in Spenser:

"——a *brize*, a scorned little creature,
"Through his fair hide his angry sting did threaten."
STEEVENS.

[8] ——*being* looft,] To *loof* is to bring a ship close to the wind. This expression is in the old translation of Plutarch. STEEVENS.

Been

Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good night
Indeed.

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't; and there will I attend
What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions, and my horse; six kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony [9], though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

The palace in Alexandria.

Enter Antony, with Eros, and other attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is asham'd to bear me!—Friends, come hither;
I am so [1] lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever:—I have a ship

[9] *The wounded chance of Antony,*—] I know not whether the author, who loves to draw his images from the sports of the field, might not have written:

The wounded chase of Antony,————

The allusion is to a deer wounded and chased, whom all other deer avoid. *I will*, says Enobarbus, *follow Antony*, though *chased* and *wounded*.

The common reading, however, may very well stand.

JOHNSON.

[1] ——*so lated in the world*,——] Alluding to a benighted traveller. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*, act III:

"Now spurs the *lated* traveller apace." STEEVENS.

 Laden

Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

Omnes. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run, and shew their shoulders.—Friends, be gone:
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doating.—Friends, be gone; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of lothness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea side straightway:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now:—
Nay, do so; for, indeed, [2] I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you:—I'll see you by and by.

Enter Eros, and Cleopatra, led by Charmian and Iras.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him:—Comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do! Why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir?

Ant. O fye, fye, fye.

Char. Madam,——

Iras. Madam; O good empress!——

Eros. Sir, sir,——

[2] *—I've lost command,*] I am not maker of my own emotions. JOHNSON.

Surely, he rather means,—I *intreat* you to leave me, because I have lost all power to *command* your absence. STEEVENS.

Ant.

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes;—[3] He, at Philippi, kept
His ſword even like a dancer; while I ſtruck
The lean and wrinkled Caſſius; [4] and 'twas I,
That the mad Brutus ended: [5] he alone
Dealt

———*He, at Philippi, kept*
His ſword even like a dancer,——]
In the Moriſco, and perhaps anciently in the Pyrrhick dance, the dancers held ſwords in their hands with the points upward.
JOHNSON.

I am told that the peaſants in Northumberland have a *ſword-dance* which they always practiſe at Chriſtmas. STEEVENS.

The Goths in one of their dances held ſwords in their hands with the points upwards, ſheathed and unſheathed. Might not the Moors in Spain borrow this cuſtom of the Goths who intermixed with them? TOLLET.

I believe it means that Cæſar never offered to draw his ſword, but kept it in the ſcabbard, like one who dances with a ſword on, which was formerly the cuſtom in England. There is a ſimilar alluſion in *Titus Andronicus*, act II. ſc. i:

"——our mother, unadvis'd.
"Gave you a *dancing rapier* by your ſide." STEEVENS.

4 ———*and 'twas I,*
That the mad *Brutus ended:*——]
Nothing can be more in character, than for an infamous debauched tyrant to call the heroic love of one's country and publick liberty, *madneſs*. WARBURTON.

5 ———*he alone*
Dealt on *lieutenantry*,——]
I know not whether the meaning is, that Cæſar acted only as lieutenant at Philippi, or that he made his attempts only on lieutenants, and left the generals to Antony. JOHNSON.

Dealt on lieutenantry, I believe, means only,—*fought by proxy*, made war by his lieutenants, or, *on* the ſtrength of his lieutenants. So, in the counteſs of Pembroke's *Antonie*, 1595:

"———Caſſius and Brutus ill betid,
"March'd againſt us, by us twice put to flight,
"But by my ſole conduct; for all the time,
"Cæſar heart-ſick with fear and feaver lay."

To *deal on* any thing, is an expreſſion often uſed in the old plays. So, in the *Roaring Girl*, 1611:

"You will *deal upon* men's wives no more."

The prepoſitions *on* and *upon* are ſometimes oddly employed by our antient writers. So, in Drayton's *Miſeries of Q. Margaret*:

"That it amaz'd the *marchers*, to behold
"Men ſo ill arm'd *upon* their bows ſo bold."

Upon

Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: Yet now—No matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him;
He is unquality'd with very shame.

Cleo. Well then,—Sustain me:—O!

Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches;
Her head's declin'd, and [6] death will seize her; but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation;
A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Ægypt? See,
[7] How I convey my shame out of thine eyes,
By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought,
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Ægypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder [8] ty'd by the strings,
And

Upon their bows must here mean *on the strength of their bows—relying on their bows.* Again, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. by Nashe, 1596: "At Wolfe's he is billeted, sweating and *dealing upon* it most intentively." Again, in *Othello*:
"*Upon* malicious bravery dost thou come
"To start my quiet."
Again, in *K. Richard* III:
"——are they that I would have thee *deal upon.*"
STEEVENS.

[6] ——*death will seize her*, but
Your comfort, &c.]
But has here, as once before in this play, the force of *except*, or *unless*. JOHNSON.

[7] *How I convey my shame*——] How, by looking another way, I withdraw my ignominy from your sight. JOHNSON.

[8] —*ty'd by the strings*] That is, by the *heart-string*. JOHNSON.
So, in the *Tragedie of Antonie*, done into English by the countess of Pembroke, 1595:

"——as

And thou ſhould'ſt tow me after: O'er my ſpirit
Thy full ſupremacy thou knew'ſt; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon.

Ant. Now I muſt
To the young man ſend humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the ſhifts of lowneſs; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My ſword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cauſe.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I ſay; one of them rates
All that is won and loſt: Give me a kiſs;
Even this repays me.—We ſent our ſchool-maſter,
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead:—
Some wine, there, and our viands:——Fortune knows,
We ſcorn her moſt, when moſt ſhe offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Cæſar's camp, in Egypt.

Enter Cæſar, Dolabella, Thyreus [9], *with others.*

Cæſ. Let him appear that's come from Antony.—
Know you him?

Dol. Cæſar, 'tis his ſchoolmaſter [1]:

"———as if his ſoule
"Unto his ladies ſoule had been *enchained*,
"He left his men &c." STEEVENS.

9 —*Thyreus,*—] In the old copy always—*Thidias.* STEEVENS.

1 —*his ſchoolmaſter*:] The name of this perſon was *Euphronius.* STEEVENS.

An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambassador from Antony.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.
Amb. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf[2]
To his grand sea.
Cæs. Be it so; Declare thine office.
Amb. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Ægypt: which not granted,
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues

[2] ——*as petty to his ends,*
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his *grand sea.*]
Thus the old copy. To *whose* grand sea? I know not. Perhaps we should read:
To this *grand sea.*
We may suppose that the sea was within view of Cæsar's camp, and at no great distance. TYRWHITT.

The modern editors arbitrarily read:—*the* grand sea.

I believe the old reading is the true one. *His grand sea* may mean his *full tide of prosperity.* So, in *The two Noble Kinsmen* by B. and Fletcher:
"——though I know
"His *ocean* needs not my poor drops, yet they
"Must yield their tribute here."
There is a play-house tradition that the first act of this play was written by Shakespeare. Mr. Tollet offers a further explanation of the change proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt: "Alexandria, towards which Cæsar was marching, is situated on the coast of the Mediterranean sea, which is sometimes called *mare magnum*. Pliny terms it, "*immensa æquorum vastitas.*" I may add, that sir John Mandevile, p. 8 , calls that part of the Mediterranean which washes the coast of Palestine, "*the grete see.*" The passage, however, is capable of yet another explanation. *His grand sea* may mean the sea from which the dew-drop is exhaled. Shakespeare might have considered the sea as the source of dews as well as rain. *His* is used instead of *its*. STEEVENS.

To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: This for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
[3] The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so she
From Ægypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there: This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands. [*Exit Ambassador.*
To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: Dispatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise, [*To Thyreus.*
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers: Women are not,
In their best fortunes, strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal: Try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe [4] how Antony becomes his flaw;
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

[3] *The circle of the Ptolemies*——] The diadem; the ensign of royalty. JOHNSON.

[4] —*how Antony becomes his flaw*;] That is, how Antony conforms himself to this breach of his fortune, JOHNSON.

SCENE XI.

The palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?
Eno. [5] Think, and die.

Cleo.

[5] *Think, and die.*] Read:

Drink, *and die.*

This reply of Enobarbus seems grounded upon a peculiarity in the conduct of Antony and Cleopatra, which is related by Plutarch: that, after their defeat at Actium, they instituted a society of friends, who entered into engagement to die with them, not abating, in the mean time, any part of their luxury, excess, and riot, in which they had liv'd before. HANMER.

This reading, offered by sir T. Hanmer, is received by Dr. Warburton and Mr. Upton, but I have not advanced it into the page, not being convinced that it is necessary. *Think, and die*; that is, *Reflect on your folly, and leave the world*, is a natural answer. JOHNSON.

Sir T. Hanmer reads:

Drink, *and die.*

And his emendation has been approved, it seems, by Dr. Warburton and Mr. Upton. Dr. Johnson, however, "has not advanced it into the page, not being convinced that it is necessary. *Think, and die*;" says he, "that is, *Reflect on your own folly, and leave the world*, is a natural answer." I grant it would be, *according to this explanation*, a very proper answer from a moralist or a divine; but Enobarbus, I doubt, was neither the one nor the other. He is drawn as a *plain, blunt soldier*; not likely, however, to offend so grossly in point of delicacy as sir T. Hanmer's alteration would make him. I believe the true reading is:

Wink, *and die.*

When the ship is going to be cast away, in the *Sea-voyage* of Beaumont and Fletcher, (act I. sc. i.) and Aminta is lamenting, Tibalt says to her:

"———— Go, take your gilt
"Prayer-book, and to your business; *wink, and die.*"

insinuating plainly, that she was afraid to meet death with her eyes open. And the same insinuation, I think, Enobarbus might very naturally convey in his return to Cleopatra's desponding question.

TYRWHITT.

I ad-

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?
Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reaſon. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whoſe ſeveral ranges
Frighted each other? why ſhould he follow?
The itch of his affection ſhould not then
Have nick'd his captainſhip; at ſuch a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, [6] he being
The

I adhere to the old reading, which may be ſupported by the following paſſage in *Julius Cæſar:*

" ———— all that he can do
" Is to himſelf; *take thought, and die* for Cæſar."

Mr. Tollet obſerves that the expreſſion of *taking thought*, in our old Engliſh writers is equivalent to *the being anxious* or *ſolicitous*, or *laying a thing much to heart.* So, ſays he, it is uſed in our tranſlations of the New Teſtament. Matthew vi. 25, &c. So, in Holinſhed, vol. III. p. 50, or anno 1140: " ——*taking thought* for the loſſe of his houſes and money, he pined away and died." In the margin thus: " The biſhop of Saliſburie *dieth of thought.*" Again, in p. 833. Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, anno 1508: " Chriſtopher Hawis ſhortened his life by *thought-taking.*" Again, in p. 546, edit. 1614. Again, in Leland's *Collectanea*, vol. I. p. 234: " ——their mother died *for thought.*"—Mr. Tyrwhitt might have given additional ſupport to the reading which he offers, from a paſſage in the ſecond part of *K. Hen.* IV:

" ——led his powers to death,
" And *winking* leapt into deſtruction." STEEVENS.

After all that has been written upon this paſſage, I believe the old reading is right; but then we muſt underſtand *think and die* to mean the ſame as *die of thought*, or *melancholy.* In this ſenſe is *thought* uſed below, act IV. ſc. vi. and by Holinſhed, *Chron. of Ireland*, p. 97. " *His father lived in the tower—where* for thought *of the young man his follie* he died." There is a paſſage almoſt exactly ſimilar in the *Beggar's Buſh* of Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. II. p. 423:

" Can I not *think away* myſelf and die?" TYRWHITT.

6 ———— *he being*
The meered *queſtion:* ———]

The *meered* queſtion is a term I do not underſtand. I know not what to offer, except:

The mooted *queſtion.* ————

That is, the *diſputed* point, the ſubject of debate. *Mere* is indeed
a boun-

The meered queſtion: 'Twas a ſhame no leſs
Than was his loſs, to courſe your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter Antony, with the Ambaſſador.

Ant. Is that his anſwer?

Amb. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen ſhall then have courteſy,
So ſhe will yield us up.

Amb. He ſays ſo.

Ant. Let her know it.—
To the boy Cæſar ſend this grizled head,
And he will fill thy wiſhes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again; Tell him, he wears the roſe
Of youth upon him; from which, the world ſhould note
Something particular: his coin, ſhips, legions,
May be a coward's; whoſe miniſters would prevail
Under the ſervice of a child, as ſoon
As i' the command of Cæſar: I dare him therefore
To lay [7] his gay compariſons apart,

And

a *boundary*, and the *meered queſtion*, if it can mean any thing, may, with ſome violence of language, mean, the *diſputed boundary*. JOHNSON.

So, in Stanyhurſt's tranſlation of *Virgil*, b. iii. 1582:

" Whereto jointlye *mearing* a cantel of Italye neereth."

Barrett in his *Alvearie* or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, interprets a *meere*-ſtone by *lapis terminalis*. *Queſtion* is certainly the true reading. So, in *Hamlet*, act I. ſc. i:

" ——— the king
" That was and is the *queſtion* of theſe wars."

STEEVENS.

7 ——— *his gay* compariſons *apart*,
And anſwer me declin'd,———]

I require of Cæſar not to depend on that ſuperiority which the *compariſon*

And anſwer me declin'd, ſword againſt ſword,
Ourſelves alone: I'll write it; follow me.
[*Exeunt Antony and Amb.*

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæſar will
Unſtate his happineſs, and be ſtag'd to the ſhew[8]
Againſt a ſworder.—I ſee, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To ſuffer all alike. That he ſhould dream,
Knowing all meaſures, the full Cæſar will
Anſwer his emptineſs!—Cæſar, thou haſt ſubdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Attend. A meſſenger from Cæſar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!—
Againſt the blown roſe may they ſtop their noſe,
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, ſir.

compariſon of our different fortunes may exhibit to him, but to anſwer me man to man, in this *decline* of my age or power. JOHNSON.

To lay his gay compariſons *apart,*] I ſuſpect Shakeſpeare wrote, his gay *capariſons.*
Let him diveſt himſelf of the ſplendid trappings of power, *his coin, ſhips, legions,* &c. and meet me in ſingle combat.

Capariſon is frequently uſed by our author and his contemporaries, for *an ornamental dreſs.*
So in *As you Like it,* act III. ſc. 2:
"Though I am *capariſon'd* like a man"—
Again, in *The Winter's Tale,* act IV. ſc. 2:
"With die and drab I purchas'd this *capariſon.*"

The old reading is however ſupported by a paſſage in *Macbeth:*
"'Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapt in proof,
"Confronted him with *ſelf-compariſons,*
"Point againſt point, rebellious."

Dr. Johnſon's explanation of *declin'd* is certainly right. So in *Timon:*
"Not one accompanying his *declining* foot." MALONE.

[8] ——*be* ſtag'd *to ſhew*——]
So Goff, in his *Raging Turk,* 1631:
"——as if he *ſtag'd*
"The wounded Priam——" STEEVENS.

Eno.

Eno. Mine honefty, and I, begin to fquare. [*Afide.*
[9] The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith meer folly:—Yet, he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his mafter conquer,
And earns a place i' the ftory.

Enter Thyreus.

Cleo. Cæfar's will?
Thyr. Hear it apart.
Cleo. None but friends; fay boldly.
Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.
Eno. He needs as many, fir, as Cæfar has;
Or needs not us. If Cæfar pleafe, our mafter
Will leap to be his friend: For us, you know,
Whofe he is, we are; and that is, Cæfar's.
Thyr. So.—
Thus then, thou moft renown'd; [1] Cæfar intreats,
Not to confider in what cafe thou ftand'ft
Further than he is Cæfar.
Cleo. Go on: Right royal.

[9] *The loyalty, well held to fools,* &c.] After Enobarbus has faid, that his honefty and he begin to quarrel, he immediately falls into this generous reflection: "Though loyalty, ftubbornly preferv'd to a mafter in his declin'd fortunes, feems folly in the eyes of fools; yet he, who can be fo obftinately loyal, will make as great a figure on record, as the conqueror." I therefore read,

Though *loyalty, well held, to fools does make*
Our faith meer folly ——— THEOBALD.

I have preferved the old reading: Enobarbus is deliberating upon defertion, and finding it is more prudent to forfake a fool, and more reputable to be faithful to him, makes no pofitive conclufion. Sir T. Hanmer follows Theobald; Dr. Warburton retains the old reading. JOHNSON.

[1] ———*Cæfar intreats,*
Not to confider in what cafe thou ftand'ft
Further than he is Cæfar.]

i. e. *Cæfar intreats, that at the fame time you confider your defperate fortunes, you would confider he is Cæfar:* That is, generous and forgiving, able and willing to reftore them. WARBURTON.

Thyr.

Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right: Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. To be sure of that, [*Aside.*
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit Enobarbus.*

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you would make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shrowd,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. [2] Most kind messenger,

Say

[2] *Most kind messenger,*
Say to great Cæsar this in disputation,
I kiss his conqu'ring hand:——]
The poet certainly wrote,
Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this; in deputation
I kiss his conqu'ring hand:——
i. e. by *proxy*; I *depute* you to pay him that duty in my name.
WARBURTON.

I am not certain that this change is necessary.—*I kiss his hand in disputation*—may mean, I own he has the better in the controversy.—I confess my inability to *dispute or contend* with him. To *dispute* may have no immediate reference to words or language by which controversies are agitated. So in *Macbeth*, "*Dispute* it like a man;" and Macduff, to whom this short speech is addressed, is *disputing* or contending with himself only. Again, in *Twelfth Night.*

Say to great Cæſar this, In diſputation
I kiſs his conquering hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel:
[3] Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Ægypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your nobleſt courſe.
Wiſdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may ſhake it. [4] Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæſar's father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Beſtow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kiſſes.

Re-enter Antony, and Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou fellow?

Thyr. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fulleſt man, and worthieſt
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Night.—"For though my ſoul *diſputes* well with my ſenſe."—If Dr. Warburton's change be adopted, we ſhould read——"*by* deputation" STEEVENS.

[3] *Tell him, that from his* all-obeying *breath*, &c.—] *Doom* is declared rather by an *all-commanding*, than an *all-obeying breath*. I ſuppoſe we ought to read,

——*all*-obeyed *breath*. JOHNSON.

Perhaps there is no need of change. In the *Gentlemen of Verona*, Shakeſpeare uſes *longing*, a participle *active*, with a *paſſive* ſignification:

"To furniſh me upon my *longing* journey."

i. e. my journey *long'd* for.

In the *Unnatural Combat*, by Maſſinger, the active participle is yet more irregularly employed:

"For the recovery of a *ſtrangling huſband.*"

i. e. one that *was to be* ſtrangled. STEEVENS.

[4] —*Give me grace*—] Grant me the favour. JOHNSON.

Ant.

Ant. Approach, there :—Ah, you kite!—Now, gods and devils!
Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cry'd, ho!
[5] Like boys unto a muſs, kings would ſtart forth,
And cry, *Your will?* Have you no ears? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.
Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.
Ant. Moon and ſtars!—
Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greateſt tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæſar, ſhould I find them
So ſaucy with the hand of ſhe here, (What's her name,
Since ſhe was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,
'Till, like a boy, you ſee him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.
Thyr. Mark Antony,—
Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again:—This Jack of Cæſar's ſhall
Bear us an errand to him.— [*Exeunt Att. with Thyreus.*
You were half blaſted ere I knew you:—Ha!
Have I my pillow left unpreſt in Rome,

[5] *Like boys unto a* muſs,——] i. e. a ſcramble. POPE.
So uſed by Ben Jonſon in his *Magnetic Lady:*
"————nor are they thrown
"To make a *muſs* among the gameſome ſuitors."
And again in his *Bartholomew Fair:*
"God's ſo, a *muſs*, a *muſs*, a *muſs*, a *muſs!*
Again, in Middleton's comedy of *A mad World my Maſters*, 1608:
"I would you could make ſuch another *muſs*.
"Do'ſt call it a *muſs?*"
Again, in the *Spaniſh Gipſie*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1653:
"To ſee if thou be'ſt Alcumy or no,
"They'll throw down gold in *muſſes*." STEEVENS.

For-

Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
[6] By one that looks on feeders?
Cleo. Good my lord,—
Ant. You have been a boggler ever:—
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on't!) the wise gods seel our eyes[7];
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.
Cleo. O, is it come to this?
Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out:—For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.
Cleo. Wherefore is this?
Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, *God quit you!* be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to out-roar

[6] *By one that looks on feeders?*] One that waits at the table while others are eating. JOHNSON.

A *feeder*, or an *eater*, was anciently the term of reproach for a *servant*. So in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*: "Bar my doors. Where are all my *eaters*? My *mouths* now? bar up my doors, my varlets." *One who looks on feeders*, is one who throws away her regard on *servants*, such as Antony would represent Thyreus to be. Thus in *Cymbeline*:

"——— that base wretch,
"One bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
"The very scraps o' the court." STEEVENS.

[7] ——*seel our eyes*] This passage should rather be pointed thus: seel our eyes; In our own filth drop our clear judgments. TYRWHITT.

I have adopted this punctuation. Formerly,
——— seel our eyes
In our own filth; &c. STEEVENS.

The

'The horned herd[8]! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.—Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter Attendants, with Thyreus.

Attend. Soundly, my lord.
Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd he pardon?
Attend. He did ask favour.
Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth,
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou say[9],
He makes me angry with him: for he seems
Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't;
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abism of hell. If he mislike

[8] *The horned herd,*——] It is not without pity and indignation that the reader of this great poet meets so often with this low jest, which is too much a favourite to be left out of either mirth or fury. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*thou say*, &c.] Thus in the old translation of Plutarch. "Whereupon Antonius caused him to be taken and well fauoredly whipped, and so sent him vnto Cæsar: and bad him tell him that he made him angrie with him, bicause he shewed him self prowde and disdainfull towards him, and now specially when he was easie to be angered, by reason of his present miserie. To be short, if this mislike thee said he, thou hast Hipparchus one of my infranchised bondmen with thee: hang him if thou wilt, or whippe him at thy pleasure, that we may crie quittaunce." STEEVENS.

 My

My ſpeech, and what is done; tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleaſure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he ſhall like, [1] to quit me: Urge it thou:
Hence with thy ſtripes, begone. [*Exit Thyreus.*

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!

Cleo. I muſt ſtay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæſar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be ſo,
From my cold heart let heaven ingender hail,
And poiſon it in the ſource, and the firſt ſtone
Drop in my neck: as it determines, ſo
Diſſolve my life! [2] The next Cæſarion ſmite!
'Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Ægyptians all,
[3] By the diſcandying of this pelleted ſtorm,
Lie graveleſs; 'till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am ſatisfy'd:
Cæſar ſits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppoſe his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our ſever'd navy too

[1] —*to quit me:*—] To repay me this inſult; to *requite* me. JOHNSON.

[2] —*the next Cæſarion ſmite!*] Cæſarion was Cleopatra's ſon by Julius Cæſar. STEEVENS.

[3] *By the* diſcattering *of this pelleted ſtorm,*] This reading we owe firſt, I preſume, to Mr. Rowe: and Mr. Pope has very faithfully fallen into it. The old folios read, *diſcandering:* from which corruption both Dr. Thirlby and I ſaw, we muſt retrieve the word with which I have reform'd the text. THEOBALD.

Have

Have knit again,[4] and fleet, threat'ning most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I should return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn my chronicle;
There is hope in it yet.
Cleo. That's my brave lord!
Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
[5] Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,

4 ——*and* float,—] This is a modern emendation, perhaps right. The old reading is,

—— ——*and* fleet, —— JOHNSON.

I have replaced the old reading. So in the tragedy of *Edward* II. by Marlow, 1622:

"This isle shall *fleet* upon the ocean."

Again, in *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

"Shall meet those Christians *fleeting* with the tide."

Again, in the *Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:

"And envious snakes among the *fleeting* fish."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. ii. c. 7:

"And in frayle wood on Adrian gulfe doth *fleet*."

Again, in *Harding's Chronicle*, 1543:

"The bodies *flete* amonge our shippes eche daye."

Mr. Tollet has since furnished me with instances in support of this old reading, from Verstegan's *Restitution of decay'd Intelligence*, Holinshed's *Description of Scotland*, and Spenser's *Colin Clout's come home again.* STEEVENS.

The old reading should certainly be restored. *Fleet* is the old word for *float*. See Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, 1958, 2399, 4883. TYRWHITT.

5 *Were* nice *and lucky*,—] *Nice*, for delicate, courtly, flowing in peace. WARBURTON.

Nice rather seems to be, *just fit for my purpose*, *agreeable to my wish*. So we vulgarly say of any thing that is done better than was expected, it is *nice*. JOHNSON.

Nice is *trifling*. So in *Romeo and Juliet*, act V. sc. ii:

"The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge."

See a note on this passage. STEEVENS.

Let's have one other gaudy night[6]: call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day:
I had thought, to have held it poor; but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We'll yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my queen;
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe. [*Exeunt Ant. and Cleo.*

Eno. Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be furious,
Is, to be frighted out of fear: and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Cæsar's Camp at Alexandria.

Enter Cæsar, reading a letter; Agrippa, Mecænas, &c.

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Ægypt: my messenger

[6] —gaudy *night.*] This is still an epithet bestow'd on feast days in the colleges of either university. STEEVENS.

He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony: Let the old ruffian know,
[7] I have many other ways to die; mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot [8] of his distraction: Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight:—Within our files there are
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done;
And feast the army: we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!

[*Exeunt.*

[7] I have *many other ways to die:*——] What a reply is this to Antony's challenge? 'tis acknowledging that he should die under the unequal combat; but if we read,

He hath *many other ways to die: mean time,*
I *laugh at his challenge.*

In this reading we have poignancy, and the very repartee of Cæsar. Let's hear Plutarch. *After this, Antony sent a challenge to Cæsar, to fight him hand to hand, and received for answer, that* he might find several other ways to end his life. UPTON.

I think this emendation deserves to be received. It had, before Mr. Upton's book appeared, been made by sir T. Hanmer. JOHNSON.

Most indisputably this is the sense of Plutarch, and given so in the modern translations; but Shakespeare was misled by the ambiguity of the old one. " Antonius sent again to challenge Cæsar to fight him: Cæsar answered, that he had many other ways to die, than so." FARMER.

[8] *Make boot of*——] Take advantage of. JOHNSON.

SCENE II.

The palace at Alexandria.

Enter Antony, and Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, with others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.
Eno. No.
Ant. Why ſhould he not?
Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.
Ant. To-morrow, ſoldier,
By ſea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?
Eno. I'll ſtrike; and cry, [9] *Take all.*
Ant. Well ſaid; come on.—
Call forth my houſhold ſervants; let's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
Thou haſt been rightly honeſt;—ſo haſt thou;—
And thou;—and thou;—and thou:—you have ſerv'd me well,
And kings have been your fellows.
Cleo. What means this?
Eno. [*Aſide.*] 'Tis [1] one of thoſe odd tricks, which ſorrow ſhoots
Out of the mind.

[9] ——— *take* all.] Let the ſurvivor take all. No compoſition, victory or death. JOHNSON.

[1] —*one of thoſe odd tricks,*—] I know not what obſcurity the editors find in this paſſage. *Trick* is here uſed in the ſenſe in which it is uttered every day by every mouth, elegant and vulgar: yet ſir T. Hanmer changes it to *freaks*, and Dr. Warburton, in his rage of Galliciſm, to *traits*. JOHNSON.

Ant.

Ant. And thou art honest too.
I wish, I could be made so many men;
And all of you clapt up together in
An Antony; that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.
Omnes. The gods forbid!
Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.
Cleo. What does he mean?
Eno. To make his followers weep.
Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be, it is the period of your duty:
Haply, you shall not see me more; [2] or if,
A mangled shadow: perchance, to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay 'till death:

[2] ——— *or if,*
A mangled shadow.] *Or if* you see me more, you will see me *a mangled shadow*, only the external form of what I was. JOHNSON.

——— *or if,*
A mangled shadow.] The thought is, as usual, taken from sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch: "So being at supper, (as it is reported) he commaunded his officers and houshold seruauntes that waited on him at his bord, that they should fill his cuppes full, and make as much of him as they could: for said he, you know not whether you shall doe so much for me to morrow or not, or whether you shall serue an other maister: and it may be you shall see me no more, but a dead bodie. This notwithstanding, perceiuing that his frends and men fell a weeping to heare him say so: to salue that he had spoken, he added this more vnto it, that he would not leade them to battell, where he thought not rather safely to returne with victorie, than valliantly to dye with honor." STEEVENS.

Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't [3]?

Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
And I, an ass, am [4] onion-ey'd: for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall [5]! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense:
For I spake to you for your comfort; did desire you
To burn this night with torches: Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than [6] death and honour. Let's to supper; come,
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before the Palace.

Enter a Company of Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

2 *Sold.* It will determine one way: fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

[3] *And the gods yield you for't?*] i. e. *reward you.* See a note on *Macbeth*, act I. sc. vi. and another on *As you like it*, act V. sc. iv. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*onion-ey'd*—] I have my eyes as full of tears as if they had been fretted by onions. JOHNSON.
So in the *Birth of Merlin*, 1662:
"I see something like a peel'd *onion*;
"It makes me weep again." STEEVENS.

[5] Grace *grow where those drops fall!*] So in *K. Richard* II:
"*Here did she drop a tear*; here, in this place,
"I'll set a bank of rue, sour *herb of grace*." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*death and honour.*——] That is, an honourable death. UPTON.

1 *Sold.*

1 *Sold.* Nothing: What news?

2 *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour: Good night to you.

1 *Sold.* Well, sir, good night.

[*They meet with other soldiers.*

2 *Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.

1 *Sold.* And you: Good night, good night.

[*They place themselves on every corner of the stage.*

2 *Sold.* Here we: and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.

1 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army, and full of purpose.

[*Musick of hautboys under the stage.*

2 *Sold.* Peace, what noise [7]?

1 *Sold.* Lift, list!

2 *Sold.* Hark!

1 *Sold.* Musick i' the air.

3 *Sold.* Under the earth.

4 *Sold.* It signs well, [8] does it not?

3 *Sold.* No.

1 *Sold.* Peace, I say. What should this mean?

2 *Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
Now leaves him.

1 *Sold.* Walk; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.

[7] *Peace, what noise?*] So in the old translation of Plutarch. "Furthermore, the selfe same night within litle of midnight, when all the citie was quiet, full of feare, and sorrowe, thinking what would be the issue and ende of this warre: it is said that sodainly they heard a maruelous sweete harmonie of sundrie sortes of instrumentes of musicke, with the crie of a multitude of people, as they had bene dauncing, and had song as they vse in Bacchus feastes, with mouinges and turnings after the maner of the satyres: & it seemed that this daunce went through the city vnto the gate that opened to the enemies, & that all the troupe that made this noise they heard, went out of the city at that gate. Now, such as in reason sought the depth of the interpretacion of this wonder, thought that it was the god vnto whom Antonius bare singular deuotion to counterfeate and resemble him, that did forsake them."
STEEVENS.

[8] *It signs well,* &c.] i. e. it bodes well, &c. STEEVENS.

2 *Sold.*

2 Sold. How now, maſters? [*Speak together.*
Omnes. How now? how now? do you hear this?
1 Sold. Ay; Is't not ſtrange?
3 Sold. Do you hear, maſters? do you hear?
1 Sold. Follow the noiſe ſo far as we have quarter;
Let's ſee how it will give off.
Omnes. Content:—'Tis ſtrange. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Antony, and Cleopatra, with Charmian, and others.

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!
Cleo. Sleep a little.
Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Enter Eros, with armour.

Come, good fellow, put thine [9] iron on:—
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Becauſe we brave her.——Come.
Cleo. [1] Nay, I'll help too.
Ant. What's this for? Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart:—Falſe, falſe; this, this.
Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it muſt be.
Ant. Well, well;
We ſhall thrive now.—Seeſt thou, my good fellow?
Go, put on thy defences.

[9] ——thine *iron*——] I think it ſhould be rather, ——mine *iron*—— JOHNSON.

[1] *Nay, I'll help too.*] Theſe three little ſpeeches, which in the other editions are only one, and given to Cleopatra, were happily diſentangled by ſir T. Hanmer. JOHNSON.

Eros.

Eros. [9] Briefly, sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, 'till we do please
To doff it [1] for our repose, shall hear a storm.—
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire
More tight at this, than thou: Dispatch.—O love,
That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou should'st see

Enter an Officer, armed.

A workman in't.—Good morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to it with delight.

Off. A thousand, sir,
Early though it be, have on their rivetted trim,
And at the port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets flourish.*

Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.

Cap. The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general [2]!

All. Good morrow, general!

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukeable, [*Kisses her.*
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee

[9] *Briefly, sir.*] That is, *quickly*, sir. JOHNSON.

[1] *To doff it* ——] To *doff* is to *do off*, to put off. So, in *Macbeth:*

"To *doff* their dire distresses." STEEVENS.

[2] *The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general!*] This speech, in the old copy, is erroneously given to Alexas. STEEVENS.

Now

Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.
[*Exeunt Ant. Officers, &c.*

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber?

Cleo. Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Near Alexandria.

Trumpets sound. Enter Antony, and Eros; a soldier meeting them.

[3] *Sold.* The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

Ant. 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!

Eros. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Eros. Who?
One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, *I am none of thine.*

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,
He is with Cæsar.

[3] Eros. *The gods make this a happy day to Antony!*] 'Tis evident, as Dr. Thirlby likewise conjectured, by what Antony immediately replies, that this line should not be placed to Eros, but to the soldier, who, before the battle of Actium, advised Antony to try his fate at land. THEOBALD.

Eros.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.
Ant. Is he gone?
Sold. Most certain.
Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings:
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men!—[4] Dispatch.—Enobarbus!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Cæsar's camp.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, with Enobarbus, and others.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
[5] Our will is, Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.
Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit Agrippa.*
Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world

[4] *Dispatch, my Eros.*] Thus the modern editors. The old edition reads:

Dispatch Enobarbus.

Perhaps, it should be:

——*Dispatch! To Enobarbus!* JOHNSON.

[5] *Our will is, Antony be took alive;*] It is observable with what judgment Shakespeare draws the character of Octavius. Antony was his hero; so the other was not to shine: yet being an historical character, there was a necessity to draw him *like*. But the ancient historians, his flatterers, had delivered him down so fair, that he seems ready cut and dried for a hero. Amidst these difficulties Shakespeare has extricated himself with great address. He has admited all those great strokes of his character as he found them, and yet has made him a very unamiable character, deceitful, mean-spirited, narrow-minded, proud, and revengeful. WARBURTON.

Shall

[6] Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Antony
Is come into the field.
Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the vant,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt Cæsar, &c.*
Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry, on
Affairs of Antony; there did [7] persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains,
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so solely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure [8], with
His bounty over-plus: The messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now,
Unloading of his mules.
Eno. I give it you.

[6] *Shall bear the olive freely,*] i. e. shall spring up every where spontaneously and without culture. WARBURTON.

[7] ——*persuade*] The old copy has *dissuade*, perhaps rightly. JOHNSON.

[8] *Hath after thee sent all thy treasure,* &c.] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "Furthermore, he delt very friendly and courteously with Domitius, and against Cleopatraes mynde. For, he being sicke of an agewe when he went, and tooke a little boate to go to Cæsar's campe, Antonius was very sory for it, but yet he sent after him all his caryage, trayne, and men: and the same Domitius, as though he gaue him to vnderstand that he repented his open treason, he died immediately after." STEEVENS.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus,
I tell you true: Best you safed the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit.*

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! [9] This blows my heart:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall out-strike thought; but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight against thee!——No: I will go seek
Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Before the Walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter Agrippa, and others.

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far:
Cæsar himself has work, [1] and our oppression

9 ——*This blows my heart.*] All the latter editions have:
—— *This bows my heart:*
I have given the original word again the place from which I think it unjustly excluded. *This generosity*, (says Enobarbus) swells *my heart*, so that it will quickly break, *if thought break it not, a swifter mean.* JOHNSON.

The reading of the old copy is supported by another passage in this play, where the word *blow* is used in the same sense:
"——Here on her breast
"There is a vent of blood, and something *blown*."
MALONE.

1 ——*and our oppression*] *Oppression* for opposition.
WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer has received *opposition*. Perhaps rightly.
JOHNSON.

Exceeds

Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Antony, and Scarus, wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.
Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.
Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.
Ant. They do retire.
Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.
Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'Tis sport to maul a runner.
Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.
Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VIII.

Under the walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Enter Antony again in a march. Scarus, with others.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp: [2] Run one before,
And

[2] ——— *run one before,*
And let the queen know of our guests.——]
What guests was the queen to know of? Antony was to fight again on

And let the queen know of our gueſts.—To-morrow,
Before the ſun ſhall ſee us, we'll ſpill the blood
That has to-day eſcap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you; and have fought
Not as you ſerv'd the cauſe, but as it had been
Each man's like mine; you have ſhewn all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives [3], your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilſt they with joyful tears,
Waſh the congealment from your wounds, and kiſs
The honour'd gaſhes whole.—Give me thy hand;
[*To Scarus.*

Enter Cleopatra.

[4] To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bleſs thee.—O thou day o' the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harneſs [5] to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.
Cleo. Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue! com'ſt thou ſmiling from
The world's great ſnare uncaught?

on the morrow; and he had not yet ſaid a word of marching to Alexandria, and treating his officers in the palace. We muſt read:

And let the queen know of our geſts.

i. e. *res geſtæ* our feats, our glorious actions. A term then in common uſe. WARBURTON.

This paſſage needs neither correction nor explanation. Antony after his ſucceſs intends to bring his officers to ſup with Cleopatra, and orders notice to be given her of their *gueſts*. JOHNSON.

[3] —— clip *your wives,* ——] To *clip* is to embrace. So, Shakeſpeare, in another play:

" ——Neptune's arms, who *clippeth* thee about."

STEEVENS.

[4] *To this great fairy* ——] Mr. Upton has well obſerved, that *fairy*, which Dr. Warburton and ſir T. Hanmer explain by *Inchantreſs*, compriſes the idea of power and beauty. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*proof of* harneſs,——] i. e. armour of proof. So, in *Macbeth:*

"At leaſt we'll die with *harneſs* on our back."

Harnois, French. *Arneſe*, Ital. STEEVENS.

Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl? though grey
Do something mingle with our younger brown; yet have we
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
[6] Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;—
Kiss it, my warriour:—He hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's [7].

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand;—
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
[8] Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:
Had our great palace the capacity

[6] *Get goal for goal of youth.*——] At all plays of barriers, the boundary is called a *goal*; to *win a goal*, is to be a superiour in a contest of activity. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*it was a king's.*] So, in sir T. North's translation of Plutarch: "Then came Antony again to the palace greatly boasting of this victory, and sweetly kissed Cleopatra, armed as he was when he came from the fight, recommending one of his men of arms unto her, that had valiantly fought in this skirmish. Cleopatra, to reward his manliness, gave him an armour and head-piece of clean gold." STEEVENS.

[8] *Bear our hack'd targets like the men that* owe *them:*] i. e. hack'd as much as the men to whom they belong. WARBURTON.

Why not rather, *Bear our hack'd targets* with spirit and exultation, such as becomes the brave warriors that *own* them?

JOHNSON.

So, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it*, 1612:

"——six days;—the seventh
"Be his that *owes* it."

Again, in *Astrophell his Song to Phillida and Coridon*, published in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

"Poor Coridon doth keepe the fields
"Though Phillida be she that *owes* them." STEEVENS.

To camp this hoſt, we would all ſup together;
And drink carouſes to the next day's fate,
Which promiſes royal peril.—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blaſt you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines [9];
That heaven and earth may ſtrike their ſounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IX.

Cæſar's camp.

Enter a Centinel, and his company. Enobarbus follows.

Cent. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We muſt return to the court of guard [1]: The night
Is ſhiny; and, they ſay, we ſhall embattle
By the ſecond hour i' the morn.

1 *Sold.* This laſt day was a ſhrewd one to us.

Eno. O, bear me witneſs, night!—

2 *Sold.* What man is this?

1 *Sold.* Stand cloſe, and liſt him.

Eno. Be witneſs to me, O thou bleſſed moon,
When men revolted ſhall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!

Cent. Enobarbus!

3 *Sold.* Peace; hark further.

Eno. O ſovereign miſtreſs of true melancholy,
The poiſonous damp of night diſpunge upon me;

[9] —*tabourines*;] A *tabourin* was a ſmall drum. It is often mentioned in our ancient romances. So, in the *Hiſtory of Helyas Knight of the Swanne*, bl. l. no date: "Trumpetes, clerons, *tabourins*, and other minſtrelſy." STEEVENS.

[1] — *the court of guard:* —] i. e. the guard-room, the place where the guard muſters. The expreſſion occurs again in *Othello*. STEEVENS.

That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: [2] Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardneſs of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finiſh all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in regiſter
A maſter-leaver, and a fugitive:
O Antony! O Antony! [*Dies.*

1 *Sold.* Let's ſpeak to him.

Cent. Let's hear him, for the things he ſpeaks
May concern Cæſar.

2 *Sold.* Let's do ſo. But he ſleeps.

Cent. Swoons rather; for ſo bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for ſleep.

1 *Sold.* Go we to him.

2 *Sold.* Awake, ſir, awake; ſpeak to us.

1 *Sold.* Hear you, ſir?

Cent. The hand of death hath raught him [3].
[*Drums afar off.*
[4] Hark, how the drums demurely wake the ſleepers:
Let's bear him to the court of guard; he is
Of note: our hour is fully out.

[2] ——*Throw my heart*] The pathetick of Shakeſpeare too often ends in the ridiculous. It is painful to find the gloomy dignity of this noble ſcene deſtroyed by the intruſion of a conceit ſo far-fetched and unaffecting. JOHNSON.

[3] *The hand of death hath* raught *him.*] *Raught* is the ancient preterite of the verb to *reach*. So, in *Tancred and Guiſmund*, 1592:

"——ſhe *raught* the cane,
"And with her own ſweet hand did give it me."

Again:

"Therewith ſhe *raught* from her alluring locks
"This golden treſs." STEEVENS.

[4] *Hark, how the drums* demurely——] *Demurely* for ſolemnly. WARBURTON.

2 *Sold.* Come on then;
He may recover yet. [*Exeunt, with the body.*

SCENE X.

Between the two Camps.

Enter Antony, and Scarus, with their army.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by ſea;
We pleaſe them not by land.
Scar. For both, my lord.
Ant. I would, they'd fight i' the fire, or in the air;
We'd fight there too. But this it is; Our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall ſtay with us: order for ſea is given;
[5] They have put forth the haven,
[6] Where their appointment we may beſt diſcover,
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cæſar, and his army.

Cæſ. [7] But being charg'd, we will be ſtill by land,
Which,

5 *They have put forth the haven.* Further on] Theſe words, *further on*, though not neceſſary, have been inſerted in the later editions, and are not in the firſt. JOHNSON.

6 *Where their appointment we may beſt diſcover,*
And look on their endeavour.]
i. e. where we may beſt diſcover their *numbers*, and ſee their *motions*. WARBURTON.

7 But *being charg'd, we will be ſtill by land,*
Which, as I take't, we ſhall;——]
i. e. unleſs we be charged we will remain quiet at land, which quiet I ſuppoſe we ſhall keep. *But being charged* was a phraſe of that time, equivalent to *unleſs we be*, which the Oxford editor not underſtanding, he has alter'd the line thus:
Not *being charg'd, we will be ſtill by land,*
Which as I take't we ſhall not. WARBURTON.

"*But* (ſays Mr. Lambe in his notes on the ancient metrical hiſtory of the *Battle of Floddon*) ſignifies *without*," in which ſenſe it is often uſed in the North. "*Boots* but *ſpurs*." Vulg.

Which, as I take it, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Antony, and Scarus.

Ant. Yet they're not join'd: Where yonder pine does stand,
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers[8]
Say, they know not,——they cannot tell;——look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not. [*Exit.*

Alarum afar off, as at a sea fight.

Re-enter Antony.

Ant. All is lost;

"Sic nonsense! love tak root *but* tocher-good,
"Tween a herd's bairn, and ane of gentle blood."
Gent. Shepherd.

Again, in Kelly's Collection of Scots proverbs: "——He could eat me *but* salt." Again: "He gave me whitings *but* bones." Again, in Chaucer's *Persones Tale*, late edit. "Ful oft time I rede, that no man trust in his owen perfection, *but* he be stronger than Sampson, or holier than David, or wiser than Solomon." *But* is from the Saxon *Butan.* Thus *butan leas*; absque falso, without a lye. Again, in the *Vintner's Play* in the Chester collection. Brit. Mus. MS. Harl. 2013. p. 29:

"*Abraham.* Oh comely creature *but* I thee kill
"I greeve my God and that full ill."

See also Ray's *North Country Words.* STEEVENS.

[8] ——*the augurers*] The old copy has *auguries.* This leads us to what seems most likely to be the true reading—*augurers*, which word is used in the last act:

"You are too sure an *augurer.*" MALONE.

This foul Ægyptian hath betrayed me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—[9] Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all;—Bid them all fly, be gone.
O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts
[1] That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave

[9] —*Triple-turn'd whore!*—] She was first for Antony, then was supposed by him to have *turned* to Cæsar, when he found his messenger kissing her hand; then she *turned* again to Antony, and now has *turned* to Cæsar. Shall I mention what has dropped into my imagination, that our author might perhaps have written *triple-tongued?* *Double-tongued* is a common term of reproach, which rage might improve to *triple-tongued*. But the present reading may stand. JOHNSON.

She was first for Julius Cæsar, then for Pompey the great, and afterwards for Antony. TOLLET.

[1] *That* spaniel'd *me at heels,* —] All the editions read:

That pannell'd *me at heels,*———

Sir T. Hanmer substituted *spaniel'd* by an emendation, with which it was reasonable to expect that even rival commentators would be satisfied; yet Dr. Warburton proposes *pantler'd*, in a note, of which he is not injur'd by the suppression; and Mr. Upton having in his first edition proposed plausibly enough:

That paged *me at heels,*———

in the second edition retracts his alteration, and maintains *pannell'd* to be the right reading, being a metaphor taken, he says, from a *pannel* of wainscot. JOHNSON.

Spaniel'd is so happy a conjecture, that I think we ought to acquiesce in it. It is of some weight with me that *spaniel* was often formerly written *spannel*. Hence there is only the omission of the first letter, which has happened elsewhere in our poet, as in the word *chear* &c. To *dog* them at the heels is not an uncommon expression in Shakespeare; and in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act II. sc. ii. Helena says to Demetrius:

"I am your *spaniel*—only give me leave,
"Unworthy as I am, to *follow you*." TOLLET.

 Their

Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That over-topp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
O this false soul of Ægypt! [2] this grave charm,—
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home;
Whose bosom was my crownet [3], my chief end,—
Like a right gipsy [4], hath, at fast and loose,

Be-

[2] —*this* grave *charm*,—] I know not by what authority, nor for what reason, *this* grave *charm*, which the first, the only original copy exhibits, has been through all the modern editions changed to *this* gay *charm*. By *this* grave *charm*, is meant, *this sublime*, *this majestic beauty*. JOHNSON.

I believe *grave charm* means only *deadly*, or *destructive piece of witchcraft*. In this sense the epithet *grave* is often used by Chapman in his translation of *Homer* So, in the 19th book:

" —but not far hence the fatal minutes are
" Of thy *grave* ruin."

It seems to be employed in the sense of the Latin word *gravis*. STEEVENS.

[3] —*was my* crownet, *my chief end*,—] Dr. Johnson supposes that *crownet* means last purpose, probably from *finis coronat opus*. Chapman, in his translation of the second book of *Homer*, uses *crown* in the sense which my learned coadjutor would recommend:

" —all things have their *crown*."

Again, in our author's *Cymbeline*:

" My supreme *crown* of grief." STEEVENS.

[4] *Like a right* gipsy, *hath at* fast and loose,
Beguil'd me &c.]

There is a kind of pun in this passage, arising from the corruption of the word *Egyptian* into *gipsey*. The old law-books term such persons as ramble about the country, and pretend skill in palmistry and fortune telling, *Egyptians*. *Fast and loose* is a term to signify a cheating game, of which the following is a description. A leathern belt is made up into a number of intricate folds, and placed edgewise upon a table. One of the folds is made to resemble the middle of the girdle, so that whoever should thrust a skewer into it would think he held it fast to the table; whereas, when he has so done, the person with whom he plays may take hold of both ends and draw it away. This trick is now known to the common people, by the name of *pricking at the belt* or *girdle*, and perhaps was practised by the Gypsies in the time of Shakespeare.

Sir J. HAWKINS.

Sir

Beguil'd me [5] to the very heart of loss.—
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.—
Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?
Ant. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting Plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; [6] most monster-like, be shewn
For

Sir John Hawkins's supposition is confirm'd by the following Epigram in an ancient collection called *Run and a great Cast*, by Tho. Freeman, 1614:

In Ægyptum *suspensum.* Epig. 95.

" Charles the *Ægyptian*, who by jugling could
" Make *fast or loose*, or whatsoere he would;
" Surely it seem'd he was not his craft's master,
" Striving to loose what struggling he made faster:
" The hangman was more cunning of the twaine,
" Who knit what he could not unknit againe.
" You countrymen *Ægyptians* make such sots,
" Seeming to loose indissoluble knots:
" Had you been there, but to see the cast,
" You would have won, had you but laid—'tis fast."

STEEVENS.

5 ——*to the very heart of loss.*—] To the utmost loss possible.

JOHNSON.

6 ———*most monster-like, be shewn*
For poor'st diminutives, for dolts;——]
As the allusion here is to monsters carried about in shews, it is plain, that the words, *for poorest diminutives*, must mean for the least piece of money; we must therefore read the next word:
———*for* doits,———
i. e. farthings, which shews what he means by *poorest diminutives.*

WARBURTON.

There was surely no occasion for the poet *to shew what he meant* by *poorest diminutives.* The expression is clear enough, and certainly requires no additional force from the explanation. I rather believe we should read:
For poorest diminutives, TO DOLTS;———
This

For poor'ſt diminutives to dolts; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy viſage up
[7] With her prepared nails. 'Tis well thou'rt gone,—
[*Exit Cleopatra.*
If it be well to live: But better 'twere,
Thou fell'ſt into my fury; for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!——
The ſhirt of Neſſus is upon me: Teach me,
Alcides, thou mine anceſtor, thy rage:
[8] Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;
And with thoſe hands, that graſp'd the heavieſt club,
Subdue my worthieſt ſelf. The witch ſhall die;
To the young Roman boy ſhe hath ſold me, and I fall
Under this plot: ſhe dies for't.—Eros, ho! [*Exit.*

This aggravates the contempt of her ſuppoſed ſituation; to be ſhewn, *as monſters are*, not only *for the ſmalleſt pieces of money*, but *to the moſt ſtupid and vulgar ſpectators.* TYRWHITT.

I have adopted this truly ſenſible emendation. STEEVENS.

[7] *With her prepared nails.*——] i. e. with nails which ſhe ſuffered to grow for this purpoſe. WARBURTON.

[8] *Let me lodge Lichas*——] Sir T. Hanmer reads thus:

——*thy rage*
Led thee *lodge Lichas*—and——
Subdue thy *worthieſt ſelf.*————

This reading, harſh as it is, Dr. Warburton has received, after having rejected many better. The meaning is, Let me do ſomething in my rage, becoming the ſucceſſor of Hercules.

JOHNSON.

Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' th' moon,] This image our poet ſeems to have taken from Seneca's *Hercules*, who ſays Lichas being launched into the air, ſprinkled the clouds with his blood. Sophocles, on the ſame occaſion, talks at a much ſoberer rate.

WARBURTON.

Shakeſpeare might have taken part of this imagery from Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:

"To ſee this wanton, with her baſtard, blown
"And *hang'd upon the high horns of the moon.*"

STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

Cleopatra's Palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his ſhield [9]; the boar of Theſſaly
Was never ſo emboſs'd [1].
Char. To the monument;
There lock yourſelf, and ſend him word you are dead.
The ſoul and body rive not more at parting,
Than greatneſs going off.
Cleo. To the monument:—
Mardian, go tell him I have ſlain myſelf;
Say, that the laſt I ſpoke was, Antony,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteouſly: Hence, Mardian;
And bring me how he takes my death.—To the monument. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.

The ſame.

Enter Antony, and Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'ſt me?
Eros. Ay, noble lord.
Ant. [2] Sometime, we ſee a cloud that's dragoniſh;
A

[9] *Than Telamon for his ſhield;*——] i. e. than *Ajax Telamon* for the armour of *Achilles*, the moſt valuable part of which was the ſhield. *The boar of Theſſaly* was the boar killed by *Meleager*. STEEVENS.

[1] *Was never ſo* emboſs'd.] A hunting term: when a deer is hard run and foams at the mouth, he is ſaid to be *imboſt*. A dog alſo, when he is ſtrained with hard running, will have his knees ſwelled, and then he is ſaid to be *imboſt*, from the French word *boſſe*, which ſignifies a tumour. HANMER.

[2] *Sometime, we ſee a cloud that's dragoniſh,* &c.] So, Ariſtophanes, *Nubes*, v. 345:

"Ηδη ποτ' ἀναβλέψας εἶδες νεφέλην Κενταύρῳ ὁμοίαν;
Ἢ παρδάλει, ἢ λύκῳ, ἢ ταύρῳ; Sir W. RAWLINSON.

Perhaps

A vapour, ſometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: Thou haſt ſeen theſe ſigns;
They are black veſper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That, which is now a horſe, even with a thought,
[3] The rack diſlimns; and makes it indiſtinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros[4], now thy captain is
Even ſuch a body: here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this viſible ſhape, my knave.
I made theſe wars for Ægypt; and the queen,—
Whoſe heart, I thought, I had, for ſhe had mine;
Which, whilſt it was mine, had annex'd unto't
A million more, now loſt,—ſhe, Eros, has

Perhaps Shakeſpeare received the thought from P. Holland's tranſlation of Pliny's *Nat. Hiſt.* b. ii. c. 3: "——our eieſight teſtifieth the ſame, whiles in one place there appeareth the reſemblance of a waine or chariot, in another of a *beare*, the figure of a bull in this part, &c." or from Chapman's *Monſieur D'Olive*, 1606:

"Like to a maſs of clouds that now ſeem like
"An elephant, and ſtraightways like an ox,
"And then a mouſe &c." STEEVENS.

[3] *The rack diſlimns;*——] i. e. The fleeting away of the clouds deſtroys the picture. STEEVENS.

[4] *My good* knave, *Eros,*——] *Knave* is ſervant. So, in *A Mery Geſte of Robyn Hoode*, bl. l. no date:

"I ſhall thee lende lyttle John my man,
"For he ſhall be thy *knave*."

Again, in the old metrical romance of *Syr Degore*, bl. l. no date:

"He ſent the chylde to her full rathe
"With much money by his *knave*." STEEVENS.

Pack'd

[5] Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.—
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady!

Enter Mardian.

She has robb'd me of my sword.
Mar. No, Antony;
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.
Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace;
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.
Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once;
And that she hath discharg'd: What thou would'st do,
Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
Was, Antony! most noble Antony!
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
The name so buried in her.
Ant. Dead then?

[5] Pack'd cards *with Cæsar, and* false play'd *my glory*
Unto an enemy's triumph.————]
Shakespeare has here, as usual, taken his metaphor from a low trivial subject; but has enobled it with much art, by so contriving that the principal term in the subject from whence the metaphor was *taken*, should belong to, and suit the dignity of the subject to which the metaphor is *transferred:* thereby providing at once for the integrity of the figure, and the nobleness of the thought. And this by the word *triumph*, which either signifies Octavius's conquest, or what we now call, contractedly, the *trump* at cards, then called the *triumph* or the *triumphing fort*. WARBURTON.

This explanation is very just, the thought did not deserve so good an annotation. JOHNSON.

A passage in Ben Jonson's *Fortunate Isles*, a masque, I think sufficiently supports Dr. Warburton's etymology:
"The kings and queens that *triumph* in the cards."
This use of the word comes to us from the French, who at this day call the *trump* at cards, *le triomphe*. STEEVENS.

Mar.

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros; the long day's taſk is done,
And we muſt ſleep:—That thou depart'ſt hence ſafe,
Does pay thy labour richly; Go.—Off, pluck off;—
[*Exit Mardian.*
The ſeven-fold ſhield of Ajax cannot keep
[6] The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my ſides!
Heart, once be ſtronger than thy continent [7],
Crack thy frail caſe!—Apace, Eros, apace.—
No more a ſoldier:—Bruiſed pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.—
[*Exit Eros.*
I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it muſt be, for now
All length is torture:—Since the torch is out,
Lie down, and ſtray no further: Now all labour
Marrs what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itſelf with ſtrength: [8] Seal then, and all is done.—
Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for me:
Where ſouls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our ſprightly port make the ghoſts gaze;
Dido and her Æneas ſhall want troops,

[6] The *battery from my heart.*——] I would read:
This *battery from my heart.*—— JOHNSON.

[7] ——*thy continent,*] i. e. the thing that contains thee. So, in another of our author's plays: "You ſhall find in him the *continent* of what part a gentleman would ſee. STEEVENS.

[8] ——Seal *then, and all is done.*——] Metaphor taken from civil contracts, where, when all is agreed on, the ſealing compleats the contract; ſo he hath determined to die, and nothing remain'd but to give the ſtroke. The Oxford editor not apprehending this, alters it to
——ſleep *then,*——] WARBURTON.

I believe the reading is:
——ſeel *then, and all is done.*——
To *ſeel hawks,* is to cloſe their eyes. The meaning will be:
——*ſince the torch is out,*
Lie down, and ſtray no further. Now all labour
Marrs what it does.——Seel *then, and all is done.*
Cloſe thine eyes *for ever, and be quiet.* JOHNSON.

And

And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter Eros.

Eros. What would my lord?
Ant. Since Cleopatra dy'd,
I have liv'd in ſuch diſhonour, that the gods
Deteſt my baſeneſs. I, that with my ſword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ſhips made cities, condemn myſelf, to lack
The courage of a woman, leſs noble mind
Than ſhe, which, by her death, our Cæſar tells,
I am conqueror of myſelf. Thou art ſworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent ſhould come, (which now
Is come, indeed) when I ſhould ſee behind me
The inevitable proſecution of
Diſgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then would'ſt kill me: do't, the time is come:
Thou ſtrik'ſt not me, 'tis Cæſar thou defeat'ſt.
Put colour in thy cheek.
Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, loſt aim, and could not?
Ant. Eros,
Would'ſt thou be window'd in great Rome, and ſee
Thy maſter thus [9] with pleach'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck [1], his face ſubdu'd

9 ——*pleach'd arms,*——] Arms folded in each other.
JOHNSON.
A paſſage very like this occurs in Thomas Kyd's tranſlation of Robert Garnier's *Cornelia*, publiſhed in 1595:
" Now ſhalt thou march (thy hands faſt bound behind thee)
" Thy head hung down, thy cheeks with tears beſprent,
" Before the victor; while thy rebel ſon
" With crowned front triumphing follows thee"
STEEVENS.

1 *His* corrigible *neck,*——] *Corrigible* for *corrected*, and afterwards *penetrative* for *penetrating*. So Virgil has " *penetrabile* frigus" for "*penetrans* frigus," in his Georgicks. STEEVENS.

To

To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
[2] His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free [3], swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein [4] the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee.— [*Turning from him.*

[2] *His baseness that ensued?*] The poor conquered wretch that followed. JOHNSON.

[3] *When I did make thee free,* &c.] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "Now he had a man of his called Eros, whom he loued and trusted much, and whom he had long before caused to sweare vnto him, that he should kill him when he did commaunde him: and then he willed him to keepe his promise. His man drawing his sworde, lift it vp as though he had ment to haue striken his maister: but turning his head at one side, he thrust his sword into him selfe, and fell downe dead at his maister's foote. Then said Antonius, O noble Eros, I thanke thee for this, and it is valliantly done of thee, to shew me what I should do to my selfe, which thou couldest not doe for me. Therewithall he tooke his sword, and thrust it into his bellie, and so fell downe vpon a litle bed. The wounde he had, killed him not presently, for the blood stinted a litle when he was layed: and when he came somwhat to him selfe againe, he praied them that were about him to dispatch him. But they all fled out of the chamber, and left him crying out and tormenting him selfe: vntill at last there came a secretarie vnto him called Diomedes, who was commaunded to bring him into the tombe or monument where Cleopatra was. When he heard that she was aliue, he verie earnestlie prayed his men to carie his bodie thither, and so he was caried in his men's armes into the entry of the monument." STEEVENS.

[4] —*the worship of the whole world*—] The *worship*, is the *dignity*, the *authority*. JOHNSON.

Eros.

Eros. My ſword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou haſt drawn it.

Eros. My dear maſter,
My captain, and my emperor! let me ſay,
Before I ſtrike this bloody ſtroke, farewel.

Ant. 'Tis ſaid, man;—and farewel.

Eros. Farewel, great chief. Shall I ſtrike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then:—Thus do I eſcape the ſorrow [*Eros kills himſelf.*
Of Antony's death. [*Dies.*

Ant. Thrice nobler than myſelf!
Thou teacheſt me, O valiant Eros, what
I ſhould, and thou could'ſt not. My queen and Eros
Have, by their brave inſtruction, got upon me
A nobleneſs in record: [1] But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy maſter dies thy ſcholar; to do thus [*Falling on his ſword.*
I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?—
The guard?—how!—O, diſpatch me.

Enter Dercetas, and Guards.

1 *Guard.* What's the noiſe?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends; O, make an end
Of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The ſtar is fallen.

1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

[1] —*But I will be*
A bridegroom in my death, &c.]
This thought has occurred before in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*
I will encounter darkneſs as a bride,
And hug it in my arms. STEEVENS.

Ant. Let him that loves me, ſtrike me dead.

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Nor I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt.*

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This ſword but ſhewn to Cæſar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he? Wilt thou not anſwer, man?
[*Exit Dercetas.*

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy ſword, and give me
Sufficing ſtrokes for death.

Dio. Moſt abſolute lord,
My miſtreſs Cleopatra ſent me to thee.

Ant. When did ſhe ſend thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is ſhe?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a propheſying fear
Of what hath come to paſs: for when ſhe ſaw
(Which never ſhall be found) you did ſuſpect
She had diſpos'd [1] with Cæſar, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, ſhe ſent you word ſhe was dead;
But, fearing ſince how it might work, hath ſent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed:—Call my guard, I pr'ythee.

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!
Come, your lord calls.

[1] *She had* diſpos'd *with Cæſar.*] To *diſpoſe*, in this inſtance, perhaps ſignifies *to make terms*, *to ſettle matters.* STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter a Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the laſt ſervice that I ſhall command you.
1 *Guard.* Woe, woe, are we, ſir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.
All. Moſt heavy day!
Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not pleaſe ſharp fate
To grace it with your ſorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to puniſh us, and we puniſh it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all.
[*Exeunt, bearing Antony.*

SCENE XIII.

A Monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras, above.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.
Char. Be comforted, dear madam.
Cleo. No, I will not:
All ſtrange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we deſpiſe; our ſize of ſorrow,
Proportion'd to our cauſe, muſt be as great

Enter Diomedes.

As that which makes it.—How now? is he dead?
Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other ſide your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter Antony, borne by the guard.

Cleo. [3] O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling [4] stand
The varying shore o' the world!—O Antony!
Antony, Antony!
Help, Charmian, help; Iras, help; help, friends
Below; let's draw him hither.
Ant. Peace:
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.
Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!
Ant. I am dying, Ægypt, dying; only
[5] I here importune death a while, until
Of

[3] *O sun*
Burn *the great sphere thou mov'st in!*—darkling *stand*
The varying *shore o' th' world!* ——]

The varying shore o' th' world! i. e. of the *earth*, where light and darkness make an incessant *variation*. But then, if the sun should set on fire the whole sphere, in which he was supposed to move, how could the earth *stand darkling?* On the contrary, it would be in perpetual light. Therefore, if we allow Cleopatra not to be quite mad, we must believe she said,

Turn from *th' great sphere*——

i. e. forsake it, fly off from it: and then indeed the consequence would be, that the *varying shore* would become *invariably dark*. WARBURTON.

She desires the sun to *burn* his own *orb*, the vehicle of light, and then the earth will be dark. JOHNSON.

[4] *—darkling—*] i. e. without light. So in the *Two angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

"—my mother hath a torch, your wife
"Goes *darkling* up and down." STEEVENS.

[5] *I here importune death*——] I *solicit* death to delay; or, I *trouble* death by keeping him in waiting. JOHNSON.

I here importune death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.—Come down.

Cleo.

Of many thouſand kiſſes the poor laſt
I lay upon thy lips.—

Cleo. I dare not,
Dear, dear, my lord, pardon; I dare not,
Leſt I be taken: not the imperious ſhew
Of the full-fortun'd Cæſar ever ſhall
Be brooch'd with me[6]; if knife, drugs, ſerpents, have
Edge,

Cleo. *I dare not,*
Dear, dear, my lord, your *pardon*; that *I dare not,*
Leſt I be taken.—— ——

What curious hobbling verſification do we encounter here in the laſt line but one? Beſides, how inconſiſtently is the lady made to reply? Antony ſays, he only holds life, till he can give her one laſt kiſs: and ſhe cries, ſhe dares not: What dares ſhe not do? kiſs Antony? But how ſhould ſhe? ſhe was above, lock'd in her monument; and he below, on the outſide of it. With a very ſlight addition, I think, I can cure the whole; and have a warrant from Plutarch for it into the bargain.

Now Plutarch ſays, that "Antony was carried in his men's arms *into the entry* of the *monument*: Notwithſtanding, Cleopatra would not *open the gates*, but *came to the high windows*, and caſt out certain chains and ropes, &c."—So that Antony might very reaſonably deſire her to come down, and ſhe as reaſonably excuſe herſelf for fear of being inſnared by Cæſar. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald's emendation is received by the ſucceeding editors; but it ſeems not neceſſary that a dialogue ſo diſtreſsful ſhould be nicely regular. I have therefore preſerved the original reading in the text, and the emendation below. JOHNSON.

[6] *Be* brooch'd *with me.*] *Be brooch'd*, i. e. *adorn'd*. A *brooch* was an ornament formerly worn in the hat. So in Ben Jonſon's *Poetaſter*, "Honour's a good *brooch* to wear in a man's hat at all times." Again, in his *Staple of News:*

"The very *broch* o' the bench, gem of the city."

Again, in the *Magnetic Lady:*

"The *brooch* to any true ſtate cap in Europe."

The Rev. Mr. Lambe obſerves in his notes on the ancient metrical *Hiſtory of Floddon Field*, that *brooches* in the North are buckles ſet with ſtones, ſuch as thoſe with which ſhirt-boſoms and handkerchiefs are claſped. STEEVENS.

——be *brooch'd* with me.

Brooch is properly a *bodkin*, or ſome ſuch inſtrument (originally a ſpit) and ladies' bodkins being headed with gems, it ſometimes ſtands for an ornamental trinket or jewel in general, in which

 ſenſe

Edge, ſting, or operation [7], I am ſafe.
Your wife Octavia, with her modeſt eyes,
And [8] ſtill concluſion, ſhall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we muſt draw thee up;—
Aſſiſt, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. [9] Here's ſport, indeed!—How heavy weighs my lord!
Our ſtrength is all gone into heavineſs,
That makes the weight: Had I great Juno's power,
The ſtrong-wing'd Mercury ſhould fetch thee up,
And ſet thee by Jove's ſide. Yet come a little,—
Wiſhers were ever fools;—O, come, come, come;—

[*They draw Antony up to Cleopatra.*

And welcome, welcome! die, where thou haſt liv'd:
[1] Quicken with kiſſing;—had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

ſenſe it is perhaps uſed at preſent, or as probably in its original one, for *pinned up*, as we now ſay *pin up the baſket*; *brooch'd with me*, i. e. pinned up, compleated with having me to adorn his triumph. PERCY.

7 ——*if knife, drugs, ſerpents, have Edge, ſting, or operation.*] Here is the ſame irregular poſition of the words, that Mr. Warner would avoid or amend in *Hamlet*: and yet Shakeſpeare ſeems to have attended to this matter in the very play before us, act III. ſc. ii. TOLLET.

This thought occurs in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*:

"If fires be hot, knives ſharp, or waters deep,
"Unty'd I ſtill my virgin knot will keepe."

STEEVENS.

8 ——*ſtill concluſion,*——] Sedate determination; ſilent coolneſs of reſolution. JOHNSON.

9 *Here's ſport, indeed!*——] I ſuppoſe the meaning of theſe ſtrange words is, *here's* trifling, *you* do not work *in earneſt*. JOHNSON.

1 *Quicken with kiſſing*——] That is, *Revive by my kiſs*. JOHNSON.

So in Heywood's *Royal King*, &c, 1637:

"And *quickens* moſt where he would moſt deſtroy."

STEEVENS.

All

All. A heavy ſight!

Ant. I am dying, Ægypt, dying:
Give me ſome wine, and let me ſpeak a little [2].

Cleo. No, let me ſpeak; and let me rail ſo high,
That the falſe [3] huſwife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, ſweet queen:
Of Cæſar ſeek your honour, with your ſafety.—O!—

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me:——
None about Cæſar truſt, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My reſolution, and my hands, I'll truſt,
None about Cæſar.

Ant. The miſerable change now at my end [4],
Lament nor ſorrow at: but pleaſe your thoughts
In feeding them with thoſe my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greateſt prince o' the world,
The nobleſt: and do now not baſely die,
Nor cowardly; put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquiſh'd. Now, my ſpirit is going;
I can no more.—— [*Antony dies.*

[2] *Give me ſome wine*, &c.] This circumſtance, like almoſt every other, Shakeſpeare adopted from Plutarch. Sir Tho. North, in his tranſlation, ſays,—"Antony made her ceaſe from lamenting, and called for wine, either becauſe he was athirſt, or elſe for that thereby to haſten his death. When he had dronke, he earneſtly prayed her, and perſuaded that ſhe would ſeeke to ſave her life, if ſhe could poſſible, without reproache and diſhonor: and that ſhe ſhould chiefly truſt Proculeius above any man elſe about Cæſar." STEEVENS.

[3] —*huſwife Fortune*——] This deſpicable line has occurred before. JOHNSON.

[4] *The miſerable change*, &c.] This ſpeech ſtands thus in ſir Tho. North's tranſlation of Plutarch.—"As for himſelf, ſhe ſhould not lament nor ſorrow for the miſerable change of his fortune at the end of his days; but rather, that ſhe ſhould think him the more fortunate, for the former triumphs and honours he had received; conſidering that while he lived, he was the nobleſt and greateſt prince of the world, and that now he was overcome, not cowardly, but valiantly, a Roman, by another Roman."—— STEEVENS.

Cleo. Nobleſt of men, woo't die?
Haſt thou no care of me? ſhall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy abſence is
No better than a ſtye?—O, ſee, my women,
The crown o' the earth doth melt:—My lord!—
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
[5] The ſoldier's pole is fallen; young boys, and girls,
Are level now with men: the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the viſiting moon. [*She faints.*

Char. O, quietneſs, lady!
Iras. She is dead too, our ſovereign.
Char. Lady!
Iras. Madam!—
Char. O madam, madam, madam,—
Iras. Royal Ægypt! empreſs!
Char. [6] Peace, peace, Iras.

Cleo.

[5] *The ſoldier's pole*——] He at whom the ſoldiers pointed, as at a pageant held high for obſervation. JOHNSON.

[6] The common copies,

Peace, peace, Iras.
Cleo. *No more but a meer woman,*———

Cleopatra is fallen into a ſwoon; her maids endeavour to recover her by invoking her by her ſeveral titles. At length, Charmian ſays to the other, *Peace, peace, Iras*; on which Cleopatra comes to herſelf, and replies to theſe laſt words, *No, you are miſtaken. I am a mere woman like yourſelf.* Thus ſtands this ſenſeleſs dialogue. But Shakeſpeare never wrote it ſo: we muſt obſerve then, that the two women call her by ſeveral titles, to ſee which beſt pleaſed her; and this was highly in character: the ancients thought that not only men, but gods too, had ſome names, which above others they much delighted in, and would ſooneſt anſwer to; as we may ſee by the hymns of Orpheus, Homer, and Callimachus. The poet, conforming to this notion, makes the maids ſay, *Sovereign lady, madam, royal Ægypt, empreſs.* And now we come to the place in queſtion; Charmian, when ſhe ſaw none of theſe titles had their effect, invokes her by a ſtill more flattering one;

Peace, peace, Isis!

for ſo it ſhould be read and pointed: i. e. Peace, we can never move her by theſe titles; let us give her her favourite name of the

Cleo. No more—but e'en a woman; and commanded

the goddeſs Isis. And now Cleopatra's anſwer becomes pertinent and fine:

No more but a mere woman; and commanded
By ſuch poor paſſion as the maid that milks—

i. e. I now ſee the folly of aſſuming to myſelf theſe flattering titles of divinity. My misfortunes, and my impotence in bearing them, convince me I am a mere woman, and ſubject to all the paſſions of the meaneſt of my ſpecies. Here the poet has followed hiſtory exactly, and, what is more, his author *Plutarch in Antonio*; who ſays that Cleopatra aſſumed the habit and attributes of that goddeſs, and gave judgments or rather oracles to her people under the quality of the NEW ISIS. Κλεοπάτρα μὲν γὰρ καὶ τότε καὶ τὸν ἄλλον χρόνον εἰς πλῆθος ἐξιοῦσα, στολὴν ἑτέραν ἱερὰν ΙΣΙΔΟΣ ἐλάμβανε, καὶ ΝΕΑ ΙΣΙΣ ἐχρημάτιζε. WARBURTON.

Of this note it may be truly ſaid, that it at leaſt deſerves to be right, nor can he, that ſhall queſtion the juſtneſs of the emendation, refuſe his eſteem to the ingenuity and learning with which it is propoſed.

Hanmer had propoſed another emendation, not injudiciouſly. He reads thus:

Iras. *Royal Ægypt! empreſs!*
Cleo. *Peace, peace, Iras.*
No more but a mere woman, &c.

That is, *no more an empreſs, but a mere woman.*

It is ſomewhat unfortunate that the words, *mere woman*, which ſo much ſtrengthen the oppoſition to either *empreſs* or *Iſis*, are not in the original edition, which ſtands thus:

No more but in a *woman*, &c.

Mere woman was probably the arbitrary reading of Rowe. I ſuppoſe, however, that we may juſtly change the ancient copy thus:

No more, but e'en a *woman*,

which will enough accommodate either of the editors.

I am inclined to think that ſhe ſpeaks abruptly, not anſwering her woman, but diſcourſing with her own thoughts:

No more—but e'en a *woman*,

I have no more *of my wonted greatneſs*, but am even a woman, *on the level with other women; were I what I once was,*

——It were for me
To throw my ſcepter, &c.

If this ſimple explanation be admitted, how much labour has been thrown away. *Peace, peace, Iras*, is ſaid by Charmian, when ſhe ſees the queen recovering, and thinks ſpeech troubleſome. JOHNSON.

By

By ſuch poor paſſion as the maid that milks,
And does the meaneſt chares [7].—It were for me
To throw my ſcepter at the injurious gods;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
'Till they had ſtolen our jewel. All's but naught;
Patience is ſottiſh; and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: Then is't ſin,
To ruſh into the ſecret houſe of death,
Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian?
My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is ſpent, it's out:—Good ſirs, take heart:—
We'll bury him: and then, what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman faſhion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
This caſe of that huge ſpirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
But reſolution, and the briefeſt end.

[*Exeunt, bearing off Antony's body.*

7 ——*the meaneſt* chares.——] i. e. taſk-work. Hence our term *chare-woman*. So in Heywood's *Tarquin and Lucrece*, 1630:
"She, like a good wife, is teaching her ſervants ſundry *chares*."
Again, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:
"——————ſpins,
"Cards, and does *chare-work*."——
Again,
"Augment my taſk into a treble *chare*."
Again, in *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:
"Well I muſt trudge to do a certain *chare*."
STEEVENS.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Cæſar's Camp.

[8] *Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mecænas, Gallus, Proculeius, and train.*

Cæſ. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being ſo fruſtrated, tell him, he mocks
The pauſes that he makes [9].

[1] *Dol.* Cæſar, I ſhall. [*Exit Dolabella.*

Enter

[8] *Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, Dolabella, and* Menas.] But Menas and Menecrates, we may remember, were two famous pirates, linked with Sextus Pompeius, and who aſſiſted him to infeſt the Italian coaſt. We no where learn, expreſsly in the play, that Menas ever attached himſelf to Octavius's party. Notwithſtanding the old folios concur in marking the entrance thus, yet in the two places in the ſcene, where this character is made to ſpeak, they have marked in the margin, *Mec.* ſo that, as Dr. Thirlby ſagaciouſly conjectured, we muſt caſhier Menas, and ſubſtitute Mecænas in his room. Menas, indeed, deſerted to Cæſar no leſs than twice, and was preferred by him. But then we are to conſider, Alexandria was taken, and Antony kill'd himſelf, *anno* U. C. 723. Menas made the ſecond revolt over to Auguſtus, U. C. 717; and the next year was ſlain at the ſiege of Belgrade in Pannonia, five years before the death of Antony.

THEOBALD.

[9] *He mocks the pauſes that he makes.*] i. e. he plays wantonly with the intervals of time which he ſhould improve to his own preſervation. Or the meaning may be—being thus defeated in all his efforts, and left without reſource, tell him that theſe affected pauſes and delays of his in yielding himſelf up to me, are mere idle mockery. *He mocks the pauſes*, may be a licentious mode of expreſſion for—*he makes a mockery of us by theſe pauſes*; i. e. he trifles with us.

STEEVENS.

[1] Dol. *Cæſar, I ſhall.*] I make no doubt but it ſhould be marked here, that Dolabella goes out. 'Tis reaſonable to imagine he ſhould preſently depart upon Cæſar's command; ſo that the ſpeeches, placed to him in the ſequel of this ſcene, muſt be

8 trans-

Enter Dercetas, with the ſword of Antony.

Cæſ. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that dar'ſt
Appear thus to us?
Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I ſerv'd, who beſt was worthy
Beſt to be ſerv'd: whilſt he ſtood up, and ſpoke,
He was my maſter; and I wore my life,
To ſpend upon his haters: If thou pleaſe
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæſar; if thou pleaſeſt not,
I yield thee up my life.
Cæſ. What is't thou ſay'ſt?
Der. I ſay, O Cæſar, Antony is dead.
Cæſ. The breaking of ſo great a thing ſhould make
A greater crack: [2] The round world
Should

transferred to Agrippa, or he is introduced as a mute. Beſides, that Dolabella ſhould be gone out, appears from this, that when Cæſar aſks for him, he recollects that he had ſent him on buſineſs. THEOBALD.

[2] ——*The round world ſhould have ſhook*
Lions into civil ſtreets, &c.]
I think here is a line loſt, after which it is in vain to go in queſt. The ſenſe ſeems to have been this: *The round world ſhould have ſhook*, and this great alteration of the ſyſtem of things ſhould ſend *lions into ſtreets, and citizens into dens.* There is ſenſe ſtill, but it is harſh and violent. JOHNSON.

I believe we ſhould read—The *ruin'd* world, i. e. the general diſruption of elements ſhould have *ſhook*, &c. Shakeſpeare ſeems to mean that the death of ſo great a man ought to have produced effects ſimilar to thoſe which might be expected from the diſſolution of the univerſe, when all diſtinctions ſhall be loſt. To *ſhake* any thing out, is a phraſe in common uſe among our ancient writers. So Holinſhed, p. 743: ——"God's providence *ſhaking* men out of their ſhifts of ſuppoſed ſafetie, &c."

Perhaps, however, Shakeſpeare might mean nothing more here than merely an earthquake, in which the ſhaking of the *round world* was to be ſo violent as to toſs the inhabitants of woods into cities, and the inhabitants of cities into woods. STEEVENS.

The

Should have ſhook lions into civil ſtreets,
And citizens to their dens:—The death of Antony
Is not a ſingle doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæſar;
Not by a publick miniſter of juſtice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that ſelf hand,
Which writ his honour in the act it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart.—This is his ſword,
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it ſtain'd
With his moſt noble blood.

Cæſ. Look you ſad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, [1] but it is a tidings
To waſh the eyes of kings.

Agr. And ſtrange it is,
That nature muſt compel us to lament
Our moſt perſiſted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
[2] Waged equal with him.

Agr.

—*The round world*—] The defective metre of this line ſtrongly ſupports Dr. Johnſon's conjecture, *that ſomething is loſt*. I believe only two words are wanting. Perhaps the paſſage originally ſtood thus:

A greater crack. The round world ſhould have ſhook,
Thrown raging *lions into civil ſtreets,*
And citizens to their dens.— MALONE.

The ſenſe, I think, is complete and plain, if we conſider *ſhook* (more properly *ſhaken*) as the participle paſt of a verb *active*. The metre would be improved if the lines were diſtributed thus:

—*The round world ſhould have ſhook*
Lions into civil ſtreets, and citizens
Into *their dens*. TYRWHITT.

[1] —but *it is a tidings*
To waſh the eyes of kings.]

That is, *May the gods rebuke me, if this be not tidings to make kings weep.*

But, again, for *if not*. JOHNSON.

[2] Waged *equal with him.*] For *waged*, the modern editions have *weighed*. JOHNSON.

It

Agr. A rarer ſpirit never
Did ſteer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæſar is touch'd.

Mec. When ſuch a ſpacious mirror's ſet before him,
He needs muſt ſee himſelf.

Cæſ. O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this;—But we do lance
Diſeaſes in our bodies [3]. I muſt perforce
Have ſhewn to thee ſuch a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not ſtall together
In the whole world: But yet let me lament,
With tears as ſovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all deſign, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our ſtars,
Unreconciliable, [4] ſhould divide
Our equalneſs to this.—Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at ſome meeter ſeaſon;

It is not eaſy to determine the preciſe meaning of the word *wage*. In *Othello* it occurs again:

"To wake and *wage* a danger profitleſs."

It may ſignify to *oppoſe*. The ſenſe will then be, *his taints and honours* were an equal match; i. e. were oppoſed to each other in juſt proportions, like the counterparts of a wager. STEEVENS.

3 —— *But we do* lance
Diſeaſes in our bodies.——]

The old copy reads:

—— *But we do* launch,
Diſeaſes in our bodies.

Perhaps rightly—and the meaning may be: "I have followed thee to the death. But why do I lament thy fall? We are all mortal. Our fate is predeſtin'd at our birth; and when we *launch* on the ſea of life, the principles of decay are interwoven with our conſtitution." MALONE.

4 ——*ſhould divide*
Our equalneſs to this.——]

That is, *ſhould have made us*, in our equality of fortune, diſagree to a pitch like this, that one of us muſt die. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter an Ægyptian.

The buſineſs of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he ſays.—Whence are you?
Ægypt. [5] A poor Ægyptian yet: The queen my miſtreſs,
Confin'd in all ſhe has, her monument,
Of thy intents deſires inſtruction;
That ſhe preparedly may frame herſelf
To the way ſhe's forc'd to.
Cæſ. Bid her have good heart;
She ſoon ſhall know of us, by ſome of ours,
How honourably and how kindly we
Determine for her: for Cæſar cannot live
To be ungentle.
Ægypt. So the gods preſerve thee! [*Exit.*
Cæſ. Come hither, Proculeius; Go, and ſay,
We purpoſe her no ſhame: give her what comforts
The quality of her paſſion ſhall require;
Leſt, in her greatneſs, by ſome mortal ſtroke,
She do defeat us: for [6] her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph: Go,
And, with your ſpeedieſt, bring us what ſhe ſays,
And how you find of her.

[5] *A poor Ægyptian yet; the queen my miſtreſs,* &c.] If this punctuation be right, the man means to ſay, that he is *yet an Ægyptian,* that is, *yet a ſervant of the queen of Ægypt,* though ſoon to become a ſubject of Rome. JOHNSON.

[6] ——— *her life in Rome*
Would be eternal in *our triumph:*——]
Hanmer reads judiciouſly enough, but without neceſſity:
Would be eternalling *our triumph:*
The ſenſe is, *If ſhe dies here, ſhe will be forgotten, but if I ſend her* in triumph to Rome, *her memory and my glory* will be eternal. JOHNSON.

The following paſſage in the *Scourge of Venus,* &c. a poem, 1614, will ſufficiently ſupport the old reading:
"If ſome foule-ſwelling ebon cloud would fall,
"For her to hide herſelf *eternal in.*" STEEVENS.

Pro. Cæſar, I ſhall. [*Exit Proculeius.*

Caeſ. Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,
To ſecond Proculeius? [*Exit Gallus.*

All. Dolabella!

Caeſ. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd; he ſhall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you ſhall ſee
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded ſtill
In all my writings: Go with me, and ſee
What I can ſhew in this. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. My deſolation does begin to make
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be Cæſar;
Not being fortune, he's but [7] fortune's knave,
A miniſter of her will; And it is great [8]

To

[7] ——*fortune's knave,*] The *ſervant* of fortune. JOHNSON.

[8] —— ——*and it is great*
To do that thing, that ends all other deeds;
Which ſhackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which ſleeps, and never palates more the dung:
The beggar's nurſe and Cæſar's.——]

The action of ſuicide is here ſaid, *to ſhackle accidents*; *to bolt up change*; *to be the beggar's nurſe, and Cæſar's.* So far the deſcription is intelligible. But when it is ſaid, that *it ſleeps, and never palates more the dung*, we find neither ſenſe nor propriety; which is occaſioned by the loſs of a whole line between the third and fourth, and the corrupt reading of the laſt word in the fourth. We ſhould read the paſſage thus:

—— *and it is great*
To do that thing, that ends all other deeds;
Which ſhackles accidents, and bolts up change;
[Lulls wearied nature to a ſound repoſe]
(*Which ſleeps, and never palates more the* dugg:)
The beggar's nurſe, and Cæſar's.

That

To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which ſhackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which ſleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurſe and Cæſar's.—

Enter, below, Proculeius, Gallus, &c.

Pro. Cæſar ſends greeting to the queen of Ægypt;
And bids thee ſtudy on what fair demands

That this line in books was the ſubſtance of that loſt, is evident from its making ſenſe of all the reſt: which are to this effect, *It is great to do that which frees us from all the accidents of humanity, lulls our over-wearied nature to repoſe, (which now ſleeps, and has no more appetite for worldly enjoyments,) and is equally the nurſe of Cæſar and the beggar.* WARBURTON.

I cannot perceive the loſs of a line, or the need of an emendation. The commentator ſeems to have entangled his own ideas; his ſuppoſition that *ſuicide* is called *the beggar's nurſe and Cæſar's*, and his conceſſion that the poſition is *intelligible*, ſhew, I think, a mind not intent upon the buſineſs before it. The difficulty of the paſſage, if any difficulty there be, ariſes only from this, that the act of ſuicide, and the ſtate which is the effect of ſuicide are confounded. Voluntary death, ſays ſhe, is an act *which bolts up change*; it produces a ſtate,

Which ſleeps, and never palates more the dung
The beggar's nurſe, and Cæſar's.

Which has no longer need of the groſs and terrene ſuſtenance, in the uſe of which Cæſar and the beggar are on a level.

The ſpeech is abrupt, but perturbation in ſuch a ſtate is ſurely natural. JOHNSON.

It has been already ſaid in this play, that

" ——our *dungy* earth, alike
" Feeds man as beaſt."——

and Mr. Tollet obſerves, " that in *Herodotus*, book iii. the Æthiopian king, upon hearing a deſcription of the nature of wheat, replied, that he was not at all ſurprized, if men, who eat nothing but *dung*, did not attain a longer life." Shakeſpeare has the ſame epithet in the *Winter's Tale:*

" ———the face to ſweeten
" Of the whole *dungy* earth."——

Again, in *Timon:*

" ———the earth's a thief
" That feeds and breeds by a compoſture ſtolen
" From general *excrement*." STEEVENS.

Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.
Cleo. What's thy name?
Pro. My name is Proculeius.
Cleo. Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Ægypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.
Pro. Be of good cheer;
You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need: Let me report to him
Your sweet dependancy; and you shall find
A conqueror, [9] that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.
Cleo. Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I [1] send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.
Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pity'd
Of him that caus'd it.

[9] ——*that* will pray in aid *for kindness,*] *Praying in aid* is a law term, used for a petition made in a court of justice for the calling in of help from another that hath an interest in the cause in question. HANMER.

[1] ——————*send him*
The greatness he has got.——]
I allow him to be my conqueror; I own his superiority with complete submission. JOHNSON.

[Aside.]

[*Aside.*] [2] You see how easily she may be surpriz'd;
[*Here Gallus and guard ascend the monument, and enter behind.*
Guard her, 'till Cæsar come. [*Exit.*
Iras. Royal queen!
Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—
Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.
[*Drawing a dagger.*

Proculeius rushes in, and disarms the queen.

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:
Do not yourself such wrong, [3] who are in this
Reliev'd;

[2] Char. *You see how easily she may be surpriz'd.*] Here Charmian, who is so faithful as to die with her mistress, by the stupidity of the editors is made to countenance and give directions for her being surprized by Cæsar's messengers. But this blunder is for want of knowing, or observing, the historical fact. When Cæsar sent Proculeius to the queen, he sent Gallus after him with new instructions: and while one amused Cleopatra with propositions from Cæsar, through the crannies of the monument, the other scaled it by a ladder, entered it at a window backward, and made Cleopatra, and those with her, prisoners. I have reformed the passage therefore, (as, I am persuaded, the author designed it;) from the authority of Plutarch. THEOBALD.

This line in the first edition is given not to Charmian, but to Proculeius; and to him it certainly belongs, though perhaps misplaced. I would put it at the end of his foregoing speech:

Where he for grace is kneel'd to.
[Aside to Gallus.] *You see, how easily she may be surpriz'd.*

Then while Cleopatra makes a formal answer, Gallus, upon the hint given, seizes her, and Proculeius, interrupting the civility of his answer:

——*your plight is pity'd*
Of him that caus'd it.

Cries out:

Guard her 'till Cæsar come. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*who are in this*
Reliev'd, but *not betray'd.*]

As plausible as this reading is, it is corrupt. Had Shakespeare used the word *reliev'd*, he would have added, *and* not betray'd. But that he used another word the reply shews; *What of death too?* which

Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too, that rids our dogs of [4] languish?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse our master's bounty, by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
[5] Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
[6] If idle talk will once be necessary,

I'll

which will not agree with *reliev'd*; but will direct us to the genuine word, which is:

Bereav'd, but not betray'd.

i. e. *bereaved* of death, or of the means of destroying yourself, *but* not *betray'd* to your destruction. By the particle *too*, in her reply, she alludes to her being before *bereaved* of Antony. And thus his speech becomes correct, and her reply pertinent. WARBURTON.

I do not think the emendation necessary, since the sense is not made better by it, and the abruptness in Cleopatra's answer is more forcible in the old reading. JOHNSON.

4 —*languish*—] For *languish*, I think we may read,—*anguish*. JOHNSON.

Languish is the true reading. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, act I. sc. ii:

"One desperate grief cure with another's *languish*." STEEVENS.

5 *Worth many babes and beggars!*] Why, death, wilt thou not rather seize a queen, than employ thy force upon *babes* and *beggars*. JOHNSON.

6 *If idle* talk *will once be necessary*,] This nonsense should be reformed thus:

If idle time *will once be necessary*.

i. e. if *repose* be necessary to cherish life, I will not sleep. WARBURTON.

I do not see that the nonsense is made sense by the change. Sir T. Hanmer reads:

If idle talk will once be accessary;

Neither is this better. I know not what to offer better than an

easy

I'll not ſleep neither: This mortal houſe I'll ruin,
Do Cæſar what he can. Know, ſir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your maſter's court;
Nor once be chaſtis'd with the ſober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoiſt me up,
And ſhew me to the ſhouting varletry
Of cenſuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Ægypt
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me ſtark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet [7],
And hang me up in chains!

eaſy explanation. That is, *I will not eat*, and *if it will be neceſſary now for once* to waſte a moment in *idle talk* of my purpoſe, *I will not ſleep neither*. In common converſation we often uſe *will be*, with as little relation to futurity. As, Now I am going, it *will be* fit for me to dine firſt. JOHNSON.

Once may mean in *ſome caſes*. Of this uſe of the word I have already given inſtances, both in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, and *K. Hen.* VIII. The meaning of Cleopatra ſeems to be this. If *idle talking* be ſometimes neceſſary to the prolongation of life, why I will not *ſleep* for fear of *talking idly in my ſleep*.

The ſenſe deſigned, however, may be:—If it be neceſſary to talk of performing impoſſibilities, why, I'll not ſleep neither. STEEVENS.

If idle talk will once be neceſſary,
I'll not ſleep neither——]

I ſuſpect our author wrote:

I'll not ſpeak *neither*. MALONE.

[7] *My country's high pyramides my gibbet,*] The poet ſeems to have deſigned we ſhould read—*pyramides*, Lat. inſtead of *pyramids*, and ſo the folio reads. The verſe will otherwiſe be defective. Thus, in *Dr. Fauſtus*, 1604:

" Beſides the gates and high *pyramides*
" That Julius Cæſar brought from Africa."

Again, in *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

" Like to the ſhadows of *pyramides*."

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602. b. xii. c. 73:

" The theaters, *pyramides*, the hills of half a mile."

Mr. Tollet obſerves, " that Sandys in his *Travels*, as well as Drayton in the 26th ſong of his *Polyolbion*, uſes *pyramides* as a quadriſyllable. STEEVENS.

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: as for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please, [*To Cleopatra.*
If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die. [*Exit Proculeius.*

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard, or known.
You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony;—
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
[a] A sun, and moon; which kept their course, and lighted

The

[a] *A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted*
The little o' the earth.
Dol. *Most sovereign creature!*——]
What a blessed limping verse these *hemistichs* give us! Had none of the editors an ear to find the hitch in its pace? There is but a syllable wanting, and that, I believe verily, was out of a single letter. I restore:
"*The little* O *o' th' earth.*

i. e.

The little O, the earth.
Dol. Most sovereign creature,—
Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was property'd
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends[9];
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. [1] For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were dolphin-like; they shew'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: In his livery
Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates[2] dropt from his pocket.

Dol.

i. e. the little orb or circle. Our poet in other passages chuses to express himself thus. THEOBALD.

[9] ——and *that to friends.*] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read, with no less obscurity,

——————when *that to friends.* STEEVENS.

[1] ————— *For his bounty,*
There was no winter in't; an Antony *'twas,*
That grew the more by reaping ———]

There was certainly a contrast both in the thought and terms, design'd here, which is lost in an accidental corruption. How could an Antony grow the more by reaping? I'll venture, by a very easy change, to restore an exquisite fine allusion; which carries its reason with it too, why there was no *winter* in his bounty.

—————— *For his bounty,*
There was no winter in't; an autumn *'twas,*
That grew the more by reaping.

I ought to take notice, that the ingenious Dr. Thirlby likewise started this very emendation, and had mark'd it in the margin of his book. THEOBALD.

I cannot resist the temptation to quote the following beautiful passage from Ben Jonson's *New Inn*, on the subject of liberality.

"He gave me my first breeding, I acknowledge;
"Then shower'd his bounties on me, like the hours
"That open-handed sit upon the clouds,
"And press the liberality of heaven
"Down to the laps of thankful men." STEEVENS.

[2] *As plates*——] *Plates* mean, I believe, *silver money*. So, in Marlow's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"*What's*

Dol. Cleopatra,——

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lye, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; [3] yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam:

What's the price of this slave 200 crowns?
"And if he has, he's worth 300 *plates*."

Again:
"Rat'st thou this Moor but at 200 *plates*?" STEEVENS.

3 ———— *yet to imagine*
An Antony were nature's piece *'gainst fancy,*
Condemning shadows quite.

This is a fine sentiment; but by the false reading and pointing becomes unintelligible. Though when set right, obscure enough to deserve a comment. Shakespeare wrote:

—— *yet to imagine*
An Antony, were nature's prize *'gainst fancy,*
Condemning shadows quite.

The sense of which is this, *Nature, in general, has not materials enough to furnish out real forms, for every model that the boundless power of the imagination can sketch out:* [Nature wants matter to *vie* strange forms with fancy.] *But though this be true in general, that nature is more poor, narrow, and confined than* fancy, *yet it must be owned, that when nature presents an Antony to us, she then gets the better of* fancy, *and makes even the* imagination *appear poor and narrow:* or in our author's phrase, [*condemns shadows quite.*] The word *prize*, which I have restored, is very pretty, as figuring a contention between *Nature* and *Imagination* about the larger extent of their powers; and *Nature* gaining the prize by producing Antony. WARBURTON.

In this passage I cannot discover any temptation to critical experiments. The word *piece*, is a term appropriated to works of art. Here Nature and Fancy produce each their *piece*, and the *piece* done by Nature had the preference. Antony was in reality *past the size of dreaming*; he was more by *Nature* than *Fancy* could present in sleep. JOHNSON.

To *vie* was a term at cards. See a note on the *Taming of the Shrew*, p. 451. STEEVENS.

Your

Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: 'Would I might never
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots[4]
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.
Know you, what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loth to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will; I know it.

All. Make way there,—Cæsar.

Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Mecænas, Proculeius, and Attendants.

Cæs. Which is the queen of Ægypt?

Dol. It is the emperor, madam. [*Cleo. kneels.*

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel:
I pray you, rise; rise, Ægypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,
[5] I cannot project mine own cause so well
To

[4] —*shoots*] The old copy reads—*suites.* STEEVENS.

[5] *I cannot project mine own cause so well*] *Project* signifies to *invent* a cause, not to *plead* it; which is the sense here required. It is plain that we should read:

I cannot proctor my own cause so well.

The technical term, to plead by an advocate. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer reads:

I cannot parget my own cause—

meaning, I cannot *whitewash*, *varnish*, or *gloss* my cause. I believe

To make it clear; but do confeſs, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often ſham'd our ſex.

Cæſ. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourſelf to our intents,
(Which towards you are moſt gentle) you ſhall find
A benefit in this change: but if you ſeek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's courſe, you ſhall bereave yourſelf
Of my good purpoſes, and put your children
To that deſtruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours; and we
Your 'ſcutcheons, and your ſigns of conqueſt, ſhall
Hang in what place you pleaſe. Here, my good lord.

Cæſ. You ſhall adviſe me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am poſſeſs'd of: [6] 'tis exactly valued;

Not

lieve the preſent reading to be right. To *project a cauſe* is to *repreſent* a cauſe; to *project* it *well*, is to *plan* or *contrive* a ſcheme of defence. JOHNSON.

The old reading may be the true one. Sir John Harington in his *Metamorphoſis of Ajax*, 1596, p. 79, ſays: "I have choſen Ajax for the *project* of this diſcourſe." Yet Hanmer's conjecture may be likewiſe countenanced; for the word he wiſhes to bring in, is uſed in the 4th eclogue of Drayton:

"Scorn'd paintings, *pargit*, and the borrow'd hair."

And ſeveral times by Ben Jonſon. So, in the *Silent Woman*:

"—— ſhe's above fifty too, and *pargets*." STEEVENS.

6 ——— *'tis exactly valued,*
Not petty things admitted.——]

Sagacious editors! Cleopatra gives in a liſt of her wealth, ſays, 'tis exactly valued, but that petty things are not *admitted* in this liſt: and then ſhe appeals to her treaſurer, that ſhe has reſerved nothing to herſelf. And when he betrays her, ſhe is reduced to the ſhift of exclaiming againſt the ingratitude of ſervants, and of making apologies for having ſecreted certain trifles. Who does not ſee, that we ought to read:

Not petty things omitted?

For

Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer; let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,
I had rather seel my lips [7], than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild:—O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hir'd!—What, goest thou back? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: Slave, soul-less villain, dog!
O rarely base [8]!

Cæs. Good queen, let us intreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this [9];
That

For this declaration lays open her falshood; and makes her angry when her treasurer detects her in a direct lie. THEOBALD.

Notwithstanding the wrath of Mr. Theobald, I have restored the old reading She is angry afterwards, that she is accused of having reserved more than petty things. Dr. Warburton and sir T. Hanmer follow Theobald. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*seel my lips,*——] Sew up my mouth. JOHNSON.

It means, close up my lips as effectually as the eyes of a hawk are closed. To *seel* hawks was the technical term. STEEVENS.

[8] *O rarely base!*] i. e. base in an uncommon degree. STEEVENS.

[9] *O Cæsar,* &c.] This speech of Cleopatra is taken from sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, where it stands as follows. " O Cæsar, is not this great shame and reproach, that thou having

That thou, vouchſafing here to viſit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordlineſs
To one ſo meek, that mine own ſervant ſhould
[1] Parcel the ſum of my diſgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæſar,
That I ſome lady trifles have reſerv'd,
Immoment toys, things of ſuch dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and ſay,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; muſt I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! It ſmites me
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;
[*To Seleucus.*
Or I ſhall ſhew the cinders of my ſpirits
[2] Through the aſhes of my chance:—Wert thou a man,

Thou

ing vouchſafed to take the pains to come unto me, and haſt done me this honour, poor wretch and caitiff creature, brought into this pitiful and miſerable eſtate, and that mine own ſervants ſhould come now to accuſe me. Though it may be that I have reſerved ſome jewels and trifles meet for women, but not for me (poor ſoul) to ſet out myſelf withal; but meaning to give ſome pretty preſents unto Octavia and Livia, that they making means and interceſſion for me to thee, thou mighteſt yet extend thy favour and mercy upon me, &c." STEEVENS.

[1] *Parcel the ſum of my diſgraces by*] *To parcel her diſgraces*, might be expreſſed in vulgar language, *to bundle up her calamities*. JOHNSON.

[2] *Through the aſhes of my* chance:—] Or *fortune*. The meaning is, Begone, or I ſhall exert that royal ſpirit which I had in my proſperity, in ſpite of the imbecillity of my preſent weak condition. This taught the Oxford editor to alter it to *miſchance*. WARBURTON.

Or I ſhall ſhew the cinders *of my ſpirits*
Through the aſhes *of my chance*:——]
Thus Chaucer in his *Canterbury Tales*, late edit. v. 3880:
"Yet in our *aſhen* cold is fire yreken."
And thus (as the learned editor of the *Cant. Tales* has obſerved) Mr. Gray in his *Church-yard Elegy*:
"Even in our *aſhes* live their wonted fires."

Mr.

Thou would'ſt have mercy on me.

Cæſ. Forbear, Seleucus. [*Exit Seleucus.*

Cleo. 9 Be it known, that we, the greateſt, are miſ-thought

For

Mr. Gray refers to the following paſſage in the 169 (171) ſonnet of *Petrarch*, as his original:

" *Ch'i veggio nel penſier, dolce mio foco,*
" *Fredda una lingua, e due begli occhi chiuſi*
" *Rimaner dopo noi pien di faville.*" Edit. 1564. p. 271.

STEEVENS.

9 *Be it known, that we the greateſt are mis-thought*
For things that others do; and when we fall,
We anſwer others' merits, in our names
Are therefore to be pitied.]

This falſe pointing has rendered the ſentiment, which was not very eaſy at beſt, altogether unintelligible. The lines ſhould be pointed thus:

Be't known, that we, the greateſt, are misthought
For things that others do. And when we fall
We anſwer. Others' merits, in our names
Are therefore to be pitied.

i. e. *We monarchs, while in power, are accuſed and blamed for the miſcarriages of our miniſters; and when any misfortune hath ſubjected us to the power of our enemies, we are ſure to be puniſhed for thoſe faults. As this is the caſe, it is but reaſonable that we ſhould have the merit of our miniſters' good actions, as well as bear the blame of their bad.* But ſhe ſoftens the word *merit* into *pity*. The reaſon of her making the reflexion was this: her former conduct was liable to much cenſure from Octavius, which ſhe would hereby artfully inſinuate was owing to her evil miniſters. And as her preſent conduct, in concealing her treaſures, appeared to be her own act, ſhe being detected by her miniſter; ſhe begs, that as ſhe now anſwers for her former miniſter's miſcarriages, ſo her preſent miniſter's merit in this diſcovery might likewiſe be placed to her account: which ſhe thinks but reaſonable. The Oxford editor is here again at his old work of altering what he did not underſtand, and ſo transforms the paſſage thus:

——— *and when we fall,*
We pawder *other's merits* with *our names;*
And therefore to be pitied. WARBURTON.

I do not think that either of the criticks have reached the ſenſe of the author, which may be very commodiouſly explained thus:

We ſuffer at our higheſt ſtate of elevation in the *thoughts of mankind for that which others do; and when we fall,* thoſe that

con-

For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our names,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be it yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;
[1] Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear queen;
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; And so, adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs. Not so: Adieu. [*Exeunt Cæsar, and his train.*

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself: But hark thee, Charmian.
[*Whispers Charmian.*

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again:
I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

contented themselves only to think ill before, call us to *answer in our own names for the merits of others. We are therefore to be pitied. Merits* is in this place taken in an ill sense, for actions *meriting* censure.

If any alteration be necessary, I should only propose,

Be't known, that we at *greatest*, &c. JOHNSON.

[1] *Make not your thoughts your prisons;*—] I once wished to read,

Make not your thoughts your poison:——

Do not destroy yourself by musing on your misfortune. Yet I would change nothing, as the old reading presents a very proper sense. *Be not a prisoner in imagination, when in reality you are free.* JOHNSON.

Re-

Re-enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the queen?
Char. Behold, ſir. [*Exit Charmian.*
Cleo. Dolabella?
Dol. Madam, as thereto ſworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæſar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You with your children will he ſend before:
Make your beſt uſe of this: I have perform'd
Your pleaſure, and my promiſe.
Cleo. Dolabella,
I ſhall remain your debtor.
Dol. I your ſervant.
Adieu, good queen; I muſt attend on Cæſar. [*Exit.*
Cleo. Farewel, and thanks. Now, Iras, what think'ſt thou?
Thou, an Ægyptian puppet, ſhalt be ſhewn
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic ſlaves
With greaſy aprons, rules, and hammers, ſhall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of groſs diet, ſhall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.
Iras. The gods forbid!
Cleo. Nay, 'tis moſt certain, Iras: Saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like ſtrumpets; and [2] ſcald rhimers
Ballad us out o' tune: the [3] quick comedians
Extemporally will ſtage us, and preſent
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I ſhall ſee

[2] ——— ſcald *rhimers*] Sir T. Hanmer reads,
——— ſtall'd *rhimers*.
Scald was a word of contempt, implying poverty, diſeaſe, and filth. JOHNSON.

[3] —*quick comedians*] The gay inventive players. JOHNSON.

Some

Some ſqueaking Cleopatra [4] boy my greatneſs
I' the poſture of a whore.
Iras. O the good gods!
Cleo. Nay, that's certain.
Iras. I'll never ſee it; for, I am ſure, my nails
Are ſtronger than mine eyes.
Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
[5] Their moſt abſurd intents.—Now, Charmian?—

Enter Charmian.

Shew me, my women, like a queen:—Go fetch
My beſt attires;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony:—Sirrah, Iras, go.—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll diſpatch indeed:
And, when thou haſt done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play 'till dooms-day.—Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noiſe? [*A noiſe within.*

4 —*boy my greatneſs,*] The parts of women were acted on the ſtage by boys. HANMER.

Naſh, in Pierce Pennyleſſe his Supplication, &c. 1595, ſays, "Our players are not as the players beyond ſea, a ſort of ſquirting bawdy comedians, that have whores and common courteſans to play women's parts, &c." To obviate this impropriety of men repreſenting women, T. Goff, in his tragedy of the *Raging Turk*, 1631, has no female character. STEEVENS.

5 *Their moſt* abſurd *intents.*—] Why ſhould Cleopatra call Cæſar's deſigns *abſurd?* She could not think his intent of carrying her in triumph, ſuch, with regard to his own glory: and her finding an expedient to diſappoint him, could not bring it under that predicament. I much rather think the poet wrote,

Their moſt aſſur'd *intents*———

i. e. the purpoſes, which they make themſelves moſt ſure of accompliſhing. THEOBALD.

I have preſerved the old reading. The deſign certainly appeared *abſurd* enough to Cleopatra, both as ſhe thought it unreaſonable in itſelf, and as ſhe knew it would fail. JOHNSON.

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be deny'd your highneſs' preſence;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. What a poor inſtrument [*Exit Guard.*
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My reſolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot
I am marble-conſtant: [6] now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guard.*
Haſt thou [7] the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That

[6] *——now the fleeting moon*
No planet is of mine.]
Alluding to the Ægyptian devotion paid to the moon under the name of Iſis. WARBURTON.

I really believe that our poet was not at all acquainted with the devotion that the Ægyptians paid to this planet under the name of Iſis; but that Cleopatra having ſaid, *I have nothing of woman in me*, added, by way of amplification, that ſhe had not *even the changes of diſpoſition peculiar to the ſex, and which ſometimes happen as frequently as thoſe of the moon*; or that ſhe was not, like the ſea, governed by the moon. So, in *Richard* III:—"I being govern'd by the watry *moon*, &c." Why ſhould ſhe ſay on this occaſion that ſhe no longer made uſe of the forms of worſhip peculiar to her country?

Fleeting is inconſtant. So in Greene's *Never too late*, 1616: "If thou bee'ſt daunted on thy marriage day, thou wilt be *fleeting* hereafter." Again, in Green's *Metamorphoſis*, 1617:——"to ſhew the world ſhe was not *fleeting*." STEEVENS.

[7] *—the pretty worm of Nilus—*] *Worm* is the Teutonick word for *ſerpent*, we have the *blind-worm* and *ſlow worm* ſtill in our language, and the Norwegians call an enormous monſter, ſeen ſometimes in the northern ocean, the *ſea-worm*. JOHNSON.

 So,

That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him: but I would not be the party that ſhould deſire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; thoſe, that do die of it, do ſeldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'ſt thou any that have dy'd on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yeſterday: a very honeſt woman, but ſomething given to lye; as a woman ſhould not do, but in the way of honeſty: how ſhe dy'd of the biting of it, what pain ſhe felt,—Truly, ſhe makes a very good report o' the worm: [8] But he that will believe all that they ſay, ſhall never be ſaved by half that they do: But this is moſt fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewel.

Clown. I wiſh you all joy of the worm.

So, in the *Dumb Knight*, 1633:
"Thoſe coals the Roman Portia did devour,
"Are not burnt out, nor have th' Ægyptian *worms*
"Yet loſt their ſtings."
Again, in the *Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1631:
"——I'll watch for fear
Of venomous *worms*." STEEVENS.

In the Northern counties, the word *worm* is ſtill given to the ſerpent ſpecies in general. I have ſeen a Northumberland ballad, entituled, *The laidly Worm of Spindleſton Heughs*, i. e. The loathſome or foul ſerpent of Spindleſton Craggs; certain rocks ſo called, near Bamburgh Caſtle.

Shakeſpeare uſes *worm* again in the ſame ſenſe. See the Second part of *King Henry* VI.
"The mortal *worm* might make the ſleep eternal.
PERCY.

Again, in the old verſion of the *New Teſtament*, Acts xxviii.
"Now when the barbarians ſawe the *worme* hang on his hand, &c."
TOLLET.

[8] *But he that will believe all that they ſay, ſhall never be ſaved by half that they do:*] Shakeſpeare's clowns are always jokers, and deal in ſly ſatire. It is plain this muſt be read the contrary way, and *all* and *half* change places. WARBURTON.

Probably Shakeſpeare deſigned that confuſion which the critick would diſentangle. STEEVENS.

Cleo. Farewel.

Clown. You muſt think this, look you, that the worm [9] will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewel.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be truſted, but in the keeping of wiſe people; for, indeed, there is no goodneſs in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it ſhall be heeded.

Clown. Very good: give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You muſt not think I am ſo ſimple, but I know, the devil himſelf will not eat a woman: I know, that a woman is a diſh for the gods, if the devil dreſs her not. But, truly, theſe ſame whoreſon devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewel.

Clown. Yes, forſooth; I wiſh you joy o' the worm. [*Exit.*

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me: Now no more
The juice of Ægypt's grape ſhall moiſt this lip:—
Yare, yare [1], good Iras; quick.——Methinks, I hear

An-

[9] *will do his kind.*] The ſerpent will act according to his nature. JOHNSON.

So in Heywood's *If you know not Me you know Nobody*, 1633:
"Good girls, they *do their kind*."
Again, in the ancient black letter romance of *Syr Tryamoure*, no date:
"He *dyd* full gently *his kinde*." STEEVENS.

[1] *Yare, yare,*—] i. e make haſte, be nimble, be ready. Many inſtances of the uſe of the word have been already given. So in the old bl. romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys*:
"Ryght ſoone he made him *yare*."

Again,

Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath: Husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to baser life.—So,—have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewel, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewel.
[*applying the asp.*
Have I the aspick in my lips? Dost fall[2]? [*To Iras.*
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lye still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking. [*Iras dies.*

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may fly,
The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me base:
If she first meet the curled Antony,
[3] He'll make demand of her; and spend that kiss,
Which is my heaven to have.—Come, thou mortal wretch,
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
[*To the asp.*
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak!

Again,
"To hym she went full *yare*,
"Syr, she sayde, how do you fare?"
Again,
"They busked and made them *yare*." STEEVENS.

[2] — *Dost fall?*] Iras must be supposed to have applied an asp to her arm while her mistress was settling her dress, or I know not why she should fall so soon. STEEVENS.

[3] *He'll make demand of her.*] He will enquire of her concerning me, and kiss her for giving him intelligence. JOHNSON.

8 That

That I might hear thee call great Cæſar, aſs
Unpolicy'd [4]!
Char. O eaſtern ſtar!
Cleo. Peace, peace!
Doſt thou not ſee my baby at my breaſt,
That ſucks the nurſe aſleep [5]?
Char. O, break! O, break!
Cleo. As ſweet as balm, as ſoft as air, as gentle,—
[6] O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:——
[*Applying another aſp to her arm.*
What ſhould I ſtay—— [*Dies.*

[4] —*aſs*
Unpolicy'd!] i. e. an aſs *without more policy* than to leave the means of death within my reach, and thereby deprive his triumph of its nobleſt decoration. STEEVENS.

[5] *That ſucks the nurſe aſleep?*] Before the publication of this piece, *The Tragedy of Cleopatra*, by Daniel, 1599, had made its appearance; but Dryden is more indebted to it than Shakeſpeare. Daniel has the following lines:

"Better than death death's office thou diſchargeſt,
"That with one gentle touch can free our breath;
"And in a pleaſing ſleep our ſoul enlargeſt,
"Making ourſelves not privy to our death.—
"Therefore come thou, of wonders wonder chief,
"That open can'ſt with ſuch an eaſy key
"The door of life; come gentle, cunning thief,
"That from ourſelves ſo ſteal'ſt ourſelves away."

Dryden ſays on the ſame occaſion:

——Welcome thou kind deceiver!
Thou beſt of thieves; who with an eaſy key
Doſt open life, and, unperceiv'd by us,
Even ſteal us from ourſelves: Diſcharging ſo
Death's dreadful office better than himſelf,
Touching our limbs ſo gently into ſlumber,
That death ſtands by, deceiv'd by his own image,
"And thinks himſelf but ſleep." STEEVENS.

[6] *O Antony! nay, I will take* thee *too.*] As there has been hitherto no break in this verſe, nor any marginal direction, *thee* neceſſarily muſt ſeem to refer to Antony. But Cleopatra is here deſigned to apply one aſpick to her arm, as ſhe had before clapp'd one to her breaſt. And the laſt ſpeech of Dolabella in the play is a confirmation of this.

The like is on her arm. THEOBALD.

Char. In this wild world [7]?—So, fare thee well.
Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! [8] Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen?
Char. Speak softly, wake her not.
1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent——
Char. Too slow a messenger.—
[*Charmian applies the asp.*
O, come; apace, dispatch:—I partly feel thee.
1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's beguil'd.
2 *Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar;—call him.
1 *Guard.* What work is here?—Charmian, is this well done?
Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings [9].
Ah, soldier! [*Charmian dies.*

Enter

[7] *In this* wild *world?*] Thus the old copy. I suppose she means by this *wild* world, this world which by the death of Antony is become a *desert* to her. A *wild* is a desert. Our author, however, might have written *vild* (i. e. *vile* according to ancient spelling) for worthless. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*Your crown's* awry;] This is well amended by the editors. The old editions had,

——— *Your crown*'s away. JOHNSON.

So, in Daniel's *Tragedy of Cleopatra*, 1599:
" And senseless, in her sinking down, she *wryes*
" The diadem which on her head she wore;
" Which Charmian (poor weak feeble maid) espyes,
" And hastes to right it as it was before;
" For Eras now was dead." STEEVENS.

[9] *Descended of so many royal kings.*] Almost these very words are found in sir T. North's translation of Plutarch; and in Daniel's

play

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?
2 *Guard.* All dead.
Dol. Cæſar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: Thyſelf art coming
To ſee perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So ſought'ſt to hinder.

Enter Cæſar, and Attendants.

Within. A way there, a way for Cæſar!
Dol. O, ſir, you are too ſure an augurer;
That you did fear, is done.
Cæſ. Braveſt at the laſt:
She levell'd at our purpoſes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?—
I do not ſee them bleed.
Dol. Who was laſt with them?
1 *Guard.* A ſimple countryman, that brought her figs;
This was his baſket.
Cæſ. Poiſon'd then.
1 *Guard.* O Cæſar,
This Charmian liv'd but now; ſhe ſtood, and ſpake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead miſtreſs; tremblingly ſhe ſtood,
And on the ſudden drop'd.
Cæſ. O noble weakneſs!—
If they had ſwallow'd poiſon, 'twould appear
By external ſwelling: but ſhe looks like ſleep,
As ſhe would catch another Antony
In her ſtrong toil of grace.

play on the ſame ſubject. The former book is not uncommon, and therefore it would be impertinent to crowd the page with every circumſtance which Shakeſpeare has borrowed from the ſame original. STEEVENS.

Dol. Here, on her breaſt
There is a vent of blood, and [1] ſomething blown:
The like is on her arm.
1 Guard. This is an aſpick's trail; and theſe fig-leaves
Have ſlime upon them, ſuch as the aſpick leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.
Cæſ. Moſt probable,
That ſo ſhe dy'd; for her phyſician tells me,
She hath purſu'd concluſions infinite
Of eaſy ways to die.—Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument:—
She ſhall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth ſhall clip in it
A pair ſo famous. High events as theſe
Strike thoſe that make them: and their ſtory is
No leſs in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army ſhall,
In ſolemn ſhew, attend this funeral;
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, ſee
High order in this great ſolemnity. [*Exeunt omnes.*

[1] —*ſomething* blown;] The fleſh is ſomewhat *puffed* or *ſwoln.* JOHNSON.

So, in the ancient metrical romance of *Syr Bevys* of Hampton, bl. l. no date:

"That with venim upon him throwen,
"The knight lay then to-*blowen.*"

Again, in the romance of *Syr Iſenbras*, bl. l. no date:

"With adders all your beſtes ben ſlaine,
"With venyme are they *blowe.*"

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Magnetic Lady*:

"——What is *blown*, puft? ſpeak Engliſh.——
"Tainted an' pleaſe you, ſome do call it.
"She *ſwells* and ſo *ſwells*, &c." STEEVENS.

THIS play keeps curioſity always buſy, and the paſſions always intereſted. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick ſucceſſion of one perſonage to another, call the mind forward without intermiſſion from the firſt act to the

last,

laſt. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the ſcene; for, except the feminine arts, ſome of which are too low, which diſtinguiſh Cleopatra, no character is very ſtrongly diſcriminated. Upton, who did not eaſily miſs what he deſired to find, has diſcovered that the language of Antony is, with great ſkill and learning, made pompous and ſuperb, according to his real practice. But I think his diction not diſtinguiſhable from that of others: the moſt tumid ſpeech in the play is that which Cæſar makes to Octavia.

The events, of which the principal are deſcribed according to hiſtory, are produced without any art of connexion or care of diſpoſition. JOHNSON.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

Perſons Repreſented.

Timon, *A noble* Athenian.
Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius, } *Lords.*
Apemantus, *a Philoſopher.*
Alcibiades.
Flavius, *Steward to* Timon.
Flaminius, Lucilius, Servilius, } Timon's *Servants.*
Caphis, Varro, Philo, Titus, Lucius, Hortenſius, } *Servants.*
Ventidius, *one of* Timon's *Friends.*
Cupid *and Maſkers.*
Strangers.

Phrynia, Timandra, } *Miſtreſſes to* Alcibiades.

Thieves, Senators, Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant; with Servants and Attendants.

SCENE, Athens; *and the Woods not far from it.*

TIMON OF ATHENS[1].

ACT I. SCENE I.

Athens.

A Hall in Timon's House.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant, [2] *at several doors.*

Poet. Good day, sir [3].

Pain. I am glad you are well.

Poet.

[1] *Timon of Athens.*] The story of the Misanthrope is told in almost every collection of the time, and particularly in two books, with which Shakespeare was intimately acquainted; the *Palace of Pleasure*, and the *English Plutarch*. Indeed from a passage in an old play, called *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, I conjecture that he had before made his appearance on the stage. FARMER.

The passage in *Jack Drum's Entertainment* or *Pasquil and Katherine*, 1601, is this:

"Come, I'll be as sociable as *Timon of Athens*."

But the allusion is so slight, that it might as well have been borrowed from Plutarch or the Novel.

Mr. Strutt the engraver, to whom our antiquaries are under no inconsiderable obligations, has in his possession a MS. play on this subject.

[2] In the old copy: *Enter, &c. Merchant and* Mercer, *&c.* STEEVENS.

[3] Poet. *Good day, sir.*] It would be less abrupt, to begin the play thus:

Poet. *Good day.*
Pain. *Good day, sir*: I am glad you're well. FARMER.

Poet. I have not ſeen you long; How goes the world?

Pain. It wears, ſir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known:

[4] But what particular rarity? what ſtrange,

Which

ſubject. It appears to have been written, or tranſcribed, about the year 1600. ' There is a ſcene in it reſembling Shakeſpeare's banquet given by Timon to his flatterers. Inſtead of *warm water* he ſets before them *ſtones painted like artichokes*, and afterwards beats them out of the room. He then retires to the woods attended by his faithful ſteward, who (like Kent in *K. Lear*) has diſguiſed himſelf to continue his ſervices to his maſter. Timon, in the laſt act is followed by his fickle miſtreſs, &c. after he was reported to have diſcovered a hidden treaſure by digging. The piece itſelf (though it appears to be the work of an academick) is a wretched one. The perſonæ dramatis are as follows.

The actors names.

Timon.
Laches, his faithful ſervant.
Eutrapelus, a diſſolute young man.
Gelaſimus, a cittie heyre.
Pſeudocheus, a lying travailer.
Demeas, an orator.
Philargurus, a covetous churliſh ould man.
Hermogenes, a fidler.
Abyſſus, a uſurer.
Lollio, a cuntrey clowne, Philargurus ſonne.
Stilpo, Speuſippus, } Two lying philoſophers.
Grunnio, a lean ſervant of Philargurus.
Obba, Tymon's butler.
Pœdio, Gelaſimus page.
Two ſerjeants.
A ſailor.
Callimela, Philargurus daughter.
Blatte, her prattling nurſe.

SCENE, Athens. STEEVENS.

[4] *But what particular rarity*, &c.] Our author, it is obſervable, has made his poet in this play a knave. But that it might not reflect upon the *profeſſion* he has made him only a pretender to it, as appears from his having drawn him, all the way, with a falſe taſte and judgment. One infallible mark of which is, a fondneſs for every thing ſtrange, ſurprizing, and portentous; and, a diſregard

for

Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magick of bounty! all theſe ſpirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; the other's a jeweller.

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay, that's moſt fix'd.

Mer. A moſt incomparable man; [5] breath'd; as it were
To an untirable and continuate goodneſs:
He paſſes [6].

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let's ſee't: For the lord Timon, ſir?

for whatever is common, or in nature. Shakeſpeare therefore has with great delicacy of judgment put his poetaſter upon this inquiry.
WARBURTON.

The learned commentator's note muſt ſhift for itſelf. I cannot but think that this paſſage is at preſent in confuſion. The poet aſks a queſtion, and ſtays not for an anſwer, nor has his queſtion any apparent drift or conſequence. I would range the paſſage thus:

Poet. *Ay, that's well known.*
But what particular rarity? what ſo ſtrange,
That manifold record not matches?
Pain. *See!*
Poet. *Magick of bounty,* &c.

It may not be improperly obſerved here, that as there is only one copy of this play, no help can be had from collation, and more liberty muſt be allowed to conjecture. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*breath'd as it were*
To an untirable and continuate *goodneſs.*]
Breathed is *inured by conſtant practice*; ſo trained as not to be wearied. To *breathe* a horſe, is to exerciſe him for the courſe.
JOHNSON.

——*continuate*——] This word is uſed by many ancient English writers. Thus, by Chapman in his verſion of the 4th book of the *Odyſſey*:

"Her handmaids join'd in a *continuate* yell." STEEVENS.

[6] *He* paſſes.] i. e. he exceeds, goes beyond common bounds. So, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*:

"Why this *paſſes*, maſter Ford." STEEVENS.

Jew.

Jew. If he will [7] touch the estimate: But, for that—

Poet. [8] *When we for recompence have prais'd the vile,*
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good form. [*Looking on the jewel.*

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look you.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipt idly from me.
Our poesy is as a gum, [9] which oozes
From whence 'tis nourished: The fire i' the flint
Shews not, 'till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, [1] and, like the current, flies
Each

7 ——*touch the estimate:*——] Come up to the price. JOHNSON.

8 *When we for recompence* &c.] We must here suppose the poet busy in reading his own work; and that these three lines are the introduction of the poem addressed to Timon, which he afterwards gives the painter an account of. WARBURTON.

9 ——*which* oozes] The folio copy reads,—*which* uses. The modern editors have given it,—*which* issues. JOHNSON.

The only ancient copy reads: *Our poesie* is *as a* gowne *which* uses. STEEVENS.

1 —— *and, like the current flies*
Each bound it chafes.——]

Thus the folio reads, and rightly. In later editions—*chases.* WARBURTON.

This speech of the poet is very obscure. He seems to boast the copiousness and facility of his vein, by declaring that verses drop from a poet as gums from odoriferous trees, and that his flame kindles itself without the violence necessary to elicit sparkles from the flint. What follows next? that it, *like a current, flies each bound it chafes.* This may mean, that it expands itself notwithstanding all obstructions: but the images in the comparison are so ill-sorted, and the effect so obscurely expressed, that I cannot but think something omitted that connected the last sentence with the former. It is well known that the players often shorten speeches to quicken the representation: and it may be suspected, that they some-

Each bound it chases. What have you there?
Pain. A picture, sir. When comes your book forth?
Poet. [2] Upon the heels of my presentment [3], sir.
Let's see your piece.
Pain. 'Tis a good piece.
Poet. So 'tis: [4] this comes off well and excellent.
Pain. Indifferent.
Poet. Admirable: [5] How this grace
Speaks

sometimes performed their amputations with more haste than judgment. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the sense is, that having *touch'd on one subject, it flies off in quest of another.* The old copy seems to read:

Each bound it chases.——

The letters *f* and *ſ* are not always to be distinguished from each other, especially when the types have been much worn, as in the first folio. If *chases* be the true reading, it is best explained by the "——*se sequiturque fugitque*—" of the Roman poet. STEEVENS.

[2] *Upon the heels* &c.] As soon as my book has been presented to lord Timon. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*presentment*,——] The patrons of Shakespeare's age do not appear to have been all *Timons*.

"I did determine not to have dedicated my play to any body, because *forty shillings* I care not for, and above, few or none will bestow on these matters." Preface to a *Woman is a Weathercock*, by N. Field, 1612. STEEVENS.

[4] —*this* comes off *well and excellent.*] By this we are to understand what the painters call the *goings off* of a picture, which requires the nicest execution. WARBURTON.

The note I understand less than the text. The meaning is: The figure rises well from the canvas. *C'est bien relevè.* JOHNSON.

What is meant by this term of applause I do not exactly know. It occurs again in the *Widow*, by B. Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton:

"It *comes off* very fair yet."

Again, in *A Trick to catch the old One*, 1616: "Put a good tale in his ear, so that it *comes off cleanly*, and there's a horse and man for us, I warrant thee." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*how this* grace
Speaks its own standing?——]

This relates to the attitude of the figure; and means that it stands judiciously

Speaks his own ſtanding? what a mental power
This eye ſhoots forth? how big imagination
Moves in this lip? to the dumbneſs of the geſture
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; Is't good?

Poet. I'll ſay of it,
It tutors nature: [6] artificial ſtrife
Lives

judiciouſly on its own centre. And not only ſo, but that it has a graceful ſtanding likewiſe. Of which the poet in *Hamlet*, ſpeaking of another picture, ſays:

"A *Station* like the Herald, Mercury,
"New-lighted on a heav'n-kiſſing hill."

which lines Milton ſeems to have had in view, where he ſays of Raphael:

"At once on th' eaſtern *cliff of Paradiſe*
"He *lights*, and to his proper ſhape returns.
"——*Like Maia's ſon he ſtood.*" WARBURTON.

This ſentence ſeems to me obſcure, and, however explained, not very forcible. *This grace ſpeaks his own ſtanding*, is only, *The gracefulneſs of this figure ſhews how it ſtands.* I am inclined to think ſomething corrupted. It would be more natural and clear thus:

——*how this* ſtanding
Speaks his own graces?——

How this poſture diſplays its own *gracefulneſs.* But I will indulge conjecture further, and propoſe to read:

——*how this grace*
Speaks underſtanding? *what a mental power*
This eye ſhoots forth?—— JOHNSON.

The paſſage, to my apprehenſion at leaſt, *ſpeaks its own meaning*, which is, how the graceful attitude of this figure proclaims that it ſtands firm on its centre, or gives evidence in favour of its own fixure. *Grace* is introduced as bearing witneſs to *propriety*. A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in *Cymbeline*, act II. ſc. iv:

"——never ſaw I figures
"So likely to *report themſelves.*" STEEVENS.

[6] ——*artificial* ſtrife] *Strife* for action or motion. WARBURTON.

Strife is either the conteſt or act with nature.

"*Hic ille eſt* Raphael, *timuit, quo ſoſpite vinci*
"*Rerum magna parens, & moriente mori.*"

Or it is the contraſt of forms or oppoſition of colours. JOHNSON.

So,

Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators.

Pain. How this lord is follow'd!
Poet. The senators of Athens;—Happy men [7]!
Pain. Look, more!
Poet. You see [8] this confluence, this great flood of visitors.
I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: My free drift
[9] Halts not particularly, but moves itself
[1] In a wide sea of wax: [2] no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

So, in some lines under one of Faithorne's heads:
"Faithorne, with nature at a noble *strife*,
"Hath paid the author a great share of life, &c."
STEEVENS.

[7] ——*Happy* men!] I think we had better read: ——*Happy* man! It is the happiness of *Timon*, and not of the senators, upon which the Poet means to exclaim. STEEVENS.

[8] *This confluence, this great flood of visitors.*]
"*Mane salutantûm totis vomit ædibus undam.*" JOHNSON.

[9] *Halts not particularly,*——] My design does not stop at any single characters. JOHNSON.

[1] *In a wide sea of wax:*—] Anciently they wrote upon waxen tables with an iron stile. HANMER.

[2] ——*no* levell'd *malice*] Why this epithet to malice? which belongs to all actions whatsoever, which have their aim or *level*. Shakespeare wrote:
——*no* leven'd *malice*,
which is not only a proper epithet for the acidity of that passion, but answers well to the next words *infects*, and *leaving no tract behind*, as any thing fermenting or corrosive does. WARBURTON.

To *level* is to *aim*, to point the shot at a mark. Shakespeare's meaning is, my poem is not a satire written with any particular view, or *levelled* at any single person, I fly like an eagle into the general expanse of life, and leave not, by any private mischief, the trace of my passage. JOHNSON.

Pain. How ſhall I underſtand you?

Poet. [3] I'll unbolt to you.

You ſee, how all conditions, how all minds,
(As well of [4] glib and ſlippery creatures, as
Of grave and auſtere quality) tender down
Their ſervices to lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All ſorts of hearts; yea, from the [5] glaſs-fac'd flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himſelf; [6] even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Moſt rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I ſaw them ſpeak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleaſant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: The baſe o' the mount
Is [7] rank'd with all deſerts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the boſom of this ſphere
[8] To propagate their ſtates: amongſt them all,
Whoſe eyes are on this ſovereign lady fix'd,
One do I perſonate of Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;

[3] *I'll unbolt* ——] I'll open, I'll explain. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*glib and ſlipp'ry creatures,* ——] Hanmer, and Warburton after him, read, *natures*. *Slippery* is *ſmooth*, unreſiſting. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*glaſs-fac'd flatt'rer*] That ſhows in his own look, as by reflection, the looks of his patron. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*even he drops down* &c.] Either Shakeſpeare meant to put a falſhood into the mouth of his poet, or had not yet thoroughly planned the character of Apemantus; for in the enſuing ſcenes, his behaviour is as cynical to Timon as to his followers. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*rank'd with all deſerts,* ——] *Cover'd with ranks* of all kinds of men. JOHNSON.

[8] *To* propagate *their ſtates:* ——] To *propagate*, for to make. WARBURTON.

To advance or improve their various conditions of life. JOHNSON.

Whoſe

Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis [9] conceiv'd to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
[1] In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on:
All those which were his fellows but of late,
(Some better than his value) on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
[2] Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrop, and [3] through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down [4],
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

[9] ——*conceiv'd to scope.*] Properly imagined, appositely, to the purpose. JOHNSON.

[1] *In our* condition.] *Condition*, for art. WARBURTON.

[2] *Rain* sacrificial *whisp'rings in his ear,*] The sense is obvious, and means, in general, *flattering him*. The particular kind of flattery may be collected from the circumstance of its being offered up in *whispers* which shews it was the calumniating those whom Timon hated or envied, or whose vices were opposite to his own. This offering up, to the person flattered, the murdered reputation of others, Shakespeare, with the utmost beauty of thought and expression, calls *sacrificial whisp'rings*, alluding to the victims offered up to idols. WARBURTON.

[3] ———*through him*
Drink the free air.]
That is, catch his breath in affected fondness. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*let him* slip *down*,] The old copy reads:
———*let him* sit *down*.
The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

Pain. 'Tis common:
A thousand moral paintings I can shew [5],
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
To shew lord Timon, that mean eyes [6] have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter Timon, addressing himself courteously to every suitor.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you? [*To a messenger.*
Mes. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing him,
[7] Periods his comfort.
Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman, that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him.
Mes. Your lordship ever binds him.
Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;

5 *A thousand moral paintings I can shew,*] Shakespeare seems to intend in this dialogue to express some competition between the two great arts of imitation. Whatever the poet declares himself to have shewn, the painter thinks he could have shewn better.
JOHNSON.

6 —*mean eyes*—] i. e. inferior spectators. So, in *Wotton's Letter to Bacon*, dated March the last, 1613: "Before their majesties, and almost as many other *meaner eyes*, &c." TOLLET.

7 Periods *his comfort.*] To *period* is, perhaps, a verb of Shakespeare's introduction into the English language. I find it however used by Heywood, after him, in *A Maidenhead well Lost*, 1634:
"How easy could I *period* all my care."
Again, in the *Country Girl*, by T. B. 1647:
"To *period* our vain grievings."
Again, in *The Acknowledgement*, a poem by Barton Holyday:
"'Tis some poor comfort that this mortal scope
"Will *period*."— STEEVENS.

And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me:—
[8] 'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to ſupport him after.—Fare you well.

Meſ. All happineſs to your honour[9]! [*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me ſpeak.

Tim. Freely, good father,

Old Ath. Thou haſt a ſervant nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I have ſo: What of him?

Old Ath. Moſt noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Enter Lucilius.

Luc. Here, at your lordſhip's ſervice.

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my houſe. I am a man
That from my firſt have been inclin'd to thrift;
And my eſtate deſerves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin elſe,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngeſt for a bride,
And I have bred her at my deareſt coſt,
In qualities of the beſt. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,

[8] *'Tis not enough* &c.] This thought is better expreſſed by Dr. Madden in his Elegy on archbiſhop Boulter:
"——He thought it mean
"Only to help the poor to beg again." JOHNSON.

[9] ——*your honour!*] The common addreſs to a lord in our author's time, was *your honour*, which was indifferently uſed with your lordſhip. See any old letter, or dedication of that age. STEEVENS.

Join with me to forbid him her reſort;
Myſelf have ſpoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honeſt.

Old Ath. [1] Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honeſty rewards him in itſelf,
It muſt not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does ſhe love him?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent paſſions do inſtruct us
What levity is in youth.

Tim. [*To Lucil.*] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and ſhe accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my conſent be miſſing,
I call the gods to witneſs, I will chooſe
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And diſpoſſeſs her all.

Tim. How ſhall ſhe be endow'd
If ſhe be mated with an equal huſband?

Old Ath. Three talents, on the preſent; in future, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath ſerv'd me long;
To build his fortune, I will ſtrain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:

[1] *Therefore he will be, Timon:*——] The thought is cloſely expreſſed, and obſcure: but this ſeems the meaning: *If the man be honeſt, my lord, for that reaſon he will be ſo in this; and not endeavour at the injuſtice of gaining my daughter without my conſent.* WARBURTON.

I rather think an emendation neceſſary, and read:

Therefore well be him, *Timon:*
His honeſty rewards him in itſelf.

That is, *If he is honeſt*, bene ſit illi, *I wiſh him the proper happineſs of an honeſt man, but his honeſty gives him no claim to my daughter.* The firſt tranſcriber probably wrote *will be him*, which the next, not underſtanding, changed to, *he will be.* JOHNSON.

I think Dr. Warburton's explanation is beſt, becauſe it exacts no change. So, in *K. Hen.* VIII:

"——May he continue
"Long in his highneſs' favour; *and do juſtice*
"*For truth's ſake and his conſcience.*" STEEVENS.

What

What you beſtow, in him I'll counterpoiſe,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Moſt noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, ſhe is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promiſe.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordſhip: [2] Never may
That ſtate or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you! [*Exit. Lucil. and old Ath.*

Poet. Vouchſafe my labour, and long live your lordſhip!

Tim. I thank you; you ſhall hear from me anon:
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting; which I do beſeech
Your lordſhip to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almoſt the natural man;
For ſince diſhonour trafficks with man's nature,
He is but outſide: Theſe [3] pencil'd figures are
Even ſuch as they give out. I like your work;
And you ſhall find, I like it: wait attendance
'Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preſerve you!

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman: Give me your hand;

[2] ——*never may*
That ſtate, or fortune, fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd *to you!*]
i. e. may I never have any acceſſion of fortune which you are not the author of. An odd ſtrain of complaiſance. We ſhould read:
Which is not own'd *to you.*
i. e. which I will not acknowledge you laid the foundation of in this generous act. WARBURTON.

The meaning is, let me never henceforth conſider any thing that I poſſeſs, but as *ow'd* or *due* to you; held for your ſervice, and at your diſpoſal. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*pencil'd figures are*
Even ſuch as they give out.——]
Pictures have no hypocriſy; they are what they profeſs to be.
JOHNSON.

We muſt needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath ſuffer'd under praiſe.

Jew. What, my lord? diſpraiſe?

Tim. A meer ſatiety of commendations.
If I ſhould pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would [4] unclew me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As thoſe, which ſell, would give: But you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
[5] Are prized by their maſters: believe it, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he ſpeaks the common tongue,
Which all men ſpeak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

[6] *Enter Apemantus.*

Jew. We will bear, with your lordſhip.

Mer. He'll ſpare none.

[7] *Tim.* Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. 'Till I be gentle, ſtay for thy good morrow;
When

4 —*unclew me quite.*] To *unclew*, is to *unwind* a ball of thread. To *unclew* a man, is to draw out the whole maſs of his fortunes. JOHNSON.

5 *Are prized by their maſters:*——] Are rated according to the eſteem in which their poſſeſſor is held. JOHNSON.

6 *Enter Apemantus.*] See this character of a cynic finely drawn by Lucian, in his *Auction of the Philoſophers*; and how well Shakeſpeare has copied it. WARBURTON.

7 Tim. *Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!*
Apem. *'Till I be gentle, ſtay for thy good morrow;*
When thou art Timon's dog, and theſe knaves honeſt, ——]
The firſt line of Apemantus's anſwer is to the purpoſe, the ſecond abſurd and nonſenſical; which proceeds from the loſs of a ſpeech dropt from between them, that ſhould be thus reſtored:
Tim.

When thou art Timon's dog, [8] and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou know'st, I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How lik'st thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better, that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Poet. You are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation; What's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. *Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus;*
Apem. *'Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow.*
[Poet. *When will that be?*]
Apem. *When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.*
WARBURTON.

I think my punctuation may clear the passage without any greater effort. JOHNSON.

[8] *When thou art Timon's dog,*——] When thou hast gotten a better character, and instead of being Timon, as thou art, shalt be changed to Timon's dog, and become more worthy of kindness and salutation. JOHNSON.

When thou art Timon's dog,——] This is spoken δεικτικῶς, as Mr. Upton says somewhere:—striking his hand on his breast.

"Wot you who named me first the kinge's dogge?" says Aristippus in *Damon and Pythias.* FARMER.

Tim.

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou ſhould'ſt, thou'dſt anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; ſo they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a laſcivious apprehenſion.

Apem. So thou apprehend'ſt it: Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How doſt thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not ſo well as plain-dealing [9], which will not coſt a man a doit.

Tim. What doſt thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.——How now, poet?

Poet. How now, philoſopher?

Apem. Thou lieſt.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou lieſt: look in thy laſt work, where thou haſt feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is ſo.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: He, that loves to be flatter'd, is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What would'ſt do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyſelf?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

[9] *Not ſo well as plain-dealing,*——] Alluding to the proverb: "Plain dealing is a *jewel*, but they that uſe it die beggars."

STEEVENS.

Apem.

Apem. [1] That I had no angry wit to be a lord.— Art thou not a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffick confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffick do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffick's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Mess. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse, All of companionship [2].

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us. You must needs dine with me:—Go not you hence, 'Till I have thank'd you; and, when dinner's done, Shew me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.—

[1] *That I had* no angry *wit, to be a lord.*——] This reading is absurd, and unintelligible. But, as I have restored the text, *that I had* so hungry a wit, *to be a lord*, it is satirical enough of conscience, viz. I would hate myself, for having no more wit than to covet so insignificant a title. In the same sense, Shakespeare uses *lean-witted* in his *Richard* II.

"And thou a lunatick, *lean-witted*, fool."

WARBURTON.

The meaning may be, I should hate myself for *patiently enduring to be a lord.* This is ill enough expressed. Perhaps some happy change may set it right. I have tried, and can do nothing, yet I cannot heartily concur with Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

If I hazard one conjecture, it is with the smallest degree of confidence. By *an angry wit* Apemantus may mean *the poet*, who has been provoking him. The sense will then be this: *I should hate myself, because I could prevail on no captious wit (like him) to take the title in my stead.* The *Revisal* reads:

That I had so wrong'd my *wit to be a lord.* STEEVENS.

[2] *All of companionship.*] This expression does not mean barely that they all belong to one company, but that *they are all such as Alcibiades honours with his acquaintance, and sets on a level with himself.* STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Alcibiades, with the rest.

Most welcome, sir!
Apem. So, so; there!—
Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
And all this courtesy! [3] The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.
Alc. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungrily on your sight.
Tim. Right welcome, sir:
[4] Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.
[*Exeunt all but Apemantus.*

Enter two Lords.

1 *Lord.* What time a day is't, Apemantus?
Apem. Time to be honest.
1 *Lord.* That time serves still.
Apem. The most accursed thou, that still omit'st it.
2 *Lord.* Thou art going to lord Timon's feast?
Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

3 —— *The strain of man's bred out Into baboon and monkey.*]
Man is exhausted and degenerated; his *strain* or lineage is worn down into monkey. JOHNSON.

4 *Ere we depart,* ——] Who *depart?* Though Alcibiades was to leave Timon, Timon was not to depart. Common sense favours my emendation. THEOBALD.

Theobald proposes *do part.* Common sense may favour it, but an acquaintance with the language of Shakespeare would not have been quite so propitious to his emendation. *Depart* and *part* have the same meaning

"Hath willingly *departed* with a part." *K. John.*

i. e. Hath willingly *parted* with a part of the thing in question. Again, *Spenser:*

"And to *depart* them, if that so he may." STEEVENS.

2 *Lord.*

2 *Lord.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewel twice.

2 *Lord.* Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Should'st have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1 *Lord.* Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.

2 *Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass.

1 *Lord.* He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,
And taste lord Timon's bounty? he out-goes
The very heart of kindness.

2 *Lord.* He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed [5], but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
[6] All use of quittance.

1 *Lord.* The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

2 *Lord.* Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1 *Lord.* I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

[5] ——*no* meed,——] *Meed*, which in general signifies reward or recompence, in this place seems to mean *desert*. So, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613.

"And yet thy body *meeds* a better grave."

i. e. deserves. Again, in a comedy called *Look about you*, 1600:

"Thou shalt be rich in honour, full of speed,
"Thou shalt win foes by fear, and friends by *meed*."

STEEVENS.

[6] *All use of quittance.*] i. e. All the customary returns made in discharge of obligations. WARBURTON.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Another apartment in Timon's house.

Hautboys playing loud musick. A great banquet serv'd in; and then enter Timon, Alcibiades, Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius, and other Athenian Senators, with Ventidius. Then comes, dropping after all, Apemantus discontentedly, like himself.

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the gods to remember
My father's age, and call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled, with thanks, and service, from whose help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love;
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly say, he gives, if he receives:
[7] If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them; Faults that are rich, are fair.

Ven.

[7] *If our betters play at that game, we must not dare,*
To imitate them; Faults that are rich are fair.]
These two lines are absurdly given to Timon. They should be read thus:

Tim. *If our betters play at that game, we must not.*
Apem. *Dare to imitate them. Faults that are rich are fair.*

This is said satirically and in character. It was a sober reflection in Timon; who by *our betters* meant the gods, which require to be repaid for benefits received; but it would be impiety in men to expect the same observance for the trifling good they do. Apemantus, agreeably to his character, perverts this sentiment; as if Timon had spoke of earthly grandeur and potentates, who expect largest returns for their favours; and therefore, ironically replies as above. WARBURTON.

I can-

Ven. A noble ſpirit.

[*They all ſtand ceremoniouſly looking on Timon.*

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony
Was but deviſ'd at firſt
To ſet a gloſs on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodneſs, ſorry ere 'tis ſhown;
But where there is true friendſhip, there needs none.
Pray, ſit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than they to me. [*They ſit.*

1 *Lord.* My lord, we always have confeſt it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confeſt it? hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus!—you are welcome.

Apem. No; you ſhall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thruſt me out of doors.

Tim. Fye, thou art a churl; you have got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame:—
They ſay, my lords, *ira furor brevis eſt*,
But yonder man is ever angry.—
Go, let him have a table by himſelf;
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apem. Let me ſtay at thine own peril, Timon;
I come to obſerve; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian,
Therefore welcome: [8] I myſelf would have no power:
I pr'y-

I cannot ſee that theſe lines are more proper in any other mouth than Timon's, to whoſe character of generoſity and condeſcenſion they are very ſuitable. To ſuppoſe that by *our betters* are meant the gods, is very harſh, becauſe to imitate the gods has been hitherto reckoned the higheſt pitch of human virtue. The whole is a trite and obvious thought, uttered by Timon with a kind of affected modeſty. If I would make any alteration, it ſhould be only to reform the numbers thus:

Our betters play that game; we muſt not dare
T' im. tate them: faults that are rich are fair.

JOHNSON.

[8] —*I myſelf would have no power.*] If this be the true reading, the ſenſe is, *all Athenians are welcome to ſhare my fortune:* I would

 myſelf

I pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent.
Apem. [9] I scorn thy meat; 'twould choak me, for
I should
Ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods! what a number
Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not!
It grieves me, to see [1] so many dip their meat
In one man's blood; and all the madness is,
He cheers them up too.
I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men:
Methinks, they should invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There's much example for't; the fellow, that

'myself have no *exclusive right or* power *in this house*. Perhaps we might read, *I myself would have no* poor. I would have every Athenian consider himself as joint possessor of my fortune.' JOHNSON.

I should think, *I myself would have no power*, referred to the subsequent rather than to the preceding words—*I claim no extraordinary power in right of my being master of the house: I wish not by my commands to impose silence on any one: but though I myself do not enjoin you to silence, let my meat stop your mouth.* MALONE.

I understand Timon's meaning to be: *I myself would have no power* to make thee silent, but I wish thou would'st *let my meat make thee silent*. Timon, like a polite landlord, disclaims *all power* over the meanest or most troublesome of his guests. TYRWHITT.

[9] *I scorn thy meat; 'twould choak me,* for *I should*
Ne'er *flatter thee*——]
A very pretty reason why his meat would choak him, *because* he should never flatter him. We should read and point this nonsense thus:

I scorn thy meat; 'twould choak me 'fore
I should e'er *flatter thee*.

i. e. before I should ever flatter thee. WARBURTON.

Of this emendation there is little need. The meaning is, I could not swallow thy meat, for I could not pay for it with flattery; and what was given me with an ill will would stick in my throat. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*so many dip their meat*
In one man's blood;——]
The allusion is to a pack of hounds trained to pursuit by being gratified with the blood of an animal which they kill, and the wonder is that the animal on which they are feeding *cheers them* to the chase. JOHNSON.

Sits

Sits next him now, parts bread with him, pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readiest man to kill him: it has been prov'd.
If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals;
Lest they should spy my [2] wind-pipe's dangerous notes:
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. [3] My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

2 Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way!
A brave fellow!—he keeps his tides well. Timon,
Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look ill.
Here's that, which is too weak to be a sinner,
Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:
This, and my food, are equals; there's no odds.
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

[2] —*wind-pipe's dangerous* notes:] The notes of the wind-pipe seem to be only the indications which shew where the wind-pipe is. JOHNSON.

Shakespeare is very fond of making use of musical terms, when he is speaking of the human body, and *wind-pipe*, and *notes* favour strongly of a quibble. STEEVENS.

[3] *My lord, in heart*;] That is, *my lord's health with sincerity*. An emendation has been proposed thus:

My love *in heart*;——

but it is not necessary. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Queen of Corinth*, by B. and Fletcher:

"I will be never more *in heart* to you."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

—"By heart, and *in heart*, boy."

Again, in *K. Henry* IV. p. I. act IV. sc. i:

"—*in heart* desiring still
"You may behold, &c."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, act V. sc. ii:

"—Dost thou not wish *in heart*,
"The chain were longer, and the letter short?"

STEEVENS.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath, or bond;
Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that seems a sleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to't:
Rich men sin; and I eat root.

[*Eats and drinks.*

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alc. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then; that thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1 *Lord.* Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves [4] for ever perfect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: [5] How had you been my friends else? why

[4] *for ever perfect*] That is, arrived at the perfection of happiness. JOHNSON.

[5] *How had you been my friends else? why have you that* charitable *title from thousands,*] The Oxford editor alters *charitable title* to *cha-*

why have you that charitable title from thousands, [6] did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your behalf; and thus far [7] I confirm you. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: and [8] would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often

character and title. He did not know that *charitable* signifies, dear, endearing; nor consequently understood what Milton meant by,

"Relations dear, and all the *charities*
"Of father, son, and brother——"

Alms, in English, are called *charities*, and from thence we may collect that our ancestors knew well in what the virtue of alms-giving consisted; not in the *act*, but the *disposition*.

WARBURTON.

[6] *—did not you chiefly belong to my heart?*] I think it should be inverted thus: *did* I *not chiefly belong to* your hearts. Lucius wishes that Timon would give him and the rest an opportunity *of expressing some part of their zeals.* Timon answers that, *doubtless the gods have provided that I should have help from you; how else are you my friends?* why are you stiled my friends, if—what? *if I do not love you.* Such is the present reading; but the consequence is not very clear: the proper close must be, *if you do not love me*, and to this my alteration restores it. But, perhaps, the old reading may stand. JOHNSON.

Why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart?] I believe Shakespeare wrote, "Why have you *not* that charitable title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart?" i. e. *Why do not thousands more give you that charitable title of friends, if it were not that my heart hath a peculiar and principal claim to your friendship?* REVISAL.

Why have you, &c.] The meaning is probably this. Why are you distinguished from thousands by that title of endearment, was there not a particular connection and intercourse of tenderness between you and me. JOHNSON.

[7] *I confirm you.*] I fix your characters firmly in my own mind.

JOHNSON.

[8] *—they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: and——*] This passage I have restored from the old copy. STEEVENS.

wish'd myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! [9] O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born! [1] Mine eyes cannot hold water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st [2] to make them drink, Timon.

2 *Lord.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And, at that instant, [3] like a babe sprung up.

Apem.

[9] *O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born!*] For this Hanmer writes, *O joy, e'en made a joy ere't can be born*; and is followed by Dr. Warburton. I am always inclinable to think well of that which is approved by so much learning and sagacity, yet cannot receive this alteration. Tears being the effect both of joy and grief, supplied our author with an opportunity of conceit, which he seldom fails to indulge. Timon, weeping with a kind of tender pleasure, cries out, *O joy, e'en made away*, destroyed, turned to tears, before *it can be born*, before it can be fully possessed. JOHNSON.

[1] *Mine eyes*, &c.] In the original edition the words stand thus: *Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks. To forget their faults, I drink to you.* Perhaps the true reading is this, *Mine eyes cannot hold out; they water. Methinks, to forget their faults, I will drink to you.* Or it may be explained without any change. *Mine eyes cannot hold out water*, that is, cannot keep water from breaking in upon them. JOHNSON.

[2] —— *to make them drink,* ——] Hanmer reads,

—— *to make them drink* thee:

and is again followed by Dr. Warburton, I think without sufficient reason. The covert sense of Apemantus is, *what thou losest, they get.* JOHNSON.

[3] —— *like a babe* ——] That is a *weeping babe.* JOHNSON.

I question if Shakespeare meant the propriety of allusion to be carried quite so far. To look for *babies* in the eyes of another, is no uncommon expression.

So, in *Love's Mistress*, by Heywood, 1636:

"Joy'd in his looks, look'd *babies* in his eyes."

Again, in *The Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612:

"She makes him sing songs to her, looks fortunes in his fists, and *babies* in his eyes,"

Again,

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 Lord. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much.

Sound Tucket.

Tim. What means that trump?—How now?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? What are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a fore-runner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all
That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom:
[3] The ear, taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise;

They

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song the 11th:
"Whilst in their chrystal eyes he doth for *Cupids* look."
Again, in the *Loyal Subject*, by B. and Fletcher:
"——Can you *look babies*, sister,
"In the young gallant's eyes?" STEEVENS.

Does not Lucullus dwell on Timon's metaphor by referring to circumstances preceding the birth, and means joy was conceived in their eyes, and sprung up there, like the motion of a babe in the womb? TOLLET.

[3] In former copies:
There *taste*, *touch*, all *pleas'd from thy table rise*,
They *only now*———]
The *five* senses are talked of by Cupid, but three of them only are made out; and those only in a very heavy unintelligible manner. It is plain therefore we should read,
Th'ear, *taste*, *touch*, smell, *pleas'd from thy table rise*,
These *only now*, &c.

i. e.

They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance:—

Musick, make their welcome. [*Exit Cupid.*

1 *Lord.* You see, my lord, how ample you are belov'd.

Musick. Re-enter Cupid, with a masque of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing, and playing.

Apem. Heyday! what a sweep of vanity comes this way!

[5] They dance! [6] they are mad women.

Like

i. e. the five senses, Timon, acknowledge thee their patron; four of them, viz. the *hearing*, *taste*, *touch*, and *smell*, are all feasted at thy board; and these ladies come with me to entertain your *sight* in a masque. Massinger, in his *Duke of Millaine*, copied the passage from Shakespeare; and apparently before it was thus corrupted; where, speaking of a banquet, he says:

———All that may be had
To please the eye, *the* ear, taste, touch, *or* smell,
Are carefully provided.——— WARBURTON.

[5] *They dance! They are mad women.*
Like madness, is the glory of this life;
As this pomp shews to a little oil and root.]

This is Apemantus's reflection on the masque of ladies: and for its obscurity, would become any Pagan philosopher. The *first* line is a complete sentence: the *second* is the beginning of a new reflection; and the third, the conclusion of it by a similitude. Hence it appears, that some lines are dropt out and lost from between the second and third verses. I conjecture the sense of the whole might be this, *The glory of* human *life* is *like* the *madness* of this mask; it is a false aim at happiness, which is to be obtained only by sobriety and temperance in a private and retired life. But superficial judges will always prefer pomp and glory; because in outward appearance it has so much the advantage: as great as this *pompous* supper appears to have above my *oil and root*. This, in my opinion, was the sentiment that connected the second and third lines together: which for the future should be read with asterisks between them. WARBURTON.

When I read this passage, I was at first of the same opinion with this learned man; but, upon longer consideration, I grew less confident, because I think the present reading susceptible of explanation

Like madneſs is the glory of this life,
As this pomp ſhews to a little oil, and root.
We make ourſelves fools, to diſport ourſelves;
And ſpend our flatteries, to drink thoſe men,
Upon whoſe age we void it up again,
With poiſonous ſpite, and envy. Who lives, that's not
Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears
Not one ſpurn to their graves of their friends' gift[7]?
I ſhould fear, thoſe, that dance before me now,
Would one day ſtamp upon me: It has been done;
Men ſhut their doors againſt a ſetting ſun.

The Lords riſe from table, with much adoring of Timon; and, to ſhew their loves, each ſingles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women; a lofty ſtrain or two to the hautboys, and ceaſe.

Tim. You have done our pleaſures much grace, fair ladies,
Set a fair faſhion on our entertainment,
Which was not half ſo beautiful and kind;
You have added worth unto't, and lively luſtre,
And entertain'd me with [8] mine own device;
I am to thank you for it.

planation, with no more violence to language than is frequently found in our author. *The glory of this life is very near to madneſs*, as may be made appear from *this pomp*, exhibited in a place where a philoſopher is feeding on *oil and roots*. When we ſee by example how few are the neceſſaries of life, we learn what madneſs there is in ſo much ſuperfluity. JOHNSON.

[6] *They dance!*—] I believe *They dance* to be a marginal note only; and perhaps we ſhould read,

These *are mad women*. TYRWHITT.

[7] *Of their friends' gift?*] That is, given them by their friends. JOHNSON.

[8] ——— *mine own device:*] The maſk appears to have been deſign'd by Timon to ſurpriſe his gueſts. JOHNSON.

1 *Lady*. [8] My lord, you take us even at the best [9].

Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold
Taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you.
Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord. [*Exeunt*.

Tim. Flavius,—

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet!
There is no crossing him in his humour; [*Aside*.
Else I should tell him,—Well,—i'faith, I should,
When all's spent, [1] he'd be cross'd then, an he could.
'Tis pity, bounty had not [2] eyes behind;

[8] *My lord*,——] This answer seems rather to belong to one of the ladies. It was probably only mark'd *L* in the copy. JOHNSON.

In the old copy this speech is given to the 1 *Lord*. I have ventured to change it to the 1 *Lady*, as the author of the Revisal, and Mr. Edwards, as well as Dr. Johnson, concur in the emendation. There may not, however, be sufficient reason for the change; especially if the preceding line, "I am to thank *you* for it," be addressed to the *lords* by whom this masque appears to have been contrived. STEEVENS.

[9] ——even *at the best*.] Perhaps we should read,

——ever *at the best*.

So, act III. sc. vi,

Ever *at the best*. TYRWHITT.

Take us even at the best, I believe, means, you have seen the best we can do. They are supposed to be hired dancers, and therefore there is no impropriety in such a confession. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*he'd be cross'd then, if he could*:] The poet does not mean here, that he would be *cross'd* in humour, but that he would have his hand *cross'd* with money, if he could. He is playing on the word, and alluding to our old silver penny, used before K. Edward the first's time, which had a *cross* on the reverse with a crease, that it might be more easily broke into halves and quarters, half-pence and farthings. From this penny, and other pieces, was our common expression derived, *I have not a* cross *about me*; i. e. not a piece of money. THEOBALD.

[2] ——*eyes behind*;] To see the miseries that are following her. JOHNSON.

That

That man might ne'er be wretched [3] for his mind.
[*Exit, and returns with the casket.*

1 *Lord.* Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 *Lord.* Our horses.

Tim. O my friends, I have one word
To say to you:—Look you, my good lord, I must
Intreat you, honour me so much, as [4] to
Advance this jewel; accept, and wear it, kind my lord.

1 *Lord.* I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate
Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav I beseech your honour,
Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near? why then another time I'll hear thee:
I pr'ythee, let us be provided
To shew them entertainment.

Flav. [*Aside.*] I scarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* May it please your honour, lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapt in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents
Be worthily entertain'd.—How now? what news?

3 ——*for his mind*] For nobleness of soul. JOHNSON.

4 ————— *to*
Advance *this jewel*;———
To prefer it; to raise it to honour by wearing it. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter a third Servant.

3 *Serv.* Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company tomorrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; And let them be receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Aside.*] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer.—
Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,
To shew him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good;
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes
For every word; he is so kind, that he now
Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books,
Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forc'd out!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such that do even enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*

Tim. You do yourselves much wrong, you bate too much
Of your own merits:—Here, my lord; a trifle of our love.

2 *Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 *Lord.* O, he is the very soul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.

2 *Lord.* O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord,
In that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man
Can justly praise, but what he does affect:

I weigh

I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
[9] I tell you true. I'll call on you.

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, [1] 'tis not enough to give;
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alc. [2] In defiled land, my lord.

1 *Lord.* We are so virtuously bound,——

Tim. And so am I to you.

2 *Lord.* So infinite endear'd,—

Tim. All to you [3].—Lights! more lights.

1 *Lord.* The best of happiness,
Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon!—

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt Alcibiades, Lords, &c.*

[9] *I tell you true.* -] The other modern editions:
I'll *tell you.* JOHNSON.

[1] *'tis not enough to give;*
Methinks, *I could deal kingdoms*——]
Thus the passage stood in all editions before Hanmer's, who restored *my thanks.* JOHNSON.

I have displaced the words inserted by sir T. Hanmer. What I have already given, says Timon, is not sufficient on the occasion: Methinks I could *deal* kingdoms, i. e. I could dispense them on every side with an ungrudging distribution, like that with which I could deal out cards. STEEVENS.

[2] *I' defiled land,*——] This is the old reading, which apparently depends on a very low quibble. Alcibiades is told, that *his estate lies in a* pitch'd *field.* Now *pitch*, as Falstaff says, *doth defile.* Alcibiades therefore replies, that his estate lies *in defiled land.* This, as it happened, was not understood, and all the editors published:
I defy land,—— JOHNSON.

[3] *All to you.*——] i. e. all good wishes, or all happiness to you. So, *Macbeth:*
"*All to all.*" STEEVENS.

Apem.

Apem. What a coil's here!
[4] Serving of becks, and jutting out of bums!
[5] I doubt, whether their legs be worth the sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:
Methinks, false hearts should never have found legs.

[4] Serving *of becks*,——] This nonsense should be read:
Serring *of becks*,——
from the French *serrer*, to join close together. A metaphor taken from the billing of pigeons. WARBURTON.

The commentator conceives *beck* to mean the *mouth* or the *head*, after the French, *bec*, whereas it means a salutation made with the head. So Milton:
"Nods and *becks*, and wreathed smiles."
To *serve a beck*, is to offer a salutation. JOHNSON.

To *serve a beck*, means, I believe, *to pay a courtly obedience to a nod.* Thus, in *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:
"And with a low *beck*
"Prevent a sharp check."
Again, in *The Play of the Four P's*, 1569:
"Then I to every soul again,
"Did give a *beck* them to retain."
In *Merry Tricks* or *Ram-alley*, 1611, I find the same word:
"I had my winks, my *becks*, treads on the toe."
Again, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:
"——wanton looks,
"And privy *becks*, savouring incontinence."
Again, in Lylly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:
"And he that with a *beck* controuls the heavens."
It happens then that the word *beck* has no less than four distinct significations. In Drayton's *Polyolbion*, it is enumerated among the appellations of *small streams of Water*. In Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, it has its common meaning—*a sign of invitation made by the hand.* In *Timon*, it appears to denote a *bow*, and in Lylly's play, a *nod of dignity or command*, as well as in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:
"Yea Sylla with a *beck* could break thy neck."
Again, in the interlude of *Jacob and Esau*, 1568:
"For what, O Lord, is so possible to man's judgment
"Which thou canst not with a *beck* perform incontinent?"
STEEVENS.

See Surrey's Poems, p. 29:
"And with a *becke* full lowe he bowed at her feete."
TYRWHITT.

[5] *I doubt, whether their* legs &c.] He plays upon the word *leg*, as it signifies a *limb* and a *bow* or *act of obeisance*. JOHNSON.

 Thus

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sie.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing: for,
If I should be brib'd too, there would be none left
To rail upon thee; and then thou would'st sin the faster.
Thou giv'st so long, Timon, [6] I fear me, thou
Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly:
What need these feasts, pomps, and vain-glories?

Tim. Nay,
If you begin to rail once on society,
I am sworn, not to give regard to you.
Farewel; and come with better musick. [*Exit.*

Apem. So;—
Thou wilt not hear me now,—thou shalt not then, I'll lock
[7] Thy heaven from thee. O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

6 ——*I fear me, thou*
Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly:]
i. e. be ruined by his securities entered into. But this sense is flat, and relishes very little of the salt in Apemantus's other reflections. We should read:
——*give away thyself in* proper *shortly.*
i. e. in person; thy proper self. This latter is an expression of our author's in the *Tempest:*
" And ev'n with such like valour men hang and drown
" Their *proper selves*" WARBURTON

Hanmer reads very plausibly:
———————*thou*
Wilt give away thyself in perpetuum. JOHNSON.

I am satisfied with Dr. Warburton's explanation of the text, but cannot concur in his emendation. STEEVENS.

7 *Thy heaven*—] The pleasure of being flattered. JOHNSON.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

A publick place in the city.

Enter a Senator.

Sen. And late, five thousand to Varro; and to Isidore,
He owes nine thousand;—besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
[8] Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,
And able horses: [9] No porter at his gate;
But

[8] In old editions:
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight
An *able horse.*———]
"If I want *gold* (says the senator) let me steal a beggar's dog, and give it Timon, the dog coins me *gold.* If I would sell my *horse,* and had a mind to buy *ten* better instead of him; why, I need but give my horse to Timon, to gain this point; and it presently fetches me *an horse.*" But is that gaining the point propos'd? The first folio reads, less corruptly than the modern impressions:
——And *able* horses.———
Which reading, joined to the reasoning of the passage, gave me the hint for this emendation. THEOBALD.

Instead of *ten* horses the old copy reads *twenty.* The passage which Theobald would alter, means only this. "*If I give my horse to Timon, it immediately foals, and not only produces* more, *but* able *horses.* The same construction occurs in *Much ado about Nothing:* "——and men are only turned into tongue, *and trim ones* too."
STEEVENS.

[9] ——— *No porter at his gate;*
But rather one that smiles, and still invites]
I imagine that a line is lost here, in which the behaviour of a surly porter was described. JOHNSON.

There

But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold; [1] no reason
Can found his state in safety.—Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter Caphis.

Caph. Here, sir; What is your pleasure?
Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord Timon;
Importune him for my monies; be not ceas'd [2]
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd [3], when—
Commend me to your master—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him, sirrah,

There is no occasion to suppose the loss of a line. *Sternness* was the characteristic of a porter. There appeared at Killingworth castle, "a *porter*, tall of parson, big of lim, and *stearn* of *countinauns*." FARMER.

[1] ——— *no reason*
Can found *his state in safety.*——]
The supposed meaning of this must be, *No reason*, by *founding*, fathoming, or trying, *his state*, can find it *safe*. But as the words stand, they imply, that *no reason can* safely *found his state*. I read thus:

——— *no reason*
Can found *his state in safety.*——
Reason cannot find his fortune to have any *safe* or solid *foundation*.

The types of the first printer of this play were so worn and defaced, that *f* and *ſ* are not always to be distinguished. JOHNSON.

[2] ——*be not* ceas'd] i. e. stopp'd. So, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:
"Why should Tiberius' liberty be *ceased*."
Again, in the *Valiant Welchman*, 1615:
"————pity thy people's wrongs,
"And *cease* the clamours both of old and young."
Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, b. v. ch. 28:
"By war the queen that was, did *cease* her husband's tragic reign."
Again, in Holinshed, p. 643: "The king desiring them to *cease* their people." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*nor* then *silenc'd*, ——] The old copy reads—*when*. STEEVENS.

My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Has smit my credit: I love, and honour him;
But must not break my back, to heal his finger:
Immediate are my needs; and my relief
Must not be tost and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull [4],
[5] Which flashes now a phœnix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. I go, sir?—[6] take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.

Caph. I will, sir.

Sen. Go. [*Exeunt.*

[4] ——*a naked gull,*] A *gull* is a bird as remarkable for the poverty of its feathers, as a phœnix is supposed to be for the richness of its plumage. STEEVENS.

[5] Which *flashes* &c.] *Which*, the pronoun relative, relating to *things*, is frequently used, as in this instance, by Shakespeare, instead of *who*, the pronoun relative, applied to *persons*. The use of the former instead of the latter is still preserved in the Lord's prayer. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*take the bonds along with you,*
And have the dates in. Come.]
Certainly, ever since bonds were given, the date was put in when the bond was entered into: and these bonds Timon had already given, and the time limited for their payment was lapsed. The Senator's charge to his servant must be to the tenour as I have amended the text; Take good notice of the dates, for the better computation of the interest due upon them. THEOBALD.

Theobald's emendation may be supported by the following instance in *Macbeth*:

"Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, *in compt.*"
STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Timon's hall.

Enter Flavius, with many bills in his hand.

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot; Takes no account
How things go from him; nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue; [7] Never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done? He will not hear, 'till feel:
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.

Enter Caphis, with the servants of Isidore and Varro.

Fye, fye, fye, fye!
Caph. [8] Good even, Varro: What,
You

[7] —Never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.] Nothing can be worse, or more obscurely expressed: and all for the sake of a wretched rhime. To make it sense and grammar, it should be supplied thus:
——*Never mind*
Was [made] *to be so unwise,* [in order] *to be so kind.*
i. e. Nature, in order to make a profuse mind, never before endowed any man with so large a share of folly. WARBURTON.

Of this mode of expression, conversation affords many examples: "I was always to be blamed, whatever happened." "I am in the lottery, but I was always to draw blanks." JOHNSON.

[8] *Good even, Varro:——*] It is observable, that this *good evening* is before dinner; for Timon tells Alcibiades, that they will *go forth again as soon as dinner's done*, which may prove that by *dinner* our author meant not the *cœna* of ancient times, but the mid-day's repast. I do not suppose the passage corrupt: such inadvertencies neither author nor editor can escape.

There is another remark to be made. Varro and Isidore sink a few lines afterwards into the servants of Varro and Isidore. Whether

You come for money?

Var. Is't not your buſineſs too?

Caph. It is;—And your's too, Iſidore?

Iſid. It is ſo.

Caph. 'Would we were all diſcharg'd!

Var. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter Timon, Alcibiades, &c.

Tim. So ſoon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades.—With me? What is your will?
[*They preſent their bills.*

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? Whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my ſteward.

Caph. Pleaſe it your lordſhip, he hath put me off
To the ſucceſſion of new days this month:
My maſter is awak'd by great occaſion,
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,

ther ſervants, in our author's time, took the names of their maſters, I know not. Perhaps it is a ſlip of negligence. JOHNSON.

In the old copy it ſtands: *Enter Caphis, Iſidore, and Varro.* STEEVENS.

Good even, or, as it is ſometimes leſs accurately written, *Good den*, was the uſual ſalutation from *noon*, the moment that Good morrow became improper. This appears plainly from the following paſſage. *Romeo and Juliet*, act II. ſc. iv:

" *Nurſe.* God ye good morrow, gentlemen.
" *Mercutio.* God ye *good den*, fair gentlewoman.
" *Nur.* Is it *good den?*
" *Merc.* 'Tis no leſs I tell you; for the . . . . . hand of the dial is now upon . . . . *noon.*"

So, in Hamlet's greeting to Marcellus. Act I. ſcene i. Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton, not being aware, I preſume, of this wide ſenſe of *Good even*, have altered it to *Good morning*; without any neceſſity, as from the courſe of the incidents, precedent and ſubſequent, the day may well be ſuppoſed to be turn'd of *noon.* TYRWHITT.

That

That with your other noble parts you'll ſuit [9],
In giving him his right.
Tim. Mine honeſt friend,
I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.
Caph. Nay, good my lord,——
Tim. Contain thyſelf, good friend.
Var. One Varro's ſervant, my good lord,—
Iſid. From Iſidore;
He humbly prays your ſpeedy payment,—
Caph. If you did know, my lord, my maſter's wants,—
Var. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, ſix weeks,
And paſt.—
Iſid. Your ſteward puts me off, my lord; and I
Am ſent expreſsly to your lordſhip.
Tim. Give me breath:—
I do beſeech you, good my lords, keep on;
[*Exeunt Alcibiades, &c.*
I'll wait upon you inſtantly.—Come hither, pray you.
[*To Flavius.*
How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd,
With clamorous demands of broken bonds [1],
And the detention of long-ſince-due debts,
Againſt my honour?
Flav. Pleaſe you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this buſineſs:
Your importunacy ceaſe, 'till after dinner;
That I may make his lordſhip underſtand
Wherefore you are not paid.
Tim. Do ſo, my friends: See them well entertain'd. [*Exit Timon.*
Flav. Pray draw near. [*Exit Flavius.*

9 *That with your other noble parts you'll ſuit,*] i. e. that you will behave on this occaſion in a manner conſiſtent with your other noble qualities. STEEVENS.

1 —*of* broken *bonds,*] The firſt folio reads:
— *of debt; broken bonds.* STEEVENS.

 Enter

[2] *Enter Apemantus, and a Fool.*

Caph. Stay, ſtay, here comes the fool with Apemantus;
Let's have ſome ſport with 'em.

Var. Hang him, he'll abuſe us.

Iſid. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. How doſt, fool?

Apem. Doſt dialogue with thy ſhadow?

Var. I ſpeak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thyſelf.—Come away. [*To the Fool.*

Iſid. [*To Var.*] There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou ſtand'ſt ſingle, thou art not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He laſt aſk'd the queſtion. [3] Poor rogues, and uſurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All.

[2] *Enter Apemantus, and a Fool.*] I ſuſpect ſome ſcene to be loſt, in which the entrance of the fool, and the page that follows him, was prepared by ſome introductory dialogue, in which the audience was informed that they were the fool and page of Phrynia, Timandra, or ſome other courteſan, upon the knowledge of which depends the greater part of the enſuing jocularity. JOHNSON.

[3] *Poor rogues, and uſurers' men! bawds,* &c.] This is ſaid ſo abruptly, that I am inclined to think it miſplaced, and would regulate the paſſage thus;

Caph. *Where's the fool now?*
Apem. *He laſt aſk'd the queſtion.*
All. *What are we, Apemantus?*
Apem. *Aſſes.*
All. *Why?*
Apem. *That you aſk me what you are, and do not know yourſelves. Poor rogues, and uſurers' men! bawds between gold and want! Speak,* &c.

Thus every word will have its proper place. It is likely that the paſſage tranſpoſed was forgot in the copy, and inſerted in the margin, perhaps a little beſide the proper place, which the tranſcriber

All. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All. Why?

Apem. That you ask me, what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All. Gramercies, good fool: How does your mistress?

Fool. [4] She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. [5] 'Would, we could see you at Corinth.

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my master's page [6].

scriber wanting either skill or care to observe, wrote it where it now stands. JOHNSON.

[4] *She's e'en setting on water to* scald &c.] The old name for the disease got at Corinth was the *brenning*, and a sense of *scalding* is one of its first symptoms. JOHNSON.

The same thought appears in the *Old Law*, by Massinger:

"—— look parboil'd

"As if they came from Cupid's *scalding* house."

STEEVENS.

[5] *'Would we could see you at Corinth.*] A cant name for a bawdy-house, I suppose, from the dissoluteness of that ancient Greek city; of which Alexander ab Alexandro has these words: "CORINTHI *super mille prostitutæ in templo Veneris assiduæ degere, & inflammata libidine quæstui meretricio operam dare, et velut sacrorum ministræ Deæ famulari solebant.*" Milton, in his *Apology for Smectymnuus*, says: "Or searching for me at the Bordellos, where, it may be, he has lost himself, and raps up, without pity, the sage and rheumatic old prelatess, with all her young *Corinthian* laity, to enquire for such a one. WARBURTON.

[6] —— *my* master's *page.*] In the first passage the Fool speaks of his *master*, in the second of his *mistress*. In the old copy it is *master* in both places. It should rather, perhaps, be *mistress* in both, as it is in a following and a preceding passage:

"*All.* How does your *mistress?*"

———— ————

"*Fool.* My *mistress* is one, and I am her fool."

STEEVENS.

Page. [*To the Fool.*] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wiſe company?—How doſt thou, Apemantus?

Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth that I might anſwer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the ſuperſcription of theſe letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Can'ſt not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou waſt born a baſtard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou waſt whelp'd a dog; and thou ſhalt famiſh, a dog's death. Anſwer not, I am gone. [*Exit.*

Apem. Even ſo, thou out-run'ſt grace.
Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon ſtay at home.—You three ſerve three uſurers?

All. Ay; 'would they ſerv'd us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman ſerv'd thief.

Fool. Are you three uſurers' men?

All. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no uſurer but has a fool to his ſervant: My miſtreſs is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your maſters, they approach ſadly, and go away merry; but they enter my maſter's houſe merrily, and go away ſadly: The reaſon of this?

Var. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whore-maſter, and a knave; which notwithſtanding, thou ſhalt be no leſs eſteemed.

Var. What is a whore-maſter, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and ſomething like thee.

thee. 'Tis a ſpirit: ſometime, it appears like a lord; ſometime, like a lawyer; ſometime, like a philoſopher, with two ſtones more than's [7] artificial one: He is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all ſhapes, that man goes up and down in, from fourſcore to thirteen, this ſpirit walks in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wiſe man: as much foolery as I have, ſo much wit thou lack'ſt.

Apem. That anſwer might have become Apemantus.

All. Aſide, aſide; here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter Timon, and Flavius.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; ſometime, the philoſopher.

Flav. Pray you, walk near; I'll ſpeak with you anon. [*Exeunt Apemantus, and Fool.*

Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my ſtate before me;
That I might ſo have rated my expence,
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leiſures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance, ſome ſingle vantages you took,
When my indiſpoſition put you back;

[7] —*his artificial one:*—] Meaning the celebrated philoſopher's ſtone, which was in thoſe times much talked of. Sir Thomas Smith was one of thoſe who loſt conſiderable ſums in ſeeking of it. JOHNSON.

Sir Richard Steele was one of the laſt eminent men who entertained hopes of being ſucceſsful in this purſuit. His laboratory was at Poplar, a village near London, and is now converted into a garden houſe. STEEVENS.

And

And that unaptness [8] made your minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord!
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks; when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd lord,
[9] Though you hear now, yet now's too late a time;
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues: the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? [1] and at length
How goes our reckoning?

Tim.

[8] —*made* your *minister*] So the original. The later editions have all:

—*made* you *minister* JOHNSON.

The construction is:—*And made that unaptness your minister.* MALONE.

[9] *Though you hear now too late, yet now's a time,*] i.e. Though it be now too late to retrieve your former fortunes, yet it is not too late to prevent by the assistance of your friends, your future miseries. Had the Oxford editor understood the sense he would not have altered the text to,

Though you hear me now, yet now's too late a time. WARBURTON.

I think Hanmer right, and have received his emendation. JOHNSON.

[1] —*and at length*
How goes *our reckoning?*]
This steward talks very wildly. The lord indeed might have asked, what a lord seldom knows:

How

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. [2] O my good lord, the world is but a word;
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falshood,
Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been opprest
With riotous feeders [3]; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;
I have retir'd me to [4] a wasteful cock,

And

How goes our reckoning?

But the steward was too well satisfied in that matter. I would read therefore:

Hold good *our reckoning?*

The Oxford editor would appropriate this emendation to himself, by altering it to *make good.* WARBURTON.

It is common enough, and the commentator knows it is common to propose interrogatively, that of which neither the speaker nor the hearer has any doubt. The present reading may therefore stand. JOHNSON.

[2] *O my good lord, the world is but a* world;] The folio reads:

——*but a* word;

And this is the right. The meaning is, as the *world* itself may be comprised in a word, you might give it away in a breath. WARBURTON.

[3] *With riotous* feeders;——] *Feeders* are servants, whose low debaucheries are practised in the *offices* of a house. See a note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, act III. sc. xi: "——one who looks on *feeders*." It appears that what we now call *offices*, were anciently called *houses of office*. So, in Chaucer's *Clerkes Tale*, late edit. v. 8140:

"*Houses of office* stuffed with plentee
"Ther mayst thou see of deinteous vittaille."

STEEVENS.

[4] ——*a wasteful cock*,] i. e. a *cockloft*, a garret. And a *wasteful cock*, signifies a garret lying in waste, neglected, put to no use. HANMER.

Hanmer's explanation is received by Dr. Warburton, yet I think them both apparently mistaken. A *wasteful cock* is a *cock* or pipe with

And ſet mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I ſaid, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have ſlaves, and peaſants,
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, ſword, force, means, but is lord Timon's?
Great Timon's, noble, worthy, royal Timon's?
Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praiſe,
The breath is gone whereof this praiſe is made:
Feaſt-won, faſt-loſt; one cloud of winter ſhowers,
Theſe flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, ſermon me no further:
No villainous bounty yet hath paſt my heart[5];
Unwiſely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why doſt thou weep? Can'ſt thou the conſcience lack,
To think I ſhall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the veſſels of my love,

with a turning ſtopple *running* to *waſte*. In this ſenſe, both the terms have their uſual meaning; but I know not that *cock* is ever uſed for *cockloft*, or *waſteful* for *lying in waſte*, or that lying in waſte is at all a phraſe. JOHNSON.

Whatever be the meaning of the preſent paſſage, it is certain, that *lying in waſte* is ſtill a very common phraſe. FARMER.

A *waſteful cock* is what we now call a *waſte pipe*; a pipe which is continually running, and thereby prevents the overflow of ciſterns and other reſervoirs, by carrying off their ſuperfluous water. This circumſtance ſerved to keep the idea of Timon's unceaſing prodigality in the mind of the ſteward, while its remoteneſs from the ſcenes of luxury within the houſe, was favourable to meditation. COLLINS.

[5] *No villainous bounty yet hath paſt my heart;*
Unwiſely, not ignobly, have I given.]
Every reader muſt rejoice in this circumſtance of comfort which preſents itſelf to Timon, who, although beggar'd through want of prudence, conſoles himſelf with reflection that his ruin was not brought on by the purſuit of guilty pleaſures. STEEVENS.

And

[6] And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends: You shall perceive, how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there,—Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, and other Servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord,——

Tim. I will dispatch you severally,—You, to lord Lucius,—
To lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his
Honour to-day,—You, to Sempronius,—
Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say,
That my occasions have found time to use them
Toward a supply of money: let the request
Be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius, and Lucullus? hum!—

Tim. Go you, sir, to the senators, [*To Flavius.*
(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing) bid 'em send o' the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold,
(For that [7] I knew it the most general way)

[6] *And try the* arguments—] *Arguments* for natures.
WARBURTON.

How *arguments* should stand for natures I do not see. But the licentiousness of our author forces us often upon far fetched expositions. *Arguments* may mean *contents*, as the *arguments* of a book; or for *evidences* and *proofs*. JOHNSON.

[7] —*I knew it the most* gen'ral *way*] *General* is not speedy, but *compendious*, the way to try many at a time. JOHNSON.

To them to uſe your ſignet, and your name;
But they do ſhake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can't be?

Flav. They anſwer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treaſure, cannot
Do what they would; are ſorry—you are honourable,—
But yet they could have wiſh'd—they know not—
Something hath been amiſs—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity—
And ſo, [8] intending other ſerious matters,
After diſtaſteful looks, [9] and theſe hard fractions,
With certain [1] half-caps, and [2] cold-moving nods,
They froze me into ſilence.

[8] *Intending*] is *regarding*, *turning their notice* to other things. JOHNSON.

To *intend* and to *attend* had anciently the ſame meaning. So in the *Spaniſh Curate* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Good ſir, *intend* this buſineſs." STEEVENS.

So, in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, &c. 1595:

"Tell this man that I am going to dinner to my lord maior, and that I can not now *intend* his tittle-tattle."

Again, in Paſquil's *Night-Cap*, a poem, 1623:

"For we have many ſecret ways to ſpend,
"Which are not fit our huſbands ſhould *intend*."

MALONE.

[9] —*and theſe* hard fractions,] An equivocal alluſion to fractions in decimal arithmetic. So Flavius had, like Littlewit, in *Bartholomew-Fair*, *a conceit left in his miſery* WARBURTON.

This is, I think, no conceit in the head of Flavius, who, by *fractions*, means *broken* hints, *interrupted* ſentences, *abrupt* remarks. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*half caps*,——] A *half-cap* is a *cap* ſlightly moved, not put off. JOHNSON.

[2] ——cold-moving *nods*,] All the editions exhibit theſe as two diſtinct adjectives, to the prejudice of the author's meaning; but they muſt be joined by a hyphen, and make a compound adjective out of a ſubſtantive and a particle, and then we have the true ſenſe of the place; *cold-moving*, *cold-provoking*, nods ſo diſcouraging, that they chilled the very ardor of our petition, and *froze us into ſilence*. THEOBALD.

Tim.

Tim. You gods reward them!—
I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly: These old fellows
[3] Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy [4].—
Go to Ventidius,—Pr'ythee, be not sad,
Thou art true, and honest; ingenuously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee:—Ventidius lately
Bury'd his father; by whose death, he's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents: Greet him from me;
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents:—that had, give it these fellows
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.
Flav. [5] I would, I could not think it; That thought is bounty's foe;
Being [6] free itself, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*

[3] *Have their ingratitude in them* hereditary:] *Hereditary*, for by natural constitution. But some distempers of natural constitution being called *hereditary*, he calls their ingratitude so.
WARBURTON.

[4] *And nature, as it grows again toward earth,*
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.—]
The same thought occurs in *The Wife for a Month* of Beaumont and Fletcher:
"*Beside, the fair soul's old too, it grows covetous,*
"*Which shews all honour is departed from us,*
"*And we are earth again.*" STEEVENS.

[5] *'Would I could not*—] The original edition has,
I would, I could not think it, that thought, &c.
It has been changed, to mend the numbers, without authority.
JOHNSON.

[6] *Free*,] is *liberal*, not parsimonious. JOHNSON.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Lucullus's house in Athens.

Flaminius waiting. Enter a Servant to him.

Serv. I have told my lord of you, he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside.*] One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver bason and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectively[7] welcome, sir. —Fill me some wine.—And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir: And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him; nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting says he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and

—[7] *very* respectively *welcome*, &c.] i.e. respectfully. So in *K. John*, "Besides, 'tis too *respective*, &c." STEEVENS.

often

often I ha' din'd with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less: and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his; I ha' told him on't, but I could never get him from't.

Re-enter servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observ'd thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you gone sirrah. [*To the Servant, who goes out.*]—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou know'st well enough, although thou com'st to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares [1] for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible, the world should so much differ;
[2] And we alive, that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee. [*Throwing the money away.*

Lucul. Ha! Now I see, thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit Lucullus.*

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!

[1] *—three solidares—*] I believe this coin is from the mint of the poet. STEEVENS.

[2] *And we alive, that liv'd?—*] i. e. And we who were alive then, alive now. As much as to say, *in so short a time.* WARBURTON.

Let molten coin be thy damnation [3],
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
[4] It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! This slave,
Unto his honour [5], has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon't!
And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of [6] nature
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A publick street.

Enter Lucius, with three strangers.

Luc. Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

[3] *Let molten coin be thy damnation,*] Perhaps the poet alludes to the punishment inflicted on M. Aquilius by Mithridates. In the *Shepherd's Calendar*, however, Lazarus declares himself to have seen in hell "a great number of wide cauldrons and kettles, full of boyling lead and oyle, with other hot metals molten, in the which were plunged and dipped the covetous men and women, for to fullfill and replenish them of their insatiate covetise." STEEVENS.

[4] *It* turns *in less than two nights?*—] Alluding to the *turning* or acescence of milk. JOHNSON.

[5] *Unto his honour*—] Thus the old copy. What Flaminius seems to mean is,—This slave (to the honour of his character) has, &c. The modern editors read, *unto this hour*, which may be right. STEEVENS.

[6] —*of* nurture] The common copies read *nature.* The emendation is sir T. Hanmer's. JOHNSON.

Of nature is surely the most expressive reading. Flaminius considers that nutriment which Lucullus had for a length of time received at Timon's table, as constituting a great part of his animal system. STEEVENS.

1 *Stran.*

1 *Stran.* [7] We know him for no lefs, though we are but ftrangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours, now lord Timon's happy hours are done and paft, and his eftate fhrinks from him.

Luc. Fye, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2 *Stran.* But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow fo many talents [8]; nay, urg'd extremely for't, and fhew'd what neceffity belong'd to't, and yet was deny'd.

Luc. How?

2 *Stran.* I tell you, deny'd, my lord.

Luc. What a ftrange cafe was that? now, before the gods, I am afham'd on't. Deny'd that honourable man? there was very little honour fhew'd in't. For my own part, I muft needs confefs, I have receiv'd fome fmall kindneffes from him, as money, plate, jewels, and fuch like trifles, nothing comparing to his; [9] yet, had he miftook him, and fent

[7] *We know him for no lefs,*—] That is, *we know him* by report to be *no lefs* than you reprefent him, though we are ftrangers to his perfon. JOHNSON.

[8] —*to borrow fo many talents;*—] Such is the reading of the old copy. The modern editors read arbitrarily, *fifty talents. So many* is not an uncommon colloquial expreffion for an indefinite number. The ftranger might not know the exact fum.

STEEVENS.

[9] —*yet had he* miftook *him, and fent to me,*——] We fhould read,

———miflook'd *him,*

i. e. overlooked, neglected to fend to him. WARBURTON.

I rather read, *yet had he* not *miftook him, and fent to me.*

JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards propofes to read, *yet had he* miffed *him.* Lucius has juft declared that he had had fewer prefents from Timon, than Lucullus had received, who therefore ought to have been the firft to affift him. Yet, fays he, had Timon *miftook him,* or overlooked that circumftance, and fent to me, I fhould not have denied, &c. STEEVENS.

to me, I should ne'er have deny'd his occasion so many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—My honour'd lord,— [*To Lucius.*

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well:—Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent——

Luc. Ha! what hath he sent? I am so much endear'd to that lord; he's ever sending; How shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents [1].

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord. [2] If his occasion were not virtuous,

[1] ——*with so many talents.*] Such again is the reading with which the old copy supplies us. Probably the exact number of the *talents wanted* was not expressly set down by Shakespeare. If this was the case, the player who represented the character spoke of the first number that was uppermost in his mind; and the printer, who copied from the playhouse books, put down an indefinite for the definite sum, which remained unspecified. The modern editors read again in this instance, *fifty talents.* Perhaps the servant brought a note with him which he tender'd to Lucullus. STEEVENS.

[2] *If his occasion were not virtuous,*] *Virtuous*, for strong, forcible, pressing. WARBURTON.

The meaning may more naturally be;—If he did not want it for a good use. JOHNSON.

Dr Johnson's explication is certainly right.——We had before: "Some *good necessity* touches his friend." MALONE.

I ſhould not urge it [3] half ſo faithfully.

Luc. Doſt thou ſpeak ſeriouſly, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my ſoul, 'tis true, ſir.

Luc. What a wicked beaſt was I, to disfurniſh myſelf againſt ſuch a good time, when I might have ſhewn myſelf honourable? how unluckily it happen'd, [4] that I ſhould purchaſe the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour?—Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do't; the more beaſt, I ſay:—I was ſending to uſe lord Timon myſelf, theſe gentlemen can witneſs; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordſhip; and, I hope, his honour will conceive the faireſt of me, becauſe I have no power to be kind:—And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greateſt afflictions, ſay, that I cannot pleaſure ſuch an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me ſo far, as to uſe my own words to him?

[3] —*half ſo* faithfully.] *Faithfully*, for fervently. Therefore, without more ado, the Oxford editor alters the text to *fervently*. But he might have ſeen, that Shakeſpeare uſed *faithfully* for fervently, as in the former part of the ſentence he had uſed *virtuous* for forcible. WARBURTON.

[4] —*that I ſhould purchaſe the day before for a little* part, *and undo a great deal of honour?*—] Though there is a ſeeming plauſible antitheſis in the terms, I am very well aſſured they are corrupt at the bottom. For a little *part* of what? *Honour* is the only ſubſtantive that follows in the ſentence. How much is the antitheſis improved by the ſenſe which my emendation gives? "That I ſhould purchaſe for a little *dirt*, and undo a great deal of honour!" THEOBALD.

This emendation is received, like all others, by ſir T. Hanmer, but neglected by Dr. Warburton. I think Theobald right in ſuſpecting a corruption; nor is his emendation injudicious, though perhaps we may better read, *purchaſe the day before for a little* park. JOHNSON.

I am ſatisfied with the old reading, which is ſufficiently in our author's manner. By purchaſing what brought me but little honour, I have loſt the more honourable opportunity of ſupplying the wants of my friend. STEEVENS.

Ser. Yes, ſir, I ſhall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.—
[*Exit Servilius.*

True, as you ſaid, Timon is ſhrunk, indeed;
And he, that's once deny'd, will hardly ſpeed.
[*Exit.*

1 *Stran.* Do you obſerve this, Hoſtilius?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why, this is the world's ſport;
And juſt of the ſame piece is every [5] flatterer's ſoul.
Who can call him his friend,
That dips in the ſame diſh? for, in my knowing,
Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purſe;
Supported his eſtate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: He ne'er drinks,
But Timon's ſilver treads upon his lip;
And yet, (O, ſee the monſtrouſneſs of man,
When he looks out in an ungrateful ſhape!)
He does deny him, [6] in reſpect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

[5] —*flatterer's* ſpirit.] This is Dr. Warburton's emendation. The other editions read,

Why this is the world's ſoul;
Of the ſame piece is every flatterer's ſport.

Mr. Upton has not unluckily tranſpoſed the two final words, thus:

Why, this is the world's ſport:
Of the ſame piece is ev'ry flatterer's ſoul.

The paſſage is not ſo obſcure as to provoke ſo much enquiry. *This*, ſays he, *is the ſoul* or ſpirit *of the world: every flatterer* plays the ſame game, makes *ſport* with the confidence of his friend. JOHNSON.

I have adopted Upton's tranſpoſition rather than Dr. Warburton's alteration. STEEVENS.

[6] —*in reſpect of his*,] i.e. conſidering Timon's claim for what he aſks. WARBURTON.

—*in reſpect of his*,] That is, *in reſpect of his* fortune, what Lucius denies to Timon is in proportion to what Lucius poſſeſſes, leſs than the uſual alms given by good men to beggars.
JOHNSON.

3 *Stran.*

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
[7] I would have put my wealth into donation [8],
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart: But, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
For policy sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*

[7] *I would have put my wealth into* donation,
And the best half should have return'd *to him,*]
Hanmer reads,

I would have put my wealth into partition,
And the best half should have attorn'd *to him.*

Dr. Warburton receives *attorn'd.* The only difficulty is in the word *return'd*, which, since he had received nothing from him, cannot be used but in a very low and licentious meaning. JOHNSON.

[8] *Had his necessity made use of me, I would have put my fortune into a condition to be alienated, and the best half of what I had gained myself, or received from others, should have found its way to him.* Either such licentious exposition must be allowed, or the passage remain in obscurity, as some readers may not chuse to receive Hanmer's emendation.

There is, however, such a word as *attorn'd.* See Holinshed's *Reign of K. Richard* II. p. 481: "——they plainly told him they would not *atturne* to him, nor be under his jurisdiction, &c." The following lines in *Hamlet*, act II. sc. ii. persuade me that my explanation of—*put my wealth into donation*— is very doubtful:

"*Put* your dread pleasures more *into command*
"Than to entreaty."

Again, in *Cymbeline*, act III. sc. iv:

"And mad'st me *put into contempt* the suits
"Of princely fellows, &c."

Perhaps the stranger means to say, I would have treated my wealth as a present originally received from him, and on this occasion have return'd him the half of that whole for which I supposed myself to be indebted to his bounty. STEEVENS.

SCENE III.

Sempronius's House.

Enter Sempronius, with a Servant of Timon's.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't? Hum! 'Bove all others?
He might have try'd lord Lucius, or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: All these
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord,
[9] They have all been touch'd, and found base metal; for
They have all deny'd him?

Sem. How! have they deny'd him?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus deny'd him?
And does he send to me? Three? hum!——
It shews but little love or judgment in him.
Must I be his last refuge? [1] His friends, like physicians,
Thrive, give him over; Must I take the cure upon me?

He

[9] *They have all been* touch'd,—] That is, *tried*, alluding to the *touchstone*. JOHNSON.

[1] ———*his friends like physicians*
Thriv'd, *give him over?*]
I have restored this old reading, only amending the pointing, which was faulty. Mr. Pope, suspecting the phrase, has substituted *thrice* in the room of *thriv'd*, and so disarmed the poet's satire. Physicians *thriv'd* is no more than physicians *grown rich*: Only the adjective passive of this verb, indeed, is not so common in use; and yet it is a familiar expression, to this day, to say, *Such a one is well* thriven *on his trade*. THEOBALD.

The original reading is,
——*his friends, (like physicians)*
Thrive, *give him over:*]
which Theobald has misrepresented. Hanmer reads, *try'd*, plausibly enough. Instead of *thrice* proposed by Mr. Pope, I should read *thrice*. But perhaps the old reading is the true. JOHNSON.

Per-

He has much disgrac'd me in't; I am angry at him,
That might have known my place: I see no sense for't,
But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er receiv'd gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it last? No:
So it may prove an argument of laughter
To the rest, and I 'mongst lords be thought a fool.
I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
[1] I had such a courage to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join;
Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin.
[*Exit.*

Serv. Excellent! [2] Your lordship's a goodly villain.

Perhaps we should read—*shriv'd.* They *give him over shriv'd*; that is, *prepared for immediate death by shrift.* TYRWHITT.

Perhaps the following passage in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy* is the best comment after all:

" ———Physicians thus
" *With their hands full of money*, use to *give o'er*
" Their patients."

The passage will then mean:——" His friends, like physicians, thrive by his bounty and fees, and either *relinquish, and forsake him*, or give his case up as desperate." *To give over* in the *Taming of the Shrew* has no reference to the irremediable condition of a patient, but simply means to leave, to forsake, to quit:

" And therefore let me be thus bold with you
" *To give you over* at this first encounter,
" Unless you will accompany me thither." STEEVENS.

[1] *I had such a courage*—] Such an ardour, such an eager desire. JOHNSON.

[2] *Excellent*, &c.] I suppose the former part of this speech to have been originally written in verse, as well as the latter; though the players having printed it as prose (omitting several syllables necessary to the metre) it cannot now be restored without such additions as no editor is at liberty to insert in the text. STEEVENS.

lain. [3] The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politick; he crofs'd himfelf by't: and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies of man [4] will fet him clear. How fairly this lord ftrives to appear foul? [5] takes virtuous copies to be wicked;

3 —*The devil knew not what he did,*——] I cannot but think that the negative *not* has intruded into this paffage, and the reader will think fo too, when he reads Dr. Warburton's explanation of the next words. JOHNSON.

4 ——*will fet him clear.*——] *Set him clear* does not mean acquit him before heaven; for then *the devil* muft be fuppofed *to know what* he did: but it fignifies puzzle him, outdo him at his own weapons. WARBURTON.

How the devil, or any other being, fhould be *fet clear* by being *puzzled* and *outdone*, the commentator has not explained. When in a crowd we would have an opening made, we fay, *Stand clear*, that is, *out of the way of danger.* With fome affinity to this ufe, though not without great harfhnefs, to *fet clear*, may be to *fet afide.* But I believe the original corruption is the infertion of the negative, which was obtruded by fome tranfcriber, who fuppofed *croffed* to mean *thwarted*, when it meant, *exempted from evil.* The ufe of *croffing*, by way of protection or purification, was probably not worn out in Shakefpeare's time. The fenfe of *fet clear* is now eafy; he has no longer the guilt of tempting man. To crofs himfelf may mean, in a very familiar fenfe, *to clear his fcore, to get out of debt, to quit his reckoning.* He knew not *what he did,* may mean, he knew not how much good he was doing himfelf. There is then no need of emendation. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Dr. Warburton's explanation is the true one. *Clear* is an adverb, or fo ufed; and Dr. Johnfon's Dictionary obferves that *to fet* means, in Addifon, to embarrafs, to diftrefs, to perplex. — If then the devil made men politic, he has thwarted his own intereft, becaufe the fuperior cunning of man will at laft puzzle him, or be above the reach of his temptations. TOLLET.

5 —*takes* virtuous copies *to be wicked*; *like thofe* &c.] This is a reflection on the puritans of that time. Thefe people were then fet upon a project of new modelling the ecclefiaftical and civil government according to fcripture rules and examples; which makes him fay, that *under zeal* for the word of God, they *would fet whole realms on fire.* So Sempronius pretended to that warm affection and generous jealoufy of friendfhip, that is affronted, if any other be applied to before it. At beft the fimilitude is an aukward one: but it fitted the *audience*, though not the *fpeaker.*

WARBURTON.

like

like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire.
Of such a nature is his politick love.
This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save only the gods: Now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master.
And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth, must [6] keep his house.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Timon's hall.

Enter Varro, Titus, Hortensius, [7] *Lucius, and other servants of Timon's creditors, who wait for his coming out.*

Var. Well met; good morrow, Titus, and Hortensius.
Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.
Hor. Lucius?
What, do we meet together?
Luc. Ay, and, I think,
One business does command us all; for mine
Is money.
Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luc. And sir Philotus too!
Phi. Good day at once.

[6] ——*keep his house.*] i. e. keep within doors for fear of duns. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*Lucius,*——] Lucius is here again for the servant of Lucius. JOHNSON.

Luc.

Luc. Welcome, good brother. What do you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him:
You must consider, that [8] a prodigal's course
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear,
'Tis deepest winter in lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll shew you how to observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hor. [9] I am weary of this charge, the gods can witness:
I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

Var. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns: What's yours?

Luc. Five thousand mine,

[8] ——*a prodigal's course*
Is like the sun's; ——] That is, like him in blaze and splendour.
"*Soles occidere et redire possunt.*" Catul. JOHNSON.

[9] *I am weary of this charge,*——] That is, of this *commission*, of this *employment*. JOHNSON.

Var.

Var. 'Tis much deep: and it ſhould ſeem by the ſum,
Your maſter's confidence was above mine;
[1] Elſe, ſurely, his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of lord Timon's men.
Luc. Flaminius! ſir, a word: Pray, is my lord
Ready to come forth?
Flam. No, indeed, he is not.
Tit. We attend his lordſhip; pray, ſignify ſo much.
Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows, you are too diligent. [*Exit Flaminius.*

Enter Flavius in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Ha! is not that his ſteward muffled ſo?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.
Tit. Do you hear, ſir?
Var. By your leave, ſir,——
Flav. What do you aſk of me, my friend?
Tit. We wait for certain money here, ſir.

[1] *Elſe, ſurely, his had equall'd.*] Should it not be, *Elſe, ſurely, mine had equall'd.* JOHNSON.

The meaning, I think is:—The confidence repoſed in your maſter was greater than that repoſed in mine, elſe, ſurely, the ſum demanded from him, i. e. from your maſter, would have been equal to that demanded from mine: which equality would have been produced by the demand on my maſter being raiſed from three thouſand crowns to five thouſand.

A large ſum may be equalized to a ſmall one as well by addition to the ſmaller, as by ſubſtraction from the greater.——The words mean the ſame as if Varro's ſervant had ſaid:—*elſe ſurely the two demands had been equal.*

The paſſage however may be explained thus—*His* may refer to *mine*; as if he had ſaid: Your maſter's confidence was above *my maſter's*; elſe ſurely *his*, i. e. the ſum demanded from my maſter (for that is the laſt antecedent) had been equal to the ſum demanded from yours. MALONE.

Flav.

Flav. Ay, if money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere ſure enough.
Why then preferr'd you not your ſums and bills,
When your falſe maſters eat of my lord's meat?
Then they would ſmile, and fawn upon his debts,
And take down the intereſt in their gluttonous maws;
You do yourſelves but wrong, to ſtir me up;
Let me paſs quietly:
Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to ſpend.

Luc. Ay, but this anſwer will not ſerve.

Flav. If 'twill not ſerve, 'tis not ſo baſe as you;
For you ſerve knaves. [*Exit.*

Var. How! what does his caſhier'd worſhip mutter?

Tit. No matter what; he's poor,
And that's revenge enough. Who can ſpeak broader
Than he that has no houſe to put his head in?
Such may rail 'gainſt great buildings.

[2] *Enter Servilius.*

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we ſhall know
Some anſwer.

Serv. If I might beſeech you, gentlemen,
To repair ſome other hour, I ſhould
Derive much from it: for, take it on my ſoul,
My lord leans wond'rouſly to diſcontent:
His comfortable temper has forſook him;
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Many do keep their chambers, are not ſick:
And, if he be ſo far beyond his health,
Methinks, he ſhould the ſooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods!

[2] *Enter Servilius.*] It may be obſerved that Shakeſpeare has unſkilfully filled his Greek ſtory with Roman names. JOHNSON.

Tit.

Tit. We cannot take this for anſwer, ſir.

Flam. [*Within.*] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!

Enter Timon, in a rage.

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd againſt my paſſage?
Have I been ever free, and muſt my houſe
Be my retentive enemy, my jail?
The place, which I have feaſted, does it now,
Like all mankind, ſhew me an iron heart?

Luc. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Here's mine.

Var. And mine, my lord.

Caph. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em [3], cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Alas! my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in ſums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Five thouſand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thouſand drops pays that.—
What yours?—and yours?

[3] *Knock me down with 'em:*——] Timon quibbles. They preſent their written *bills*; he catches at the word, and alludes to the *bills*, or battle-axes, which the ancient ſoldiery carried, and were ſtill uſed by the watch in Shakeſpeare's time. See the ſcene between Dogberry &c. in *Much ado about Nothing*; and Heywood's *Fair Maid of the Weſt*, 1615:

"——write them a *bill.*——

"I'll watch them for that, 'tis no time of night to uſe our *bills.*"

Again, in Heywood's *If you know not Me you know Nobody*, 1633, ſecond Part, ſir John Greſham ſays to his creditors: "Friends, you cannot beat me down with *your bills.*" Again, in Deckar's *Guls Hornbook*, 1609: "——they durſt not *ſtrike down* their cuſtomers with large *bills.*" STEEVENS.

1 *Var.* My lord,——
2 *Var.* My lord,
Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you!
[*Exit.*

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive, our masters may throw their caps at their money; these debts may be well call'd desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Timon, and Flavius.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves:
Creditors!——devils.
Flav. My dear lord,—
Tim. What if it should be so?
Flav. My lord,—
Tim. I'll have it so:—My steward!
Flav. Here, my lord.
Tim. So fitly?—Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius[4], all;
I'll once more feast the rascals.
Flav. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.
Tim. Be it not in thy care; go,
I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.
[*Exeunt.*

[4] *Lucius, Lucullus,* &c.] The old copy reads: *Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius Vllorxa: all.* STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE V.

The Senate-house.

Senators, and Alcibiades.

1 *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to't; the fault's bloody;
'Tis necessary, he should die:
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.
2 *Sen.* Most true; the law shall bruise 'em.
Alc. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!
1 *Sen.* Now, captain?
Alc. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stept into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into it.
[5] He is a man, [6] setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardise;
(An honour in him, which buys out his fault)
But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,

[5] *He is a man*, &c.] I have printed these lines after the original copy, except that, for *an honour*, it is there, *and honour*. All the latter editions deviate unwarrantably from the original, and give the lines thus:

He is a man, setting his fault *aside,*
Of virtuous honour, which buys out his fault;
Nor did he soil, &c. JOHNSON.

[6] —*setting* his *fault aside*,]
We must read:
——this *fault*.—— WARBURTON.

The reading of the old copy is,—*setting his* fate *aside*, i. e. putting this action of his, which was pre-determined by fate, out of the question. STEEVENS.

He did oppose his foe:
And with such sober [7] and unnoted passion
[8] He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 *Sen.* [9] You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring man-slaughter into form, and set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born:

7 ——*and* unnoted *passion*] *Unnoted*, for common, bounded. WARBURTON.

8 *He did* behave *his anger*,——] *Behave*, for curb, manage. But the Oxford editor equips the old poet with a more modern phrase:

He did behave in's *anger*,——

A paltry clipt jargon of modern fops, for *behave himself*. WARBURTON.

The original copy reads not *behave* but *behoove*. I do not well understand the passage in either reading. Shall we try a daring conjecture?

——*with such sober and unnoted passion*
He did behold *his adversary* shent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

He looked with such calmness on his slain adversary. I do not suppose that this is right, but put it down for want of better. JOHNSON.

Cuncta prius tentanda.

I would rather read:

——*and unnoted passion*
He did behave, ere was his anger spent.

Unnoted passion means, I believe, an uncommon command of his passion, such a one as has not hitherto been observed. *Behave his anger* may, however, be right. In sir W. Davenant's play of the the *Just Italian*, 1630, *behave* is used in as singular a manner:

"How well my stars *behave* their influence."

Again:

"——You an Italian, sir, and thus
"*Behave* the knowledge of disgrace!"

In both these instances, to *behave* is to *manage*. STEEVENS.

9 *You undergo too strict a paradox*,] You undertake a paradox too *hard*. JOHNSON.

He's

He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe; [1] and make his wrongs
His outsides; to wear them like his raiment, carelessly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis, to hazard life for ill?

Alc. My lord,—

1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear;
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alc. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain.—
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep upon it,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such valour in the bearing, [2] what make we
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant,
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
[3] The ass, more captain than the lion; and the fellow,
Loaden

[1] ———— *and made his wrongs*
His outsides; *wear* them *like his raiment carelessly*;]
It should be read and pointed thus:
———— *and make his wrongs*
His outside wear; hang like his raiment, carelessly.
WARBURTON.

The present reading is better. JOHNSON.

[2] ———— *what make we*
Abroad? ————]
What do we, or *what have we to do in the field.* JOHNSON.

[3] *The ass, more than the lion*; &c.] Here is another arbitrary regulation, the original reads thus;
———— *what make we*
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant
That stay at home, if bearing carry it:
And the ass more captain than the lion,
The fellow, loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
If wisdom &c.

I think

Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is [4] sin's extreamest gust;
But, in defence, [5] by mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in anger, is impiety;
But who is man, that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

Alc. In vain? his service done

I think it may be better adjusted thus:

——*what make we*
Abroad? why then the women are more valiant
That stay at home;
If bearing carry it, then is the ass
More captain than the lion, and the felon
Loaden with irons wiser, &c. JOHNSON.

As the words—*more captain* than the lion—are found in the old copy, on what principle can they be changed, however harsh the phrase may sound to our ears?——That it was the author's, appears, I think, not only from the introduction to this speech of Alcibiades:——

"My lord, then under favour pardon me
"If I speak like a *captain*:"——

but from Shakespeare's 66th Sonnet, where the word *captain* is used with at least as much harshness as in the text:

"And captive good attending *captain* ill."

Again, in another of his Sonnets:

"Like stones of worth they thinly placed are
"Or *captain* jewels in the carkanet." MALONE.

[4] ——*sin's extreamest gust;*] *Gust*, for aggravation. WARBURTON.

Gust is here in its common sense; the utmost degree of *appetite* for sin. JOHNSON.

I believe *gust* means *rashness*. The allusion may be to a sudden *gust of wind*. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*by* mercy, '*tis most just.*] By *mercy* is meant *equity*. But we must read:

——'tis *made just*. WARBURTON.

Mercy is not put for equity. If such explanation be allowed, what can be difficult? The meaning is, *I call* mercy *herself* to witness, that defensive violence is just. JOHNSON.

At

At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
Were a ſufficient briber for his life.

1 *Sen.* What's that?

Alc. Why, I ſay, my lords, he has done fair ſervice,
And ſlain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himſelf
In the laſt conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty [6] with 'em; he
[7] Is a ſworn rioter: he has a ſin
That often drowns him, and takes his valour priſoner:
If there were no foes, that were enough
To overcome him: in that beaſtly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cheriſh factions: 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 *Sen.* He dies.

Alc. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,
(Though his right arm might purchaſe his own time,
And be in debt to none) yet, more to move you,
Take my deſerts to his, and join 'em both:
And, for I know, [8] your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honours to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore;

[6] ——*with 'em;*——] The folio, *with* him. JOHNSON.

[7] *He's a* ſworn *rioter; he has a ſin*
That often drowns him, and takes valour priſoner.]
What is a *ſworn* rioter? We ſhould read:
He's a ſwol'n *rioter,*——
that is, given to all exceſſes, as he ſays of another, in another place, *by ſurfeit-ſwoln* or ſwell'd. WARBURTON.

A *ſworn rioter* is a man who practiſes riot, as if he had by an oath made it his duty. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*your reverend ages love*
Security,——]
He charges them obliquely with being uſurers. JOHNSON.

For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* We are for law, he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure: Friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

Alc. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

2 *Sen.* How?

Alc. Call me to your remembrances.

3 *Sen.* What?

Alc. I cannot think, but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be, [9] I should prove so base,
To sue, and be deny'd such common grace:
My wounds ake at you.

1 *Sen.* [1] Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.

Alc. Banish me?
Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

1 *Sen.* If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment.
[2] And, not to swell our spirit,

He

[9] ——*I should prove so base,*] *Base,* for dishonour'd.
WARBURTON.

[1] *Do you dare our anger?*
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;]
This reading may pass, but perhaps the author wrote:
——*our anger?*
'Tis few in *words, but spacious in effect.* JOHNSON.

[2] *And* (not *to swell our spirit*)] What this nonsense was intended to mean I don't know, but it is plain Shakespeare wrote:
And now *to swell* your *spirit:*
i. e. to provoke you still more. WARBURTON.

Not to swell our spirit, I believe, means, *not to put ourselves into any tumour of rage,* take our definitive resolution. So, in *K. Hen.* VIII. act III. sc. i:
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,

So

He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senate.*

Alc. Now the gods keep you old enough; that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I am worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself,
Rich only in large hurts.—All those, for this?
Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? Ha! banishment?
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, [3] and lay for hearts.
'Tis

So much they love it; but, to stubborn spirits,
They *swell* and grow as terrible as storms.
STEEVENS.

3 In former copies:
——*And lay for hearts.*
'Tis honour with most lands *to be at odds*;
But surely, even in a soldier's sense of honour, there is very little in being at odds with all about him; which shews rather a quarrelsome disposition than a valiant one. Besides, this was not Alcibiades's case. He was only fallen out with the Athenians. A phrase in the foregoing line will direct us to the right reading. I will *lay*, says he, *for hearts*; which is a metaphor taken from card-play, and signifies to game deep and boldly. It is plain then the figure was continued in the following line, which should be read thus:
'Tis honour with most hands *to be at odds*;
i. e. to fight upon odds, or at disadvantage; as he must do against the united strength of Athens: and this, by soldiers, is accounted *honourable*. Shakespeare uses the same metaphor on the same occasion, in *Coriolanus*:
"He *lurch'd* all swords." WARBURTON.

I think *hands* is very properly substituted for *lands*. In the foregoing line, for, *lay for hearts*, I would read, *play* for *hearts*.
JOHNSON.

I do not conceive that to *lay for hearts* is a metaphor taken from card-play, or that *lay* should be changed into *play*. We should now say *to lay out for* hearts, i. e. the affections of the people; but

'Tis honour, with moſt lands to be at odds;
Soldiers as little ſhould brook wrongs, as gods.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Timon's houſe.

Enter divers Senators at ſeveral doors.

1 *Sen.* The good time of day to you, ſir.

2 *Sen.* I alſo wiſh it to you. I think, this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1 *Sen.* [4] Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we encounter'd: I hope, it is not ſo low with him, as he made it ſeem in the trial of his ſeveral friends.

2 *Sen.* It ſhould not be, by the perſuaſion of his new feaſting.

1 *Sen.* I ſhould think ſo: He hath ſent me an earneſt inviting, which many my near occaſions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I muſt needs appear.

2 *Sen.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate buſineſs, but he would not hear my excuſe. I am ſorry, when he ſent to borrow of me, that my proviſion was out.

1 *Sen.* I am ſick of that grief too, as I underſtand how all things go.

but *lay* is uſed ſingly, as it is here, by Jonſon, in *The Devil is an Aſs*, vol. IV. p. 33:

"*Lay* for ſome pretty principality." TYRWHITT.

[4] *Upon that were my thoughts* tiring,——] A hawk, I think, is ſaid to *tire*, when ſhe amuſes herſelf with pecking a pheaſant's wing, or any thing that puts her in mind of prey. To *tire* upon a thing, is therefore, to be *idly employed upon it.* JOHNSON.

So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

"——the vulture *tires*
"Upon the eagle's heart." STEEVENS.

2 *Sen.*

2 *Sen.* Every man here's ſo. What would he have borrow'd of you?

1 *Sen.* A thouſand pieces.

2 *Sen.* A thouſand pieces!

1 *Sen.* What of you?

3 *Sen.* He ſent to me, ſir,—Here he comes.

Enter Timon, and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—And how fare you?

1 *Sen.* Ever at the beſt, hearing well of your lordſhip.

2 *Sen.* The ſwallow follows not ſummer more willingly, than we your lordſhip.

Tim. [*Aſide.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; ſuch ſummer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompenſe this long ſtay: feaſt your ears with the muſick awhile; if they will fare ſo harſhly as on the trumpet's ſound: we ſhall to't preſently.

1 *Sen.* I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordſhip, that I return'd you an empty meſſenger.

Tim. O, ſir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Sen.* My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

[*The banquet brought in.*

2 *Sen.* My moſt honourable lord, I am e'en ſick of ſhame, that, when your lordſhip this other day ſent to me, I was ſo unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, ſir.

2 *Sen.* If you had ſent but two hours before,——

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. —Come, bring in all together.

2 *Sen.* All cover'd diſhes!

1 *Sen.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 *Sen.* Doubt not that, if money, and the ſeaſon can yield it.

1 *Sen.* How do you? What's the news?

3 *Sen.* Alcibiades is banish'd: Hear you of it?

Both. Alcibiades banish'd!

3 *Sen.* 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 *Sen.* How? how?

2 *Sen.* I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 *Sen.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

2 *Sen.* This is the old man still.

3 *Sen.* Will't hold? will't hold?

2 *Sen.* It does: but time will—and so—

3 *Sen.* I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike[5]. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves prais'd: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another: for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be as they are.—[6] The rest of your fees, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes uncovered are full of warm water.*

[5] —*your diet shall be in all places alike.*—] See a note on the *Winter's Tale*, act I. sc. i. STEEVENS.

[6] —*The rest of your* fees,—] We should read—*foes.* WARBURTON.

Some

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?
Some other. I know not.
Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and luke-warm water
[7] Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who stuck and spangled [8] you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
[*Throwing water in their faces.*
Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long [9],
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, [1] time's flies,
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and [2] minute-jacks!
Of man, and beast, the [3] infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?
Soft, take thy physick first,—thou too,—and thou;—
[*Throws the dishes at them.*

[7] *Is your* perfection.—] *Perfection* for exact or perfect likeness. WARBURTON.

Your *perfection*, is *the highest of your excellence*. JOHNSON.

[8] —— *and spangled* you with *flatteries*,] We should certainly read:

—— *and spangled* with your *flatteries*. WARBURTON.

The present reading is right. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*Live loath'd, and long?*] This thought has occurred twice before:

" ——let not that part
" Of nature my lord paid for, be of power
" To expel sickness, but *prolong his hour*:

Again:

" Gods keep you *old* enough &c." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*time's flies*,] Flies of a season. JOHNSON.

[2] ——*minute-jacks!*] Hanmer thinks it means *Jack-a-lantern*, which shines and disappears in an instant. What it was I know not; but it was something of quick motion, mentioned in *Richard* III. JOHNSON.

A *minute-jack* is what was called formerly a *Jack of the clock-house*; an image whose office was the same as one of those at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street. See Sir John Hawkins's note on a passage in *Richard* III. vol. VII. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*the infinite malady*] Every kind of disease incident to man and beast. JOHNSON.

Stay,

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feaſt,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome gueſt.
Burn, houſe; ſink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man, and all humanity! [*Exit.*

Re-enter the Senators.

1 *Sen.* How now, my lords?
2 *Sen.* Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?
3 *Sen.* Piſh! did you ſee my cap?
4 *Sen.* I have loſt my gown.
1 *Sen.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour ſways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—Did you ſee my jewel?
2 *Sen.* Did you ſee my cap?
3 *Sen.* Here 'tis.
4 *Sen.* Here lies my gown.
1 *Sen.* Let's make no ſtay.
2 *Sen.* Lord Timon's mad.
3 *Sen.* I feel't upon my bones.
4 *Sen.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day ſtones. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Without the walls of Athens.

Enter Timon.

Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdleſt in thoſe wolves! Dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;
Obedience fail in children! ſlaves, and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled ſenate from the bench,
And

And minifter in their fteads! to general filths
Convert o' the inftant, green virginity!
Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold faft;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trufters' throats! bound fervants, fteal;
Large-handed robbers your grave mafters are,
And pill by law! maid, to thy mafter's bed;
Thy miftrefs is [1] o' the brothel! fon of fixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping fire,
With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, juftice, truth,
Domeftick awe, night-reft, and neighbourhood,
Inftruction, manners, myfteries, and trades,
Degrees, obfervances, cuftoms, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And [2] yet confufion live!—Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for ftroke! thou cold fciatica,
Cripple our fenators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! luft and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;
That 'gainft the ftream of virtue they may ftrive,
And drown themfelves in riot! itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bofoms; and their crop
Be general leprofy! breath infect breath;
That their fociety, as their friendfhip, may
Be meerly poifon! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakednefs, thou deteftable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying banns!
Timon will to the woods; where he fhall find

[1] —*i' the brothel!*] So Hanmer. The old copies read, *o' th' brothel.* JOHNSON.

The old reading is the true one. The fenfe is, Go, maid, with fecurity to thy mafter's bed, *for thy miftrefs is a bawd to thy amours.* STEEVENS.

[2] —*yet confufion*——] Hanmer reads, *let* confufion; but the meaning may be, *though by fuch confufion all things feem to haften to diffolution, yet let not diffolution come, but the miferies of* confufion *continue.* JOHNSON.

The

The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all)
The Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high, and low!
Amen. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Timon's house.

[3] *Enter Flavius, with two or three servants.*

1 *Serv.* Hear you, master steward, where is our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?
Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.
1 *Serv.* Such a house broke!
So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!
2 *Serv.* As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave;
So his familiars [4] from his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,

[3] *Enter Flavius,*] Nothing contributes more to the exaltation of Timon's character than the zeal and fidelity of his servants. Nothing but real virtue can be honoured by domesticks; nothing but impartial kindness can gain affection from dependants. JOHNSON.

[4] ——from *his buried fortunes*] The old copies have *to* instead of *from*. The correction is Hanmer's; but the old reading might stand. JOHNSON.

With his diſeaſe of all-ſhunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other ſervants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd houſe.
3 *Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
That ſee I by our faces; we are fellows ſtill,
Serving alike in ſorrow: Leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, ſtand on the dying deck,
Hearing the ſurges threat: we muſt all part
Into this ſea of air.
Flav. Good fellows all,
The lateſt of my wealth I'll ſhare amongſt you.
Wherever we ſhall meet, for Timon's ſake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's ſhake our heads, and ſay,
As 'twere a knell unto our maſter's fortunes,
We have ſeen better days. Let each take ſome;
[*Giving them money.*
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in ſorrow, parting poor.
[*Exeunt Servants.*
[5] O, the fierce wretchedneſs that glory brings us!
Who would not wiſh to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to miſery and contempt?

[5] *O, the fierce wretchedneſs*——] I believe *fierce* is here uſed for *haſty*, *precipitate*. Perhaps it is employed in the ſame ſenſe by Ben Jonſon in his *Poetaſter:*

"And Lupus, for your *fierce* credulity,
"One fit him with a larger pair of ears."

In another play our author has *fierce vanities.* In all inſtances it may mean *glaring*, *conſpicuous*, *violent.* So in Ben Jonſon's *Bartholomew Fair*, the Puritan ſays:

"Thy hobby-horſe is an idol, a *fierce* and rank idol."

Again, in *King John:*

"O vanity of ſickneſs! *fierce* extremes
"In their continuance will not feel themſelves."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*

"With all the *fierce* endeavour of your wit."

STEEVENS.

Who'd

Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart;
Undone by goodness! [6] Strange, unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
Who then dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord,—blest, to be most accurs'd,
Rich, only to be wretched;——thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat
Of monstrous friends: nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I'll follow, and enquire him out:
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [*Exit.*

6 ——*Strange, unusual* blood,] Of this passage, I suppose, every reader would wish for a correction: but the word, harsh as it is, stands fortified by the rhyme, to which, perhaps, it owes its introduction. I know not what to propose. Perhaps,

——*strange unusual* mood,

may, by some, be thought better, and by others worse.

JOHNSON.

I should suppose, that the steward meant to apostrophize Timon's ungrateful and unnatural friends, by calling them

——*strange unusual* brood!

who could treat excess of liberality as they would have treated excess of guilt.

The following passage, however, is in the 5th book of Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, fol. iii. b.

"And thus of thilke unkinde *blood*
"Stant the memorie unto this daie."

Gower is speaking of the ingratitude of one Adrian, a lord of Rome.

In the *Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1619, attributed to Shakespeare, *blood* seems to be used for *inclination*, *propensity*:

"For 'tis our *blood* to love what we are forbidden."

Strange, unusual blood, may therefore mean, strange unusual disposition. STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE III.

The woods.

Enter Timon.

Tim. [7] O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below [8] thy sister's orb
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes;
The greater scorns the lesser: [9] Not nature,
To

[7] *O blessed breeding sun,*——] The sense, as well as elegance of the expression, requires that we should read,

O blessing-breeding sun,———

i. e. Thou that before used to breed blessings, now breed curses and contagion; as afterwards he says,

Thou sun that comfort'st, burn. WARBURTON.

I do not see that this emendation much strengthens the sense. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*thy sister's orb*] That is, the moon's, this *sublunary* world. JOHNSON.

[9] ———*Not nature,*
To whom all sores lay siege,——

He had said the brother could not bear great fortune without despising his brother. He now goes further, and asserts that even human nature cannot bear it, but with contempt of its common nature. The sentence is ambiguous, and, besides that, otherwise obscure. I am persuaded, that our author had Alexander here principally in mind; whose uninterrupted course of successes, as we learn from history, turned his head, and made him fancy himself a *God*, and contemn his human origin. The poet says, *even nature*, meaning nature in its greatest perfection: And Alexander is represented by the ancients as the most accomplished person that ever was, both for his qualities of mind and body, a kind of master-piece of nature. He adds,

To whom all sores lay siege,———

i. e. Although the imbecility of the human condition might easily have informed him of his error. Here Shakespeare seems to have had an eye to Plutarch, who, in his life of Alexander, tells us that

To whom all ſores lay ſiege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.
[1] Raiſe me this beggar, and denude that lord;
The ſenator ſhall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.

that it was that which ſtagger'd him in his ſober moments concerning the belief of his divinity. Ἔλεγεν δὲ μάλιςα συνιέναι θνητὸς ὢν ἐκ τῦ καθεύδειν· και συνυσιάζειν· ὡς ἀπὸ μιᾶς ἐγγινόμενον ἀσθενείας τῇ φύσει καὶ τὸ πονεῖν καὶ τὸ ἡδόμενον. WARBURTON.

I have preſerved this note rather for the ſake of the commentator than of the author. How *nature, to whom all ſores lay ſiege*, can ſo emphatically expreſs *nature in its greateſt perfection*; I ſhall not endeavour to explain. The meaning I take to be this: *Brother, when his fortune is enlarged, will ſcorn brother*; for this is the general depravity of human nature, which, *beſieged as it is by miſery*, admoniſhed as it is of want and imperfection, when *elevated by fortune, will deſpiſe* beings of *nature like its own*. JOHNSON.

[1] *Raiſe me this beggar, and* deny't *that lord*,] Where is the ſenſe and Engliſh of *deny't that lord?* Deny him what? What preceding noun is there to which the pronoun *it* is to be referr'd? And it would be abſurd to think the poet meant, deny to *raiſe* that lord. The antitheſis muſt be, let fortune *raiſe* this beggar, and let her *ſtrip* and *deſpoil* that lord of all his pomp and ornaments, &c. which ſenſe is compleated by this ſlight alteration,

——— *and* denude *that lord*.

So lord Rea in his relation of M. Hamilton's plot, written in 1630:

" All theſe Hamiltons had *denuded* themſelves of their fortunes
" and eſtates."

And Charles the Firſt, in his meſſage to the parliament, ſays:

" *Denude* ourſelves of all."—Clar. vol. III. p. 15. octavo edit. WARBURTON.

I believe the former reading to be the true one. Raiſe me that beggar, and deny a proportionable degree of elevation to that lord. A lord is not ſo high a title in the ſtate, but that a man originally poor might be raiſed to one above it. We might read *deveſt* that lord. *Deveſt* is an Engliſh law phraſe. Shakeſpeare uſes the word in *K. Lear*:

" Since now we will *deveſt* us, both of rule, &c."

The word which Dr. Warburton would introduce, is not, however, uncommon. I find it in the *Tragedie of Crœſus*, 1604:

" As one of all happineſs *denuded*." STEEVENS.

* It is the pastor lards the brother's sides,
The want that makes him leave. Who dares, who dares,

In

* *The pasture lards the* beggar's *sides,*] This, as the editors have ordered it, is an idle repetition at the best; supposing it did, indeed, contain the same sentiment as the foregoing lines. But Shakespeare meant a quite different thing: and having, like a sensible writer, made a smart observation, he illustrates it by a similitude thus:

It is the pasture lards the weather'*s sides,*
The want that makes him lean.———

And the similitude is extremely beautiful, as conveying this satirical reflection; there is no more difference between man and man in the esteem of superficial and corrupt judgments, than between a fat sheep and a lean one. WARBURTON.

This passage is very obscure, nor do I discover any clear sense, even though we should admit the emendation. Let us inspect the text as I have given it from the original edition.

It is the pastour *lards the* brother'*s sides,*
The want that makes him leave.

Dr. Warburton found the passage already changed thus:

It is the pasture *lards the* beggar'*s sides,*
The want that makes him lean.

And upon this reading of no authority, raised another equally uncertain.

Alterations are never to be made without necessity. Let us see what sense the genuine reading will afford. Poverty, says the poet, *bears contempt hereditary*, and *wealth native honour*. To illustrate this position, having already mentioned the case of a poor and rich brother, he remarks, that this preference is given to wealth by those whom it least becomes; *it is the* pastour *that greases or* flatters *the rich* brother, and will grease him on till *want make him leave*. The poet then goes on to ask, *Who dares to say this man*, this pastour, *is a flatterer*; the crime is universal; through all the world *the learned pate*, with allusion to the pastour, *ducks to the golden fool*. If it be objected, as it may justly be, that the mention of a pastour is unsuitable, we must remember the mention of *grace* and *cherubims* in this play, and many such anachronisms in many others. I would therefore read thus:

It is the pastour lards the brother's sides,
'Tis *want that makes him leave.*

The obscurity is still great. Perhaps a line is lost. I have at least given the original reading. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakespeare wrote *pasterer*, for I meet with such a word

in

In purity of manhood ſtand upright,
And ſay, *This man's a flatterer?* if one be,
So are they all; [3] for every grize of fortune
Is ſmooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;
There's nothing level in our curſed natures,
But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd
All feaſts, ſocieties, and throngs of men!
His ſemblable, yea, himſelf, Timon diſdains:
Deſtruction fang mankind [4]!—Earth, yield me roots! [*Digging the earth.*
Who ſeeks for better of thee, ſauce his palate
With thy moſt operant poiſon! What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
I am no [5] idle votariſt: Roots, you clear heavens [6]!
Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul, fair;
Wrong, right; baſe, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.

in Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617, "Alexander before he fell into the Perſian delicacies, refuſed thoſe cooks and *paſterers* that Ada queen of Caria ſent to him." There is likewiſe a proverb among Ray's collection which ſeems to afford much the ſame meaning as this paſſage in Shakeſpeare. "Every one baſteth the fat hog, while the lean one burneth." STEEVENS.

3 ——*for every* grize *of fortune*] *Grize* for ſtep or degree. POPE.

4 ——fang *mankind!*—] i. e. ſeize, gripe. This verb is uſed by Decker in his *Match me at London*, 1631:
"——bite any catchpole that *fangs* for you."
STEEVENS.

5 ——*no idle votariſt.*——] No inſincere or inconſtant ſupplicant. *Gold* will not ſerve me inſtead of *roots*. JOHNSON.

6 ——*you* clear heavens!] This may mean either ye *cloudleſs ſkies*, or *ye deities exempt from guilt*. Shakeſpeare mentions the *cleareſt gods* in *K. Lear*; and in *Acolaſtus* a Comedy, 1529, a ſtranger is thus addreſſed. "Good ſtranger or alyen, *clere* geſt, &c." Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece:*
"Then Collatine again by Lucrece ſide,
"In his *clear* bed might have repoſed ſtill."
i. e. his *uncontaminated* bed. STEEVENS.

Ha!

Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods?
[7] Why this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;
[8] Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy [9] ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench: this is it,
[1] That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
She,

[7] *Why this*
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides:] Aristophanes, in his *Plutus*, act V. sc. ii. makes the priest of Jupiter desert his service to live with Plutus. WARBURTON.

[8] *Pluck* stout *men's pillows from below their heads:*] i. e. men who have strength yet remaining to struggle with their distemper. This alludes to an old custom of drawing away the pillow from under the heads of men in their last agonies, to make their departure the easier. But the Oxford editor, supposing *stout* to signify *healthy*, alters it to *sick*, and this he calls emending. WARBURTON.

[9] *——the hoar leprosy——*] So in P. Holland's translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* b. xxviii. ch. 12. ——"the *foul white leprie* called *elephantiasis*." STEEVENS.

[1] *That makes the* wappen'd *widow wed again;*] *Waped* or *wappen'd* signifies both sorrowful and terrified, either for the loss of a good husband, or by the treatment of a bad. But gold, he says, can overcome both her affection and her fears. WARBURTON.

Of *wappened* I have found no example, nor know any meaning. To *awhape* is used by Spenser in his *Hubberd's Tale*, but I think not in either of the senses mentioned. I would read *wained*, for *decayed by time*. So our author in *Richard the Third*:

"*A beauty*-waining *and distressed widow.*" JOHNSON.

In the comedy of the *Roaring Girl*, by Middleton and Decker, 1611, I meet with a word very like this, which the reader will easily explain for himself, when he has seen the following passage:

Moll. And there you shall *wap* with me.
Sir B. Nay, *Moll*, what's that *wap*?
"Moll. *Wappening* and niggling is all one, the rogue my man can tell you."

Again, in Ben Jonson's Masque of *Gypsies Metamorphosed*:

"Boarded at Tappington,
"*Bedded* at *Wapp*ington."

Again,

She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
² To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee

Again, in *Martin Mark-all's Apologie to the Bel-man of London,* 1610. "*Niggling* is company-keeping with a woman: this word is not used now, but *wapping*, and thereof comes the name *wapping-morts* for whores."

It must not, however, be concealed, that Chaucer, in the *Complaint of Annelida*, line 217, uses the word with the sense in which Dr. Warburton explains it:

"My sewertye in *waped* countenance."

Wappened, according to the quotations I have already given, would mean—*The widow whose curiosity and passions had been already gratified*, So in *Hamlet*:

"The instances that second marriage move,
"Are base respects of *thrift*, but none of *love*."

And if the word *defunct*, in *Othello*, be explained according to its primitive meaning, the same sentiment may be discovered there. There may, however, be some corruption in the text.

STEEVENS.

² *To the* April *day again*——] That is, *to the wedding day*, called by the poet, satirically, *April day*, or *fool's day*.

JOHNSON.

The *April day* does not relate to *the widow*, but to the other *diseased female*, who is represented as the *outcast of an hospital*. She it is whom gold *embalms and spices* to the *April day again*: i. e. gold restores her to all the *freshness and sweetness* of youth. Such is the power of gold, that it will

"——make black, white; foul, fair;
"Wrong, right; &c."

A quotation or two may perhaps support this interpretation. Sidney's *Arcadia*, p. 262, edit. 1633: "Do you see how the spring time is full of flowers, decking itself with them, and not aspiring to the fruits of autumn? What lesson is that unto you, but that in the *April of your age* you should be like *April*." Again, in Stephens's *Apology for Herodotus*, 1607, "He is a young man, and in the *April of his age*. Peacham's *Compleat Gentleman*, chap. iii. calls *youth* "the *April* of man's life." Shakspeare's Sonnet entitled *Love's Cruelty*, has the same thought:

"Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
"Calls back the lovely *April* of her prime."

Daniel's 31st sonnet has, "——the *April* of my years." Master Fenton "smells *April* and May." TOLLET.

Do

[3] Do thy right nature.—[*March afar off.*]—Ha! a drum?—[4] Thou'rt quick,
But yet I'll bury thee: Thou'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—
Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*

Enter Alcibiades, with drum and fife, in warlike manner, and Phrynia and Tymandra.

Alc. What art thou there? speak.
Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
For shewing me again the eyes of man!
Alc. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man?
Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.
Alc. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.
Tim. I know thee too; and more, than that I know thee,
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.
Phry. Thy lips rot off!
Tym. [5] I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To

[3] *Do thy right nature.*—] Lie in the earth where nature laid thee. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*Thou'rt quick,*] Thou hast life and motion in thee. JOHNSON.

[5] *I will not kiss thee,*—] This alludes to an opinion in former times, generally prevalent, that the venereal infection transmitted to another, left the infecter free. I will not, says Timon, take the rot from thy lips by kissing thee. JOHNSON.

To thine own lips again.

Alc. How came the noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alc. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.

Alc. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: If
[6] Thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for
Thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee,
For thou art a man!

Alc. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alc. I see them now; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Tyman. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Tymandra?

Tyman. Yes.

Tim. [7] Be a whore still! they love thee not, that use thee;

Give

Thus the *Humorous Lieutenant* says:
"He has some wench, or such a toy to kiss over,
"Before he go: 'would I had such another,
"*To draw this foolish pain down.*" STEEVENS.

6 ——— *If*
Thou wilt not promise, &c.]
That is, however thou may'st act, since thou art man, hated man, I wish thee evil. JOHNSON.

7 *Be a whore still! They love thee not that use thee;*
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust:
Make use of thy salt hours, &c.]
There is here a slight transposition. I would read:
——*They love thee not that use thee*,

Leaving

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves
For tubs, and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth
[1] To the tub-fast, and the diet.

Tyman.

Leaving with thee their lust; give them diseases,
Make use of thy salt hours, season the slaves
For tubs and baths;—— JOHNSON.

[1] *To the* sub-fast, *and the diet.*] One might make a very long and vain search, yet not be able to meet with this preposterous word *sub-fast*, which has notwithstanding passed current with all the editors. We should read *tub-fast*. The author is alluding to the lues venerea, and its effects. At that time the cure of it was performed either by guaiacum, or mercurial unctions: and in both cases the patient was kept up very warm and close; that in the first application the sweat might be promoted; and lest, in the other, he should take cold, which was fatal. "The regimen for the course of guaiacum (says Dr. Freind in his *History of Physick*, vol. II. p. 380.) was at first strangely circumstantial; and so rigorous, that the patient was put into a dungeon in order to make him sweat; and in that manner, as Fallopius expresses it, the bones, and the very man himself was macerated." Wiseman says, in England they used a *tub* for this purpose, as abroad, a cave, or oven, or dungeon. And as for the unction, it was sometimes continued for thirty-seven days (as he observes, p. 375.) and during this time there was necessarily an extraordinary *abstinence* required. Hence the term of the *tub-fast*. WARBURTON.

So, in Jasper Maine's *City Match*, 1639:

"———You had better match a ruin'd bawd,
"One ten times cur'd by sweating, and the *tub*."

Again, in *The Family of Love*, 1608, a doctor says: "—O for one of the hoops of my Cornelius' *tub*, I shall burst myself with laughing else." Again, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606: "Our embassage is into *France*, there may be employment for thee: Hast thou a *tub*?"

The diet was likewise a customary term for the regimen prescribed in these cases. So, in *Springes to catch Woodcocks*, a collection of Epigrams, 1606:

"Priscus gave out &c.————
"Priscus had tane *the diet* all the while."

Again, in another Collection of ancient Epigrams called the *Mastive*, &c:

"She took not *diet* nor the sweat in season."

So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*:

"——whom

Tyman. Hang thee, monſter!

Alc. Pardon him, ſweet Tymandra; for his wits
Are drown'd and loſt in his calamities.—
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard, and griev'd,
How curſed Athens, mindleſs of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour ſtates,
But for thy ſword and fortune, trod upon them,—

Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How doſt thou pity him, whom thou doſt trouble?
I had rather be alone.

Alc. Why, fare thee well:
Here is ſome gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alc. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

Tim. Warr'ſt thou 'gainſt Athens?

Alc. Ay, Timon, and have cauſe.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conqueſt; and
Thee after, when thou haſt conquer'd!

Alc. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That, by killing of villains, thou waſt born
To conquer my country.
Put up thy gold; Go on,—here's gold,—go on;
[2] Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

-whom I *in diet* keep,
"Send lower down into the cave,
"And in a *tub* that's heated ſmoaking hot, &c."

Again, in the ſame play:
"——caught us, and put us in a *tub*,
"Where we this two months ſweat, &c.
"This bread and water hath our *diet* been, &c."
STEEVENS.

[2] *Be as a planetary plague, when Jove*
Will o'er ſome high-vic'd city hang his poiſon
In the ſick air: ——]
This is wonderfully ſublime and pictureſque. WARBURTON.

Will

Will o'er ſome high-vic'd city hang his poiſon
In the ſick air: Let not thy ſword ſkip one:
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,
He's an uſurer: Strike me the counterfeit matron,
It is her habit only that is honeſt,
Herſelf's a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek
Make ſoft thy trenchant ſword; for thoſe milk-paps,
[3] That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
Are

[3] *That through the window barne*——] How the words come to be blundered into this ſtrange nonſenſe, is hard to conceive. But it is plain Shakeſpeare wrote:

——— *window-lawn*———

i. e. lawn almoſt as tranſparent as glaſs windows. WARBURTON.

The reading is more probably:

———— *window-bars*———

The virgin that ſhews her boſom through the lattice of her chamber. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation is almoſt confirmed by the following paſſage in *Cymbeline*:

"————or let her beauty
"*Look through a* caſement *to allure falſe hearts*,
" And be falſe with them."

Shakeſpeare at the ſame time might aim a ſtroke at this indecency in the women of his own time, which is animadverted on by ſeveral contemporary dramatiſts. So, in the ancient interlude of the *Repentance of Marie Magdalene*, 1567:

" Your garments muſt be worne alway,
" That your *white pappes* may be ſeene if you may.——
" If young gentlemen may ſee your white ſkin,
" It will allure them to love, and ſoon bring them in.
" Both damſels and wives uſe many ſuch feates.
" I know them that will lay out their *faire teates*."

And all this is addreſſed to Mary Magdalen. STEEVENS.

I believe we ſhould read nearly thus:

———-nor *thoſe milk-paps*,
That through the widow's barb *bore at men's eyes*,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ."

The uſe of the doubled negative is ſo common in Shakeſpeare, that it is unneceſſary to ſupport it by inſtances. The *barbe*, I believe, was a kind of *veil*. Creſſida, in *Chaucer*, who appears as a *widow*, is deſcribed as wearing a *barbe*, *Troilus and Creſſida*, b. II. v. 110. in which place Caxton's edition (as I learn from the Gloſſary) reads *wimple*, which certainly ſignifies a *veil*, and was probably ſubſtituted as a ſynonymous word for *barbe*, the more antiquated reading

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
Set them down horrible traitors: Spare not the babe,
Whose dimpled smiles from fools [4] exhaust their mercy;
Think it a [5] bastard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse: Swear against objects [6];
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alc. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou giv'st me,
Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee!

Phr. and Tym. Give us some gold, good Timon: Hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
[7] And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
Your

reading of the manuscripts. *Unbarbed* is used by Shakespeare for *uncovered*, in *Coriolanus*, act III. sc. v:

"Must I go shew them my *unbarbed* sconce?"

See also Leland's *Collectanea*, vol. V. p. 317, new edit. where the ladies, mourning at the funeral of Q. Mary, are mentioned as having *their barbes above their chinnes*. TYRWHITT.

4 —— *exhaust their mercy*;] For *exhaust*, sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read *extort*; but *exhaust* here signifies literally to *draw forth*. JOHNSON.

5 —— *bastard*, ——] An allusion to the tale of Oedipus. JOHNSON.

6 *Swear against objects*;] Sir Tho. Hanmer reads:

—— 'gainst *all objects*;

Perhaps *objects* is here used *provincially* for *abjects*. FARMER.

7 *And to make whore a bawd.*—] The power of gold, indeed, may be supposed great, that can make a whore forsake her trade; but what mighty difficulty was there in making a whore turn bawd? And yet, 'tis plain, here he is describing the mighty power of

Your aprons mountant: You are not oathable,—
Although, I know, you'll ſwear, terribly ſwear,
Into ſtrong ſhudders, and to heavenly agues,
The immortal gods that hear you [8],——ſpare your oaths,
[9] I'll truſt to your conditions: Be whores ſtill;
And he whoſe pious breath ſeeks to convert you,
Be ſtrong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your cloſe fire predominate his ſmoke,
And be no turn-coats: [1] Yet may your pains, ſix months,
Be

of gold. He had before ſhewn, how gold can perſuade to any villainy; he now ſhews that it has ſtill a greater force, and can even turn from vice to the practice, or at leaſt, the ſemblance of virtue. We muſt therefore read, to reſtore ſenſe to our author:

And to make whole *a bawd.*

i. e. not only make her quit her calling, but thereby reſtore her to reputation. WARBURTON.

The old edition reads:

And to make whores *a bawd.*

That is, *enough to make a whore leave whoring, and a bawd leave making whores.* JOHNSON.

[8] *The immortal gods that hear you,*——] The ſame thought is found in *Antony and Cleopatra*, act I. ſc. iii:

"Though you with ſwearing *ſhake the throned gods.*"

Again, in the *Winter's Tale:*

"Though you would ſeek to unſphere the ſtars with oaths." STEEVENS.

[9] *I'll truſt to your conditions:*——] You need not ſwear to continue whores, I will truſt to your inclinations. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*Yet may your* pains, *ſix months,*
Be quite contrary:——]

This is obſcure, partly from the ambiguity of the word *pains*, and partly from the generality of the expreſſion. The meaning is this: He had ſaid before, follow conſtantly your trade of debauchery: that is (ſays he) for ſix months in the year. Let the other ſix be employed in quite contrary pains and labour, namely, in the ſevere diſcipline neceſſary for the repair of thoſe diſorders that your debaucheries occaſion, in order to fit you anew to the trade; and thus let the whole year be ſpent in theſe different occupations. On this account he goes on, and ſays, *Make falſe hair*, &c. But for, *pains ſix months*, the Oxford editor reads *pains exterior.* What he means I know not. WARBURTON.

The

Be quite contrary: And thatch your poor thin roofs [2]
With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,

The explanation is ingenious, but I think it very remote, and would willingly bring the author and his readers to meet on easier terms. We may read:

———*Yet may your pains six months,*
Be quite contraried.———

Timon is wishing ill to mankind, but is afraid lest the whores should imagine that he wishes well to them; to obviate which he lets them know, that he imprecates upon them influence enough to plague others, and disappointments enough to plague themselves. He wishes that they may do all possible mischief, and yet take *pains six months* of the year in vain.

In this sense there is a connection of this line with the next. Finding *your pains contraried*, try new expedients, *thatch your thin roofs*, and *paint*.

To *contrary* is an old verb. Latymer relates, that when he went to court, he was advised not to *contrary* the king. JOHNSON.

———*Yet may your pains six months*
Be quite contrary:———]

I believe this means,—*Yet for half the year at least, may you suffer such punishment as is inflicted on harlots in houses of correction.* STEEVENS.

[2] —*thatch your poor thin roofs*, &c.] About the year 1595, when the fashion became general in England of wearing a greater quantity of hair than was ever the produce of a single head, it was dangerous for any child to wander, as nothing was more common than for women to entice such as had fine locks into private places, and there to cut them off. I have this information from Stubbs's *Anatomy of Abuses*, which I have often quoted on the article of dress. To this fashion the writers of Shakespeare's age do not appear to have been reconciled. So, in *A Mad World my Masters*, 1608: "—to wear perriwigs made of *another's hair*, is not this against kind?" Again, in Drayton's *Mooncalf:*

" And with large sums they stick not to procure
" *Hair from the dead*, yea, and the most unclean;
" To help their pride they nothing will disdain."

Again, in Shakespeare's 68th Sonnet:

" Before the golden tresses of the dead,
" The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
" To live a second life on second head,
" Ere *beauty's dead fleece* made another gay."

Warner, in his *Albion's England*, 1602, b. ix. c. 47, is likewise very severe on this fashion. Stowe informs us, that "women's *periwigs* were first brought into England about the time of the massacre of Paris." STEEVENS.

No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore still;
Paint 'till a horse may mire upon your face,
A pox of wrinkles!

Phr. and Tym. Well, more gold;—What then?—
Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And marr [3] men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quillets shrilly [4]: hoar the flamen [5],
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him, [6] that his particular to foresee,
Smells

[3] ——*mens' spurring.*——] Hanmer reads—*sparring*, properly enough, if there be any ancient example of the word. JOHNSON.

Spurring is certainly right. The disease that enfeebled their *shins*, would have this effect. STEEVENS.

[4] *Nor sound his quillets shrilly*:—] *Quillets* are subtilties. So, in *Law Tricks* &c. 1608: "——a *quillet* well applied!" STEEVENS.

[5] ——hoar *the flamen*,] Mr. Upton would read *hoarse*, i. e. make hoarse; for to be *hoary* claims reverence. Add to this (says he) that *hoarse* is here most proper, as oppos'd to *scolds*. It may, however, mean,—Give the flamen the *hoary leprosy*. So, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:

"—— shew like *leprosy*,
"The *whiter* the fouler."

And before, in this play:

"Make the *hoar leprosy* ador'd." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*that his particular to* foresee] In this beautiful passage there is a strange jumble of metaphors. *To smell in order to foresee*, is using the benefit of the senses in a very absurd way. The sentiment is as bad as the expression: Men do not forsake and betray the publick in order to *foresee* their own particular advantage, but to provide for it. *Foreseeing* is not the consequence of betraying, but one of the causes of it. Without doubt we should read:

Of him, that his particular to forefend,
Smells from the general weal.——

i. e.

Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald;
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you: Plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more gold:—
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all [7]!

Phr. and Tym. More counsel, with more money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have given you earnest.

Alc. Strike up the drum towards Athens. Farewel, Timon;

i. e. provide for, secure. *Forefend* has a great force and beauty in this place, as signifying not barely to *secure*, but to make a *previous provision for securing*. WARBURTON.

The metaphor is apparently incongruous, but the sense is good. To *foresee his particular*, is *to provide for his private advantage*, for which *he leaves the right scent of publick good*. In hunting, when hares have cross'd one another, it is common for some of the hounds *to smell from the general weal, and foresee their own particular*. Shakespeare, who seems to have been a skilful sportsman, and has alluded often to falconry, perhaps, alludes, here to hunting.

To the commentator's emendation it may be objected, that he used *forefend* in the wrong meaning. To *forefend*, is, I think, never to *provide for*, but to *provide against*. The verbs compounded with *for* or *fore* have commonly either an evil or negative sense. JOHNSON.

[7] *And ditches* grave *you all!*] To *grave* is to entomb. The word is now obsolete, though sometimes used by Shakespeare and his contemporary authors. So, in lord Surrey's Translation of the fourth book of Virgil's *Æneid:*

"Cinders (think'st thou) mind this? or *graved* ghostes?"

To *ungrave* was likewise to turn out of a grave. Thus, in Marston's *Sophonisba:*

"—and me, now dead,
"Deny a grave; hurl us among the rocks
"To stanch beasts hunger: therefore, thus *ungrav'd*,
"I seek slow rest." STEEVENS.

If

If I thrive well, I'll viſit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never ſee thee more.

Alc. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou ſpok'ſt well of me.

Alc. Call'ſt thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it.

Get thee away, and take thy beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him.—Strike.

[*Drum beats. Exeunt Alcibiades, Phrynia, and Tymandra.*

Tim. [*Digging.*] That nature, being ſick of man's unkindneſs,

Should yet be hungry!——Common mother, thou
[1] Whoſe womb unmeaſurable, and infinite breaſt,
Teems, and feeds all; whoſe ſelf-ſame mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puft,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and [2] eyeleſs venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births [3] below criſp heaven

[1] *Whoſe womb unmeaſurable, and infinite breaſt*] This image is taken from the ancient ſtatues of Diana Epheſia Multimammia, called παναίολος φύσις πάντων Μήτηρ; and is a very good comment on thoſe extraordinary figures. See Montfaucon, *l'Antiquité expliquée*, l. iii. c. 15. Heſiod, alluding to the ſame repreſentations, calls the earth, ΓΑΙ' ΕΥΡΥΣΤΕΡΝΟΣ. WARBURTON.

Whoſe infinite breaſt means no more than *whoſe boundleſs ſurface*. Shakeſpeare probably knew nothing of the ſtatue to which the commentator alludes. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*eyeleſs venom'd worm*;] The ſerpent, which we, from the ſmallneſs of his eyes, call the *blind worm*, and the Latins, *cæcilia*. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*below criſp heaven*,] We ſhould read *cript*, i. e. vaulted, from the Latin *crypta*, a vault. WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton declares for *criſp*, curled, bent, hollow. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakeſpeare means *curl'd*, from the appearance of the clouds. In the *Tempeſt*, Ariel talks of riding

On the *curl'd* clouds.

Chaucer in his *Houſe of Fame*, ſays,

"Her here that was *oundie* and *crips*."

i. e. *wavy* and *curled*.

Again, in the *Philoſopher's Satires*, by Robert Anton.

"Her face as beauteous as the *criſped* morn." STEEVENS.

Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb[4],
[5] Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above[6]
Never presented!—O, a root,—Dear thanks!
[7] Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
Whereof

[4] *Ensear* thy fertile and conceptious womb.] So in *K. Lear:*
"*Dry up* in her the organs of encrease." STEEVENS.

[5] *Let it no more* bring out ungrateful man!] This is an absurd reading. Shakespeare wrote,
——*bring out* to *ungrateful man!*
i. e. fruits for his sustenance and support; but let it rather teem with monsters to his destruction. Nor is it to be pretended, that this alludes to the fable; for he is speaking of what the earth now brings forth; which thought he repeats afterwards:
Dry up thy harrow'd veins, and plow-torn leas, &c.
WARBURTON.

It is plain that *bring out* is *bring forth*, with which the following lines correspond so plainly, that the commentator might be suspected of writing his note without reading the whole passage.
JOHNSON.

[6] ——the *marbled* mansion——] So Milton, B. iii. l. 564:
"Through the pure *marble* air—— STEEVENS.

[7] *Dry up thy* marrows, *veins, and plow-torn leas;*] The integrity of the metaphor absolutely requires that we should read,
Dry up thy harrow'd *veins, and plow-torn leas.*
Mr. Theobald owns that this gives a new beauty to the verse, yet, as *unctuous morsels* follows, *marrows* might have gone before, and mean *the fat of the land.* That is, because there is a metaphor afterwards that suits it, it may be admitted, though it violates the metaphor in the place it is used in. But this unhappy critic never considered that men ought to earn this *fat* before they eat it. From this emendation the Oxford editor has sprung another, and reads,
Dry up thy meadows, vineyards—— WARBURTON.

I cannot concur to censure Theobald as a *critic* very *unhappy*. He was weak, but he was cautious: finding but little power in his mind, he rarely ventured far under its conduct. This timidity
hindered

Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

Enter Apemantus.

More man? Plague! plague!
Apem. I was directed hither: Men report,
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.
Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate: Consumption catch thee!
Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected;
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on [8] the cunning of a carper.

hindered him from daring conjectures, and sometimes hindered him happily.

This passage, among many others, may pass without change. The genuine reading is not *marrows*, *veins*, but *marrows*, vines: the sense is this; *O nature! cease* to *produce men*, *ensear thy womb*; but if thou wilt continue to produce them, at least cease to pamper them; *dry up thy marrows*, on which they fatten with *unctuous morsels*, thy *vines*, which give them *liquorish draughts*, and thy *plow-torn leas*. Here are effects corresponding with causes, *liquorish draughts* with *vines*, and *unctuous morsels* with *marrows*, and the old reading literally preserved. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*the cunning of a carper.*] For the philosophy of a Cynic, of which sect Apemantus was; and therefore he concludes:

——*Do not assume my likeness.* WARBURTON.

Cunning here seems to signify *counterfelt appearance.* JOHNSON.

The *cunning of a carper*, is the insidious art of a critic. Shame not these woods, says Apemantus, by coming here to find fault. *Maurice Kyffin* in the preface to his translation of Terence's *Andria*, 1588, says; "Of the *curious carper* I look not to be favoured." Again *Ursula* speaking of the sarcasms of *Beatrice*, observes,

"Why sure, such *carping* is not commendable."

There is no apparent reason why Apemantus (according to Dr. Warburton's explanation) should ridicule his own sect. STEEVENS.

Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent: Thou wast told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid welcome,
To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just,
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself;
A madman so long, now a fool; What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these [9] moist trees,
That have out-liv'd the eagle [1], page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures,—
Whose naked natures live in all the spight
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer meer nature [2],—bid them flatter thee;
O! thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee: Depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

[9] —*moist trees,*] Hanmer reads very elegantly,
————mofs'd *trees.* JOHNSON.
Shakespeare uses the same epithet in *As you like it*, Act IV.
" Under an oak, whose boughs were *moss'd* with age."
STEEVENS.

[1] ——*outliv'd the eagle,*——] *Aquilæ Senectus* is a proverb. I learn from *Turbervile's* book of falconry 1575, that the great age of this bird has been ascertained from the circumstance of its always building its *eyrie*, or nest, in the same place. STEEVENS.

[2] *Answer* mere nature,——] So in *K. Lear*, Act II.
" And with presented nakedness outface
" The winds, &c." STEEVENS.

Apem. Why?
Tim. Thou flatter'ſt miſery.
Apem. I flatter not; but ſay, thou art a caitiff.
Tim. Why doſt thou ſeek me out?
Apem. To vex thee.
[3] *Tim.* Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Doſt pleaſe thyſelf in't?
Apem. Ay.
Tim. What! a knave too?
Apem. If thou didſt put this ſour cold habit on
To caſtigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Doſt it enforcedly; thou'dſt courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing miſery
Out-lives incertain pomp, [4] is crown'd before:

[3] Tim. *Always a villain's office or a fool's.*
Doſt pleaſe thyſelf in't?
Apem. *Ay.*
Tim. *What! a* knave *too?*]

Mr. Warburton propoſes a correction here, which, though is oppoſes the reading of all the printed copies, has great juſtneſs and propriety in it. He would read:

What! and know't *too?*

The reaſoning of the text, as it ſtands in the books is, in ſome ſort, concluding backward; or rather making a *knave's* and a *villain's* office different; which, ſurely, is abſurd. The correction quite removes the abſurdity, and gives this ſenſible rebuke. "What! Do'ſt thou *pleaſe* thyſelf in *vexing me*, and at the ſame "time *know* it to be the office of a *villain* or *fool*?" THEOBALD.

Such was Dr. Warburton's firſt conjecture, but afterwards he adopted Sir T. Hanmer's conjecture:

What a knave thou!

but there is no need of alteration. Timon had juſt called Apemantus *fool*, in conſequence of what he had known of him by former acquaintance; but when Apemantus tells him, that he comes *to vex him*, Timon determines that to *vex* is either *the office of a villain or a fool*; that *to vex by deſign* is *villainy*, *to vex without deſign* is *folly*. He then properly aſks Apemantus whether he takes delight in *vexing*, and when he anſwers, *yes*, Timon replies, *What! and knave too?* I before only knew thee to be a *fool*, but I now find thee likewiſe a *knave*. This ſeems to be ſo clear as not to ſtand in need of a comment. JOHNSON.

[4] —*is crown'd before:*] Arrives ſooner at *high wiſh*; that is, at the *completion of its wiſhes*. JOHNSON.

The one is filling ſtill, never compleat;
The other, at high wiſh: Beſt ſtate, contentleſs,
Hath a diſtracted and moſt wretched being,
Worſe than the worſt, content [5].
Thou ſhould'ſt deſire to die, being miſerable.

Tim. Not [6] by his breath, that is more miſerable.
Thou art a ſlave, whom fortune's tender arm
With favour never claſp'd; [7] but bred a dog.
[8] Hadſt thou, like us, from our [9] firſt ſwath, proceeded

The

[5] *Worſe than the worſt, content.*] This line, defective both in ſenſe and metre, might be thus ſupplied:

"*Worſe than the worſt contented* is moſt happy."

"I have repeated this conjecture, *in the words in which it was ſent to be inſerted in the laſt edition*, merely as it ſerves to introduce the following explanation of the paſſage, being now convinced myſelf that no alteration ſhould be attempted."

TYRWHITT.

Beſt ſtates contentleſs have a wretched being, a being worſe than that of the worſt ſtates that are content. This one would think too plain to have been miſtaken. JOHNSON.

[6] —*by his breath*,—] It means, I believe, by his *counſel*, by his *direction*. JOHNSON.

—*by his breath*,— I believe, is meant *his ſentence*. To *breathe* is as licentiouſly uſed by Shakeſpeare in the following inſtance from *Hamlet:*

"Having ever ſeen, in the prenominate crimes,
"The youth you *breathe* of, guilty, &c." STEEVENS.

[7] —*but bred a dog.*] Alluding to the word *Cynic*, of which ſect Apemantus was. WARBURTON.

[8] *Hadſt thou, like us*,—] There is in this ſpeech a ſullen haughtineſs, and malignant dignity, ſuitable at once to the lord and the man-hater. The impatience with which he bears to have his luxury reproached by one that never had luxury within his reach, is natural and graceful.

There is in a letter, written by the earl of Eſſex, juſt before his execution, to another nobleman, a paſſage ſomewhat reſembling this, with which, I believe every reader will be pleaſed, though it is ſo ſerious and ſolemn that it can ſcarcely be inſerted without irreverence.

"God grant your lordſhip may quickly feel the comfort I now enjoy in my unfeigned converſion, but that you may never feel the torments I have ſuffered for my long delaying it. *I had none*

but

The sweet degrees [1] that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd thyself
In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
The icy [2] precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. [3] But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary;
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men

but deceivers to call upon me, to whom I said, if my ambition could have entered into their narrow breasts, they would not have been so humble; or if my delights had been once tasted by them, they would not have been so precise. But your lordship hath one to call upon you, that knoweth what it is you now enjoy; and what the greatest fruit and end is of all contentment that this world can afford. Think, therefore, dear earl, that I have staked and buoyed all the ways of pleasure unto you, and left them as sea-marks for you to keep the channel of religious virtue For shut your eyes never so long, they must be open at the last, and then you must say with me *there is no peace to the ungodly.*" JOHNSON.

[9] —*first swath*—] From infancy. *Swath* is the dress of a new-born child. JOHNSON.

So in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1625:

"No more their cradles shall be made their tombs,
"Nor their soft *swaths* become their winding sheets."

STEEVENS.

[1] *The* sweet degrees—] Thus the folio. The modern editors have, without authority, read *Through*, &c. but this neglect of the preposition was common to many other writers of the age of Shakespeare. STEEVENS.

[2] —*precepts of respect*,—] Of obedience to laws. JOHNSON.

Respect, I believe, means the *qu'en dira't on?* the regard of Athens, that strongest restraint on licentiousness: the *icy precepts*, i. e. that cool hot blood. STEEVENS.

[3] ——— *But myself*,] The connection here requires some attention. *But* is here used to denote opposition; but what immediately precedes is not opposed to that which follows. The adversative particle refers to the two first lines.

Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm
With favour never claspt; but bred a dog.
———*But myself,*
Who had the world as my confectionary, &c.

The intermediate lines are to be considered as a parenthesis of passion. JOHNSON.

At duty, more than I could frame employment,
(That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush[4]
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows) I to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden:
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee: What hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse,—thy father, [5] that poor rag,
Must be thy subject; who in spight, put stuff
To some she beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
[6] Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.

Apem.

[4] ——*with one winter's brush,* &c.] So in Massinger's *Maid of Honour:*

"——O summer friendship,
"Whose flatt'ring leaves that shadow'd us in our
"Prosperity, with the least gust drop off
"In the autumn of adversity." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*that poor rag,*] If we read *poor rogue,* it will correspond rather better to what follows. JOHNSON.

In *Richard III.* Margaret calls Gloster *rag* of honour; and in the same play, the overweening *rags* of France are mentioned. The old reading, I believe, should stand. STEEVENS.

[6] *Thou hadst been* knave *and flatterer.*] Dryden has quoted two verses of Virgil to shew how well he could have written satires. Shakespeare has here given a specimen of the same power by a line bitter beyond all bitterness, in which Timon tells Apemantus, that he had not virtue enough for the vices which he condemns.

Dr. Warburton explains *worst* by *lowest,* which somewhat weakens the sense, and yet leaves it sufficiently vigorous.

I have heard Mr. Burke commend the subtilty of discrimination with which Shakespeare distinguishes the present character of Timon from that of Apemantus, whom to vulgar eyes he would now resemble. JOHNSON.

Knave is here to be understood of a man who endeavours to recommend himself by a hypocritical appearance of attention, and superfluity of fawning officiousness; such a one as is called in *King Lear,*

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was no prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now:
Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.
[*Offering him something.*

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself[7].

Apem. So I shall mend my own, by the lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best, and truest:
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st o'nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.
Where feed'st thou o'days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Lear, a *finical superserviceable rogue.*—If he had had virtue enough to attain the profitable vices, he would have been profitably vicious. STEEVENS.

7 ——*take away thyself.*] This thought seems to have been adopted from Plutarch's life of Antony. It stands thus in Sir Tho. North's translation. "Apemantus said unto the other; O, here is a trimme banket *Timon*. *Timon* aunswered againe, yea, said he, *so thou wert not here.*" STEEVENS.

Apem.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends: When thou wast in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mock'd thee [8] for too much curiosity; in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despis'd for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. [9] Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated medlers sooner, thou shouldst have lov'd thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was belov'd after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou had'st some means to keep a dog.

[8] —*for too much* curiosity;] i. e. for too much finical delicacy. The Oxford editor alters it to *courtesy*. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has explained the word justly. So in Jervas Markham's *English Arcadia* 1606. " —— for all those eye-charming graces, of which with such *curiosity* she had boasted." So in *Hobby's* translation of *Castiglione's* Cortegiano, 1556, " A waiting gentlewoman should flee *affection* or *curiosity*." *Curiosity* is here inserted as a synonyme to *affection* which means *affectation*. *Curiosity* likewise seems to have meant *capriciousness*. So in Greene's *Mamillia*, 1593. " Pharicles hath shewn me some curtesy, and I have not altogether requited him with *curiosity*: he hath made some shew of love, and I have not wholly seemed to mislike."

STEEVENS.

[9] *Ay, though it look like thee.*] Timon here supposes that an objection against hatred, which through the whole tenor of the conversation appears an argument for it. One would have expected him to have answered,

Yes, *for it looks like thee.*

The old edition, which always gives the pronoun instead of the affirmative particle, has it,

I, though it look like thee.

Perhaps we should read,

I thought *it* look'd *like thee.* JOHNSON.

Apem.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accus'd by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou liv'dst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the [1] unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be kill'd by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seiz'd by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert [2] german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion [3]; and thy defence, absence. What beast couldst

[1] *the unicorn, &c.*] The account given of the unicorn is this: that he and the lion being enemies by nature, as soon as the lion sees the unicorn he betakes himself to a tree: the unicorn in his fury, and with all the swiftness of his course, running at him, sticks his horn fast in the tree, and then the lion falls upon him and kills him. *Gesner Hist. Animal.* HANMER.

See a note on *Julius Cæsar*, Act II. Sc. i. STEEVENS.

[2] *thou wert german to the lion,*] This seems to be an allusion to Turkish policy:

"Bears, like the *Turk*, no brother near the throne."—*Pope.* STEEVENS.

[3] —were *remotion*,] i. e. removal from place to place. So in *King Lear*:

"'Tis the *remotion* of the duke and her." STEEVENS.

thou

thou be, that were not ſubject to a beaſt? and what a beaſt art thou already, and ſeeſt not thy loſs in transformation?

Apem. If thou couldſt pleaſe me with ſpeaking to me, thou might'ſt have hit upon it here: The commonwealth of Athens is become a foreſt of beaſts.

Tim. How has the aſs broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter: The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: When I know not what elſe to do, I'll ſee thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou ſhalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. [4] Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. 'Would thou wert clean enough to ſpit upon. [5] A plague on thee!

Apem. Thou art too bad to curſe.

Tim. All villains, that do ſtand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leproſy, but what thou ſpeak'ſt.

Tim. If I name thee.—
I'll beat thee,—but I ſhould infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou iſſue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;
I ſwoon to ſee thee.

Apem. 'Would thou wouldſt burſt!

Tim. Away.

[4] *Thou art the cap,* &c.] i. e. the property, the bubble. WARBURTON.

I rather think, the *top*, the *principal*.
The remaining dialogue has more malignity than wit. JOHNSON.

[5] *A plague on thee!*
Apem. *Thou art too bad to curſe.*]
In the former editions, this whole verſe was placed to Apemantus: by which, abſurdly, he was made to curſe Timon, and immediately to ſubjoin that he was too bad to curſe. THEOBALD.

Thou

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose
A stone by thee.

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[*Apemantus retreats backward, as going.*

I am sick of this false world; and will love nought
But even the meer necessities upon it.
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the gold.*

[6] 'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
[7] Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch [8] of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue

[6] *'Twixt natural son and sire!* —]

Διὰ τοῦτον οὐκ ἀδελφοὶ
Διὰ τοῦτον οὐ τοκῆες. *Anac.* JOHNSON.

[7] *Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow*
That lies on Dian's lap! ————]

The imagery is here exquisitely beautiful and sublime.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton might have said—Here is a very elegant turn given to a thought more coarsely expressed in *King Lear:*

" ———— yon simpering dame,
" Whose face *between her forks* presages snow."

STEEVENS.

[8] —*O thou* touch *of hearts!*] *Touch,* for *touchstone.*

STEEVENS.

Set

Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

Apem. 'Would 'twere so;—
But not 'till I am dead!—I'll say, thou hast gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.

[*Exit Apemantus.*

[1] More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Thieves [2].

1 *Thief.* Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: The meer want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Thief.* It is nois'd, he hath a mass of treasure.

3 *Thief.* Let us make the assay upon him; if he care not for't, he will supply us easily; If he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2 *Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1 *Thief.* Is not this he?

All. Where?

2 *Thief.* 'Tis his description.

3 *Thief.* He; I know him.

All. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

All. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

[1] *More things like men?*——] This line, in the old edition, is given to Apemantus, but it apparently belongs to Timon. Hanmer has transposed the foregoing dialogue according to his own mind, not unskilfully, but with unwarrantable licence.
JOHNSON.

[2] *Enter Thieves.*] The old copy reads,——*Enter the Banditti.*
STEEVENS.

All.

All. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, [3] you want much of meat.
Why should you want? Behold [4], the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth an hundred springs:
The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;
The bounteous huswife, nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want? why want?

1 Thief. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes;

[3] ——*you want much of* meat.] Thus both the player and poetical editor have given us this passage; quite *sand-blind*, as honest Launcelot says, to our author's meaning. If these poor thieves wanted *meat*, what greater want could they be cursed with, as they could not live on grass, and berries, and water? but I dare warrant the poet wrote,

——*you much want of* meet.

i. e. Much of what you *ought to be*; much of the qualities *befitting* you as human creatures. THEOBALD.

Such is Mr. Theobald's emendation, in which he is followed by Dr. Warburton. Sir T. Hanmer reads,

——*you want much of* men.

They have been all busy without necessity. Observe the series of the conversation. The thieves tell him, that they are *men that much do want*. Here is an ambiguity between *much want* and *want of much*. Timon takes it on the wrong side, and tells them that their *greatest want is*, that, like other men, *they want much of meat*; then telling them where meat may be had, he asks, *Want? why want?* JOHNSON.

Perhaps we should read,—your greatest want is that you want much of *me*—rejecting the two last letters of the word. The sense will then be—your greatest want is that you expect supplies of *me* from whom you can reasonably expect nothing. Your necessities are indeed desperate, when you apply for relief to one in my situation. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*the earth hath roots*, &c.]

Vile olus, et duris hærentia mora rubetis
Pugnantis stomachi composuere famem:
Flumine vicino stultus sitit.

I do not suppose these to be imitations, but only to be similar thoughts on similar occasions. JOHNSON.

You

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con [5],
That you are thieves profest; that you work not
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
[6] In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here's gold: Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,
'Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob: [7] take wealth and lives together;
Do villainy, do, since you profess to do't,
Like workmen: I'll example you with thievery.
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun;
[8] The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The

[5] ——*Yet thanks I must you con,*] To *con thanks* is a very common expression among our old dramatic writers. So in the *Story of King Darius*, 1565, an interlude:

"Yea and well said, I *con you* no thanke."

Again, in *Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil, by* Nash. 1595: "It is well done to practise thy wit; but I believe our lord will *con thee little thanks* for it." STEEVENS.

[6] *In* limited *professions.*——*Limited*, for legal. WARBURTON.

[7] ——*take wealth and life together.*] Hanmer. The first copy has,

——take *wealth and* lives *together.*

The later editors gave it,

——take *wealth and* live *together.* JOHNSON.

Perhaps we should read.

he slays
More than you rob, takes wealth and lives together. STEEVENS.

[8] *The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves*
The moon into salt tears.

The *sea* melting the *moon* into tears, is, I believe, a secret in philosophy, which no body but Shakespeare's deep editors ever dreamed of. There is another opinion, which, 'tis more reasonable to believe that our author may allude to, viz. that the saltness of the sea is caused by several ranges, or *mounds* of rock-salt under water,

The moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears; the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture [1] stolen
From

water, with which *resolving* liquid the sea was impregnated. This I think a sufficient authority for changing *moon* into *mounds*. WARBURTON.

I am not willing to receive *mounds*, which would not be understood but by him that suggested it. The *moon* is supposed to be humid, and perhaps a source of humidity, but cannot be *resolved* by the *surges* of the sea. Yet I think *moon* is the true reading. Here is a circulation of thievery described: The sun, moon, and sea all rob, and are robbed. JOHNSON.

Mounds is too far-fetch'd. He says simply, that the *sun*, the *moon*, and the *sea*, rob one another by turns, but the *earth* robs them all: the seas, i. e. *liquid surge*, by supplying the *moon* with moisture, robs her in turn of the *soft* tears of *dew* which the poets always fetch from this planet. *Soft* for *salt* is an easy change. In this sense Milton speaks of *her moist continent*, *Par. Lost*, b. v. l. 422. And, in *Hamlet*, Horatio says:

"——the *moist* star
"Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands.

STEEVENS.

The *moon* is the governess of the floods, "but cannot be resolved by the surges of the sea." This seems incontestable, and therefore an alteration of the text appears to be necessary. I propose to read:

——*whose liquid surge resolves*
The main *into salt tears*;——

i. e. resolves the *main land* or the continent into sea. In Bacon, and also in Shakespeare's *King Lear*, act. III. sc. 1, *main* occurs in this signification, and the earth is mentioned in the preceding line, as here it is in the same verse:

"Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
"Or swell the curled waters 'bove the *main*."

The thought is like that in *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, lib. xv:

"——resolutaque tellus
"In liquidas rorescit aquas:"

which Sandys thus translates:

"Resolved earth to water rarifies."

Earth melting to sea is not an uncommon idea in our poets. So in *Ben Jonson*, edit. 1756, vol. v. p. 381:

"Melt earth to sea, sea flow to air."

So, in Shakespeare's *King Henry* IV. part II. act III. sc. i. "The continent melt itself into the sea." I might add that in Chaucer, *mone*, which is very near to the traces of the old reading, seems to mean the globe of the earth, or a map of it, from the

From general excrement: each thing's a thief;
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have

the French, *monde*, the world; but I think *main* is the true reading here, and might easily be mistaken for *moon* by a hasty transcriber, or a careless printer, who might have in their thoughts the *moon*, which is mentioned in a preceding line. TOLLET.

I cannot say for a certainty whether *Albumazar* or this play was first written, as *Timon* made its earliest appearance in the folio, 1623. Between *Albumazar* and the *Alchemist* there has been likewise a contest for the right of eldership. The original of *Albumazar* was an Italian comedy called *Lo Astrologo*, written by Battista Porta, the famous physiognomist of Naples, and printed at Venice in 1606. The translator is said to have been a Mr. Tomkins, a Fellow of Trinity College. The *Alchymist* was brought on in 1610, which is four years before *Albumazar* was performed for the entertainment of King James; and Ben Jonson in his title-page boldly claims the merit of having introduced a new subject and new characters on the stage:

——petere inde coronam
Unde prius nulli velarint tempora musæ.

The play of *Albumazar* was not entered on the books of the Stationers' Company till April 28, 1615. In *Albumazar*, however, such examples of thievery likewise occur:

The world's a theatre of theft: Great rivers
Rob smaller brooks; and them the ocean.
And in this world of ours, this microcosm,
Guts from the stomach steal; and what they spare
The meseraicks filch, and lay't i' the liver;
Where (lest it should be found) turn'd to red nectar,
'Tis by a thousand thievish veins convey'd,
And hid in flesh, nerves, bones, muscles, and sinews,
In tendons, skin, and hair; so that the property
Thus alter'd, the theft can never be discover'd.
Now all these pilf'ries, couch'd, and compos'd in order,
Frame thee and me: Man's a quick mass of thievery.

STEEVENS.

Puttenham, in his *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, quotes some one of a "reasonable good facilitie in translation, who finding *certaine* of Anacreon's odes very well translated by Ronsard the French poet—comes our minion, and translates the same out of French into English:" and his strictures upon him evince the publication. Now this identical ode is to be met with in Ronsard! and as his works are in few hands, I will take the liberty of transcribing it.

"La

Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away;
Rob one another. There's more gold: Cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves: To Athens, go,
Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it: Steal not less, for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoever!
Amen. [*Exit.*

3 *Thief.* He has almost charm'd me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

1 *Thief.* [2] 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 *Thief.* I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1 *Thief.* [3] Let us first see peace in Athens: There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true. [*Exeunt.*

"La terre les eaux va boivant,
L'arbre la boit par sa racine,
La mer salee boit le vent,
Et le soleil boit la marine.
Le soleil est beu de la lune,
Tout boit soit en haut ou en bas:
Suivant ceste reigle commune,
Pourquoy donc ne boivons-nous pas?"

Edit. fol. p. 507.

FARMER.

[1] ——*by a* composture——] i. e. composition, compost.

STEEVENS.

[2] *'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.*] i. e. 'Tis the common malice of mankind that makes one give such advice to another, as may prove to his detriment. One would think this easy enough. But the Oxford editor reads, *'Tis* in his malice to mankind, *that he thus advises us, not to have us thrive in our mystery.* Which is making compleat nonsense of the whole reflection: For if Timon gave this advice out of *his* malice to his species, he was in earnest, and far from having any design that they *should not thrive in their mystery*, that his utmost wish was that they might. WARBURTON.

Hanmer's emendation, though not necessary, is very probable, and very unjustly charged with nonsense. The reason of his advice, says the thief, is *malice to mankind*, not any kindness to us, or desire *to have us thrive in our mystery.* JOHNSON.

[3] *Let us first see peace in Athens*, &c.] This and the concluding little speech have in all the editions been placed to one speaker:

 But,

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Woods, and Timon's Cave.

Enter Flavius.

Flav. O you gods!
Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
[4] What an alteration of honour has
Desperate want made!
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
[5] How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
[6] When man was wish'd to love his enemies:
[7] Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me, than those that do!

He

But, it is evident, the latter words ought to be put in the mouth of the *second* thief, who is repenting, and leaving off his trade. WARBURTON.

4 *What change of* honour *desperate want has made!*] We should read,

What an alteration of humour —— —— WARBURTON.

The original copy has,

What an alteration of honour has desperate want made!

The present reading is certainly better, but it has no authority. To change *honour* to *humour* is not necessary. *An alteration of honour*, is an *alteration* of an *honourable state* to a state of disgrace. JOHNSON.

I have replaced the old reading. STEEVENS.

5 *How rarely does it meet*—] *Rarely* for fitly; not for seldom. WARBURTON.

6 *When man was* wish'd ——] We should read *will'd*. He forgets his Pagan system here again. WARBURTON.

7 *Grant, I may ever love, and rather* woo
Those that would mischief me, than those that do!]

But why so? Was there ever such an ass, I mean, as the transcriber? Shakespeare wrote it:

Grant

He has caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

Timon comes forward from his cave.

Tim. Away! what art thou?
Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?
Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'st thou art a man, I have
Forgot thee.
Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.
Tim. Then I know thee not:
I ne'er had honest man about me, I; all
I kept were [8] knaves, to serve in meat to villains.
Flav. The gods are witness,

Grant, I may ever love, and rather too,
Those that would mischief me, than those that woo!

The steward, affected with his master's misfortune and meditating on the cause of it, says, What an excellent precept is that of loving our enemies; grant that I might love them to chuse, rather than flatterers. All here is sensible, and to the purpose, and makes the whole coherent. But when once the transcribers had blundered *too* to *woo* in the first line, they were obliged, in their own defence, in the second line, to alter *woo* to *do*. WARBURTON.

In defiance of this criticism, I have ventured to replace the former reading, as more suitable to the general spirit of these scenes, and as free from the absurdities charged upon it. It is plain, that in this whole speech *friends* and *enemies* are taken only for those who *profess friendship* and *profess enmity*; for the *friend* is supposed not to be more kind, but more dangerous than the *enemy*. In the emendation, *those that would mischief* are placed in opposition to *those that woo*, but in the speaker's intention *those that woo* are *those that mischief* most. The sense is, *Let me rather woo or caress those that* would *mischief*, *that* profess to mean me mischief, *than those* that really *do* me *mischief under false professions of kindness*. The Spaniards, I think, have this proverb; *Defend me from my friends, and from my enemies I will defend myself*. This proverb is a sufficient comment on the passage. JOHNSON.

[8] *Knave* is here in the compound sense of a *servant* and a *rascal*. JOHNSON.

Ff 3 Ne'er

Ne'er did poor ſteward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, doſt thou weep?—Come nearer;—then I love thee,
Becauſe thou art a woman, and diſclaim'ſt
Flinty mankind; whoſe eyes do never give,
But thorough luſt, and laughter. [9] Pity's ſleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and, whilſt this poor wealth laſts,
To entertain me as your ſteward ſtill.

Tim. Had I a ſteward
So true, ſo juſt, and now ſo comfortable?
[1] It almoſt turns my dangerous nature wild.

[9] ——*Pity's ſleeping*:] I do not know that any correction is neceſſary, but I think we might read:

——— *eyes do never give,*
But thorough luſt and laughter, pity ſleeping:

Eyes never flow (to *give* is to diſſolve as ſaline bodies in moiſt weather) *but by luſt* or *laughter*, undiſturbed *by* emotions of *pity*.
JOHNSON.

[1] *It almoſt turns my dangerous nature* wild.] i. e. It almoſt turns my dangerous nature to a dangerous nature; for, by *dangerous nature* is meant *wildneſs*. Shakeſpeare wrote,

It almoſt turns my dangerous nature mild.

i. e. It almoſt reconciles me again to mankind. For fear of that, he puts in a caution immediately after, that he makes an exception but for one man. To which the Oxford editor ſays, *rectè*.
WARBURTON.

This emendation is ſpecious, but even this may be controverted. To *turn wild* is *to diſtract*. An appearance ſo unexpected, ſays Timon, *almoſt turns my ſavageneſs* to diſtraction. Accordingly he examines with nicety leſt his phrenzy ſhould deceive him:

Let me behold thy face. Surely this man
Was born of woman.

And to this ſuſpected diſorder of mind he alludes:

Perpetual-ſober, *gods!* ———

Ye powers whoſe intellects are out of the reach of perturbation.
JOHNSON.

—Let me behold thy face.—Surely, this man
Was born of woman.—
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
Perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man,—mistake me not,—But one;
No more, I pray,—and he is a steward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself: But all, save thee,
I fell with curses.
Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure)
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
[1] If not a usuring kindness; and as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master, in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late:
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast:
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I shew, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange it
For this one wish, That you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so!—Thou singly honest man,
Here, take:—the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy:

[1] *If not a usuring*——] *If not* seems to have slipt in here, by an error of the press, from the preceding line. Both the sense and metre would be better without it. TYRWHITT.

But thus condition'd; Thou shalt build [2] from men;
Hate all, curse all: shew charity to none;
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow 'em,
[3] Debts wither 'em to nothing: Be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so, farewel, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay, and comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st curses,
Stay not; but fly, whilst thou art blest and free:
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

The same.

[4] *Enter Poet, and Painter.*

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet.

[2] —*from men*;] Away from human habitations. JOHNSON.

[3] *Debts wither them.*] *Debts wither them to nothing.*—Folio. JOHNSON.

I have replaced the reading of the folio. STEEVENS.

[4] *Enter Poet and Painter.*] The Poet and the Painter were within view when Apemantus parted from Timon, and might then have seen Timon, since Apemantus, standing by him could see them: but the scenes of the thieves and steward have passed before their arrival, and yet passed, as the drama is now conducted, within their view. It might be suspected that some scenes are transposed; for all these difficulties would be removed by introducing the Poet and Painter first, and the thieves in this place. Yet I am afraid the scenes must keep their present order; for the Painter alludes to the thieves when he says, *he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity.* This impropriety is now heightened by placing the thieves in one act, and the Poet and Painter in another: but it must be remembered, that in the original edition this play is not divided into separate acts, so that the

Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Tymandra had gold of him: he likewise enrich'd poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'Tis said, he gave his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends?

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this suppos'd distress of his: it will shew honestly in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time; it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, [5] the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most court-

the present distribution is arbitrary, and may be changed if any convenience can be gained, or impropriety obviated by alteration. JOHNSON.

[5] —*the deed is*—] In the old edition: —*the deed of saying is quite out of use.* JOHNSON.

The old copy has been, I apprehend unnecessarily, departed from. *The deed* of saying, though a harsh expression, is perfectly intelligible, and much in Shakespeare's manner.——*The doing of that which we have said we would do, the accomplishment and performance of our promise, is, except among the lower classes of mankind, quite out of use.* So, in *Hamlet*:

"As he, in his peculiar act and force,
"May give his *saying deed.*" MALONE.

I have restored the old reading. STEEVENS.

ly and faſhionable: performance is a kind of will, or teſtament, which argues a great ſickneſs in his judgment that makes it.

Re-enter Timon from his cave, unſeen.

Tim. Excellent workman! Thou canſt not paint a man ſo bad as thyſelf.

Poet. I am thinking, what I ſhall ſay I have provided for him: [6] It muſt be a perſonating of himſelf: a ſatire againſt the ſoftneſs of proſperity; with a diſcovery of the infinite flatteries, that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Muſt thou needs ſtand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do ſo, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's ſeek him:
Then do we ſin againſt our own eſtate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;
[7] When the day ſerves, before black-corner'd night,
Find

[6] —*It muſt be a* perſonating *of himſelf:*—] *Perſonating*, for repreſenting ſimply. For the ſubject of this projected ſatire was Timon's *caſe*, not his *perſon*. WARBURTON.

[7] *When the day ſerves, before* black-corner'd *night*,] We ſhould read:

——black cornette *night*.

A *cornette* is a woman's head-dreſs for the night. So, in another place he calls her *black-brow'd night*. WARBURTON.

Black-corner'd night is probably corrupt, but *black cornette* can hardly be right, for it ſhould be *black-cornetted night*. I cannot propoſe any thing, but muſt leave the place in its preſent ſtate. JOHNSON.

An anonymous correſpondent ſent me this obſervation: "As the ſhadow of the earth's body, which is round, muſt be neceſſarily conical over the hemiſphere which is oppoſite to the ſun, ſhould we not read *black-coned?* See *Paradiſe Loſt*, book IV."

To this obſervation I might add a ſentence from Philemon Holland's tranſlation of Pliny's *Natural Hiſtory*, b. ii: "Neither is the night any thing elſe but the ſhade of the earth. Now the figure

Find what thou want'ſt by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
That he is worſhipp'd in a baſer temple,
Than where ſwine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'ſt the bark, and plow'ſt the foam;
Settleſt admired reverence in a ſlave:
To thee be worſhip! and thy ſaints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
Fit I meet them.

Poet. Hail! worthy Timon.

Pain. Our late noble maſter.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to ſee two honeſt men?

Poet. Sir,
Having often of your open bounty taſted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whoſe thankleſs natures—O abhorred ſpirits!
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you!
Whoſe ſtar-like nobleneſs gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monſtrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any ſize of words.

Tim. [8] Let it go naked, men may ſee't the better:
You, that are honeſt, by being what you are,
Make them beſt ſeen, and known.

gure of this ſhadow reſembleth a pyramis pointed forward, or a top turned upſide down."

I believe, nevertheleſs, that Shakeſpeare, by this expreſſion, meant only, Night which is as obſcure as a *dark corner*. In *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Lucio calls the Duke, "*a duke of dark corners.*" STEEVENS.

[8] *Let it go naked, men may ſee't the better:*] The humour of this reply is incomparable. It inſinuates not only the higheſt contempt of the flatterer in particular, but this uſeful leſſon in general, that the images of things are cleareſt ſeen through a ſimplicity of phraſe; of which, in the words of the precept, and in thoſe which occaſion'd it, he has given us examples. WARBURTON.

Pain.

Pain. He, and myself,
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. You are honest men: You have heard that I have gold;
I am sure, you have: speak truth: you are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest men:—Thou draw'st a counterfeit[9]
Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. Even so, sir, as I say:—And, for thy fiction, [*To the Poet.*
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.—
But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
I must needs say, you have a little fault:
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I,
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

[9] —— *a counterfeit*] It has been already observed, that a *portrait* was so called in our author's time.
"——What find I here?
"Fair Portia's *counterfeit!*" *Merchant of Venice.*
STEEVENS.

Both

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.
Tim. Will you, indeed?
Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.
Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.
Both. Do we, my lord?
Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur'd,
That he's a [1] made-up villain.
Pain. I know none such, my lord.
Poet. Nor I.
Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them, or stab them, drown them [2] in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.
Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.
Tim. You that way, and you this.—[3] But two in company,—

Each

[1] —— *a made-up villain.*] That is a villain that adopts qualities and characters not properly belonging to him; a hypocrite.
JOHNSON.

[2] ——— *in a draught,*] That is, *in the* jakes. JOHNSON.

[3] ——— *But two in company*—] This is an imperfect sentence, and is to be supplied thus, *But two in company spoils all.* WARB.

This passage is obscure. I think the meaning is this: *but two in company,* that is, stand apart, *let only two be together*; for even when each stands single there are two, he himself and a villain.
JOHNSON.

But, in the North, signifies, *without.* See a note on *Antony and Cleopatra,* act IV.

This passage may likewise receive some illustration from another in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* "My master is a kind of knave; but that's all one, if he be but *one knave.* The sense is, each man is *a double villain,* i. e. a villain with more than a single share of guilt. See Dr. *Farmer's* note on the third act of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona,* &c. Again, in *Promos and Cassandra,* 1578, "Go, and *a knave with thee.*" Again, in *The Storye of King Darius,* 1565, an interlude:

" —— if

Each man apart,—all ſingle, and alone,—
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.—
If, where thou art, two villains ſhall not be,
[*To the Painter.*
Come not near him.—If thou wouldſt not reſide
[*To the Poet.*
But where one villain is, then him abandon.—
Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye ſlaves:
You have work for me, there is payment: Hence!
You are an alchymiſt, make gold of that:—
Out, raſcal dogs! [*Exit, beating and driving them out.*

SCENE III.

Enter Flavius, and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would ſpeak with Timon;
For he is ſet ſo only to himſelf,
That nothing, but himſelf, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1 *Sen.* Bring us to his cave:
It is our part, and promiſe to the Athenians,
To ſpeak with Timon.

2 *Sen.* At all times alike
Men are not ſtill the ſame: 'Twas time, and griefs,
That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him: Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.—
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!

" ——— if you needs will go away,
" Take *two knaves* with you by my faye."

There is a thought not unlike this in *The Scornful Lady* of Beaumont and Fletcher.—" Take to your chamber when you pleaſe; there goes a black one with you, lady." STEEVENS.

Look out, and ſpeak to friends: The Athenians,
By two of their moſt reverend ſenate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Thou ſun, that comfort'ſt, burn!—Speak, and be hang'd!
For each true word, a bliſter, and each falſe
Be as a cauterizing [4] to the root o' the tongue,
Conſuming it with ſpeaking!

1 *Sen.* Worthy Timon,—

Tim. Of none but ſuch as you, and you of Timon.

2 *Sen.* The ſenators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would ſend them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1 *Sen.* O, forget
What we are ſorry for ourſelves in thee.
The ſenators, with one conſent of love,
Intreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On ſpecial dignities, which vacant lie
For thy beſt uſe and wearing.

2 *Sen.* They confeſs,
Toward thee, forgetfulneſs too general, groſs:
[5] And now the publick body,—which doth ſeldom
Play the recanter,—feeling in itſelf
A lack of Timon's aid, hath ſenſe withal
[6] Of its own fall, [7] reſtraining aid to Timon;
And

[4] ——*a cauterizing*] The old copy reads, *cantherizing*; the poet might have written, *canterizing*. STEEVENS.

[5] *And now*————] So Hanmer. The old editions have,
Which *now*———— JOHNSON.

[6] *Of its own* fall.————] The Oxford editor alters *fall* to *fault*, not knowing that Shakeſpeare uſes *fall* to ſignify diſhonour, not deſtruction. So in *Hamlet*,
What a falling *off was there!* WARBURTON.

The truth is, that neither *fall* means *diſgrace*, nor is *fault* a neceſſary emendation. *Falling off* in the quotation is not *diſgrace* but

And ſends forth us, to make their ſorrowed render [8],
Together with a recompence more fruitful
[9] Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, even ſuch heaps and ſums of love and wealth,
As ſhall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprize me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beweep theſe comforts, worthy ſenators.

1 *Sen.* Therefore, ſo pleaſe thee to return with us,
And of our Athens (thine, and ours) to take
The captainſhip, thou ſhalt be met with thanks,
[1] Allow'd with abſolute power, and thy good name
Live

but *defection*. The Athenians *had ſenſe*, that is, felt the danger *of their own fall*, by the arms of Alcibiades. JOHNSON.

——*reſtraining aid to Timon*;] I think it ſhould be *refraining aid*, that is, with-holding aid that ſhould have been given *to* Timon. JOHNSON.

[8] ——ſorrowed *render*,] Thus the old copy. *Render* is *confeſſion*. So in *Cymbeline*, act IV. ſc. iv.

" ——may drive us to a *render*
" Where we have liv'd."

The modern editors read *tender*. STEEVENS.

[9] *Than their offence can weigh down by the dram*;] This which was in the former editions can ſcarcely be right, and yet I know not whether my reading will be thought to rectify it. I take the meaning to be, We will give thee a recompence that our offences cannot outweigh, *heaps of wealth down by the dram*, or delivered according to the exacteſt meaſure. A little diſorder may perhaps have happened in tranſcribing, which may be reformed by reading:

——*Ay, ev'n ſuch heaps*
And ſums of love and wealth, down by the dram,
As ſhall to thee—— JOHNSON.

[1] Allow'd *with abſolute power*,——] This is neither Engliſh nor ſenſe. We ſhould read,

Hallow'd *with abſolute power*,——

i. e. Thy perſon ſhall be held *ſacred*. For abſolute power being an attribute of the Gods, the ancients thought that he who had it,

in

Live with authority:—so soon shall we drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2 *Sen.* And shakes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens.

1 *Sen.* Therefore, Timon,——

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore I will, sir; Thus,—
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That—Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
Then let him know,—and, tell him, Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that—I care not,
And let him take't at worst; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer: for myself,
There's not a whittle [2] in the unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be seen to-morrow; [3] My long sickness

in society was become sacred, and his person inviolable: On which account the Romans called the tribunitial power of the emperors, *sacrosancta potestas.* WARBURTON.

Allowed is *licensed, privileged, uncontrolled.* So of a buffoon, in *Love's Labour lost*, it is said, that he is *allowed*, that is, at liberty to say what he will, a privileged scoffer. JOHNSON.

[2] *There's not a* whittle *in th' unruly camp.*] A *whittle* is still in the midland counties the common name for a pocket clasp knife, such as children use. Chaucer speaks of a "Sheffield *thwittell.*" STEEVENS.

[3] ——*My long sickness*] The disease of life begins to promise me a period. JOHNSON.

Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

1 *Sen.* We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

1 *Sen.* That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

1 *Sen.* These words become your lips as they pass through them.

2 *Sen.* And enter in our ears, like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them;
And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragil vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them:—
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 *Sen.* I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree [4], which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it; Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, [5] in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself:—I pray you, do my greeting.

[4] *I have a tree, &c.*] Perhaps Shakespeare was indebted to Chaucer's *Wife of Bath's prologue*, for this thought. He might however have found it in *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, Tom. I. Nov. 28. STEEVENS.

[5] —*in the sequence of degree,*] Methodically, from highest to lowest. JOHNSON.

Flav.

Flav. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood,
Which once a day with his embossed froth[6]
The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—
Lips, let four words go by, and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works; and death, their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.
[*Exit Timon.*

1 *Sen.* His discontents are unremoveably
Coupled to nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
[7] In our dear peril.

1 *Sen.* It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Walls of Athens.

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

1 *Sen.* Thou hast painfully discover'd; are his files

[6] —*embossed* froth] When a deer was run hard and formed at the mouth, he was said to be *emboss'd*. See a note on the first scene of the *Taming of the Shrew*. The thought is from *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, Tom. I. Nov. 28. STEEVENS.

[7] *In our* dear *peril.*] So the folios, and rightly. The Oxford editor alters *dear* to *dread*, not knowing that *dear*, in the language of that time, signified *dread*, and is so used by Shakespeare in numberless places. WARBURTON.

Dear may in this instance signify *immediate*. It is an enforcing epithet with not always a distinct meaning. To enumerate the seemingly various senses in which it may be supposed to have been used by our author, would at once fatigue the reader and myself. STEEVENS.

As full as thy report?

Mes. I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2 *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

Mes. I met a courier*, one mine ancient friend[8];—
Who, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends:—this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 *Sen.* Here come our brothers.

3 *Sen.* No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choak the air with dust: In, and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to the woods.

Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.

Sol. By all description, this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath out-stretch'd his span:
[9] Some beast read this; there does not live a man.
Dead,

* —*a courier*,—] The players read—a *currier*. STEEVENS.

[8] —— one *mine ancient friend*;] Mr. Upton would read,
—— once *mine ancient friend*. STEEVENS.

[9] *Some beast read this; here does not live a man.*] Some beast *read* what? The soldier had yet only seen the rude pile of earth heap'd up

Dead, ſure; and this his grave. What's on this tomb?
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax;
Our captain hath in every figure ſkill;
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he's ſet down by this,
Whoſe fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Before the walls of Athens.

Trumpets ſound. Enter Alcibiades, with his powers.

Alc. Sound to this coward and laſcivious town
Our terrible approach.
[*Sound a parley. The Senators appear upon the walls.*
'Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious meaſure, making your wills
The ſcope of juſtice; 'till now, myſelf, and ſuch
As ſlept within the ſhadow of your power,

up for Timon's grave, and not the *inſcription* upon it. We ſhould read,

Some beaſt rear'd *this*;———

The ſoldier ſeeking, by order, for Timon, ſees ſuch an irregular mole, as he concludes muſt have been the workmanſhip of ſome beaſt inhabiting the woods; and ſuch a cavity as muſt either have been ſo over-arched, or happened by the caſual falling in of the ground. WARBURTON.

Notwithſtanding this remark, I believe the old reading to be the right. *The ſoldier had only ſeen the rude heap of earth.* He had evidently ſeen ſomething that told him *Timon was dead*; and what could tell that but his tomb? The tomb he ſees, and the inſcription upon it, which not being able to read, and finding none to read it for him, he exclaims peeviſhly, *ſome beaſt read this*, for it muſt be read, and in this place it cannot be read by man.

There is ſomething elaborately unſkilful in the contrivance of ſending a ſoldier, who cannot read, to take the epitaph in wax, only that it may cloſe the play by being read with more ſolemnity in the laſt ſcene. JOHNSON.

Have wander'd with our [1] traverſt arms, and breath'd
Our ſufferance vainly: Now [2] the time is fluſh,
[3] When crouching marrow, in the bearer ſtrong,
Cries, of itſelf, *No more:* now breathleſs wrong
Shall ſit and pant in your great chairs of eaſe;
And purſy inſolence ſhall break his wind,
With fear, and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble, and young,
When thy firſt griefs were but a meer conceit,
Ere thou hadſt power, or we had cauſe to fear,
We ſent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitudes with loves
[4] Above their quantity.

2 *Sen.* So did we woo [5]
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble meſſage, and by promis'd means;
We were not all unkind, nor all deſerve
The common ſtroke of war.

1 *Sen.* Theſe walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs: nor are they ſuch,

[1] —*traverſt arms*—] Arms acroſs. JOHNSON.

[2] —— *the time is* fluſh.] A bird is *fluſh* when his feathers are grown, and he can leave the neſt. *Fluſh* is *mature*. JOHNSON.

[3] *When crouching marrow, in the bearer ſtrong,*
Cries of itſelf, No more:—]
The marrow was ſuppoſed to be the original of ſtrength. The image is from a camel kneeling to take up his load, who riſes immediately when he finds he has as much laid on as he can bear.
WARBURTON.

[4] *Above* their *quantity.*] *Their* refers to *rages*. WARBURTON.

[5] —— *So did we woo*
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble meſſage, and by promis'd means;]
Promis'd means muſt import the recruiting his ſunk fortunes; but this is not all. The ſenate had wooed him with humble meſſage, and promiſe of general reparation. This ſeems included in the ſlight change which I have made—
——*and by promis'd* mends. THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton agrees with Mr. Theobald, but the old reading may well ſtand. JOHNSON.

That

That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall
For private faults in them.

2 *Sen.* Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you first went out;
[6] Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation, and a tithed death,
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loaths) take thou the destin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended;
For those that were, it is [7] not square, to take,
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall

[6] *Shame, that they wanted cunning in excess,*
Hath broke their hearts.——] i. e. in other terms,—Shame, that they were not the cunningest men alive, hath been the cause of their death. For *cunning in excess* must mean this or nothing. O brave editors! They had heard it said, that too much wit in some cases might be dangerous, and why not an absolute want of it? But had they the skill or courage to remove one perplexing comma, the easy and genuine sense would immediately arise. "Shame in excess (i. e. extremity "of shame) that they wanted cunning (i. e. that they were not "wise enough not to banish you) hath broke their hearts."
THEOBALD.

I have no wish to disturb the manes of Theobald, yet think some emendation may be offered that will make the construction less harsh, and the sentence more serious. I read:
Shame that they wanted, coming *in excess,*
Hath broke their hearts.
Shame which they had so long *wanted, at last* coming in *its utmost* excess. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*not square*——] Not regular, not equitable.
JOHNSON.

With thoſe that have offended: like a ſhepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not altogether.
2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,
Thou rather ſhalt enforce it with thy ſmile,
Than hew to't with thy ſword.
1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot
'Againſt our rampir'd gates, and they ſhall ope;
So thou wilt ſend thy gentle heart before,
To ſay, thou'lt enter friendly.
2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour elſe,
That thou wilt uſe the wars as thy redreſs,
And not as our confuſion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, 'till we
Have ſeal'd thy full deſire.
Alc. Then there's my glove;
Deſcend, and open your [8] uncharged ports:
Thoſe enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourſelves ſhall ſet out for reproof,
Fall, and no more: and,—to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning,—[9] not a man
Shall paſs his quarter, or offend the ſtream
Of regular juſtice in your city's bounds,
But ſhall be remedy'd by your publick laws
At heavieſt anſwer.
Both. 'Tis moſt nobly ſpoken.
Alc. Deſcend, and keep your words.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the ſea:

[8] —*uncharged ports*:] That is, *unguarded gates.* JOHNSON.

[9] —*not a man Shall paſs his quarter*,——] Not a ſoldier ſhall quit his ſtation, or be let looſe upon you; and, if any commits violence, he ſhall anſwer it regularly to the law. JOHNSON.

And,

And, on his grave-ſtone, this inſculpture; which
With wax I brought away, whoſe ſoft impreſſion
Interpreteth for my poor ignorance.

[*Alcibiades reads the epitaph.*]

Here lies a wretched corſe, of wretched ſoul bereft:
Seek not my name: A plague conſume you wicked caitiffs left[1]*!*
Here lie I Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
Paſs by, and curſe thy fill; but paſs, and ſtay not here thy gait.

Theſe well expreſs in thee thy latter ſpirits:
Though thou abhor'dſt in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dſt[2] our brain's flow, and thoſe our droplets which
From niggard nature fall,[3] yet rich conceit
Taught

[1] *——caitiffs left!*] This epitaph is found in ſir Tho. North's tranſlation of Plutarch, with the difference of one word only, viz. *wretches* inſtead of *caitiffs*. STEEVENS.

[2] *—our* brain's *flow,—*] Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read,
——— brine'*s flow,*——
Our brain's flow is *our tears*; but we may read our *brine's flow*, *our ſalt tears*. Either will ſerve. JOHNSON.

—our *brain's* flow is right. So in ſir *Giles Gooſecap*, 1606:
" I ſhed not the tears of my *brain*."
Again, in the *Miracles of Moſes*, by Drayton:
" But he from *rocks* that fountains can command,
" Cannot yet ſtay *the fountains of his brain*." STEEVENS.

[3] *——yet rich conceit*
Taught thee to make vaſt Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon, of whoſe memory
Hereafter more.——]
All the editors, in their learning and ſagacity, have ſuffered an unaccountable abſurdity to paſs them in this paſſage. Why was Neptune to weep on Timon's faults forgiven? Or, indeed, what faults had Timon committed, except againſt his own fortune and happy ſituation in life? But the corruption of the text lies only in the bad pointing, which I have diſengaged and reſtored to the true

Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave.—On:—Faults forgiven.[4]—Dead
Is noble Timon; of whose memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace stint war; make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's leach[5].—
Let our drums strike. [*Exeunt.*

true meaning. Alcibiades's whole speech, as the editors might have observed, is in breaks, betwixt his reflections on Timon's death and his addresses to the Athenian senators: and as soon as he has commented on the place of Timon's grave, he bids the senate set forward; tells 'em, he has forgiven their faults; and promises to use them with mercy. THEOBALD.

[4] —*On:—Faults forgiven.*—] I suspect that we ought to read:

On thy low grave.—*One* fault's forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon, &c.

One fault (viz. the ingratitude of the Athenians to Timon) is forgiven, i. e. exempted from punishment by the death of the injured person. TYRWHITT.

[5] —*leach.*] i. e. physician. STEEVENS.

THE play of *Timon* is a domestic tragedy, and therefore strongly fastens on the attention of the reader. In the plan there is not much art, but the incidents are natural, and the characters various and exact. The catastrophe affords a very powerful warning against that ostentatious liberality, which scatters bounty, but confers no benefits, and buys flattery, but not friendship.

In this tragedy, are many passages perplexed, obscure, and probably corrupt, which I have endeavoured to rectify, or explain, with due diligence; but having only one copy, cannot promise myself that my endeavours shall be much applauded. JOHNSON.

This play was altered by Shadwell, and brought upon the stage in 1678. In the *modest* title-page he calls it *Timon of Athens, or the Man-hater, as it is acted at the Duke's Theatre, made into a play.* STEEVENS.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Perſons Repreſented.

Saturninus, *Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himſelf.*

Baſſianus, *Brother to* Saturninus, *in love with* Lavinia.

Titus Andronicus, *a noble Roman, General againſt the Goths.*

Marcus Andronicus, *Tribune of the People, and Brother to* Titus.

Marcus, Quintus, Lucius, Mutius, } *Sons to* Titus Andronicus.

Young Lucius, *a Boy, Son to* Lucius.

Publius, *Son to* Marcus *the Tribune, and Nephew to* Titus Andronicus.

Sempronius.

Alarbus, Chiron, Demetrius, } *Sons to* Tamora.

Aaron, *a Moor, belov'd by* Tamora.

Captain, from Titus's *Camp.*

Æmilius, *a Meſſenger.*

Goths, and Romans.

Clown.

Tamora, *Queen of the Goths, and afterwards married to* Saturninus.

Lavinia, *Daughter to* Titus Andronicus.

Nurſe, with a Black-a-moor Child.

Senators, Judges, Officers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *Rome; and the Country near it.*

[1] TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT. I. SCENE I.

Before the Capitol in Rome.

Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the senate. Then enter Saturninus and his followers, at one door; and Bassianus and his followers, at the other; with drum and colours.

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And,

[1] *Titus Andronicus.*] It is observable, that this play is printed in the quarto of 1611, with exactness equal to that of the other books of those times. The first edition was probably corrected by the author, so that here is very little room for conjecture or emendation; and accordingly none of the editors have much molested this piece with officious criticism. JOHNSON.

There is an authority for ascribing this play to Shakespeare, which I think a very strong one, though not made use of, as I remember, by any of his commentators. It is given to him, among other plays, which are undoubtedly his, in a little book, called *Palladis Tamia, or the Second Part of Wit's Commonwealth*, written by Francis Meres, Maister of arts, and printed at London in 1598. The other tragedies, enumerated as his in that book, are *King John, Richard the Second, Henry the Fourth, Richard the third*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. The comedies are, the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the *Gentlemen of Verona*, the *Errors*, the *Love's Labour's Lost*, the *Love's Labour Won*, and the *Merchant of Venice*. I have given this list, as it serves so far to ascertain the date of these plays; and also, as it contains a notice of a comedy of Shakespeare, the *Love's Labour Won*, not included in any collection of his works; nor, as far as I know, attributed to him by any other

And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my succeſſive title with your ſwords:
I am

other authority. If there ſhould be a play in being, with that title, though without Shakeſpeare's name, I ſhould be glad to ſee it; and I think the editor would be ſure of the publick thanks, even if it ſhould prove no better than the *Love's Labour's Loſt.* TYRWHITT.

The work of criticiſm on the plays of this author, is, I believe, generally found to extend or contract itſelf in proportion to the value of the piece under conſideration; and we ſhall always do little where we deſire but little ſhould be done. I know not that this piece ſtands in need of much emendation; though it might be treated as condemned criminals are in ſome countries,—any experiments might be juſtifiably made on it.

The author, whoever he was, might have borrowed the ſtory, the names, the characters, &c. from an old ballad, which is entered in the Books of the Stationers' Company immediately after the play on the ſame ſubject. "John Danter] Feb. 6. 1593. A book entitled *A Noble Roman Hiſtorie of Titus Andronicus.*"

"Enter'd unto him alſo the ballad thereof."

Entered again April 19. 1602, by Tho. Pavyer.

The reader will find it in Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry*, vol. I. Dr. Percy adds that "there is reaſon to conclude that this play was rather improved by Shakeſpeare with a few fine touches of his pen, than originally writ by him; for not to mention that the ſtyle is leſs figurative than his others generally are, this tragedy is mentioned with diſcredit in the induction to Ben Jonſon's *Bartholomew Fair* in 1614, as one that had then been exhibited "five and twenty or thirty years:" which, if we take the loweſt number, throws it back to the year 1589, at which time Shakeſpeare was but 25: an earlier date than can be found for any other of his pieces, and if it does not clear him entirely of it, ſhews at leaſt it was a firſt attempt."

Though we are obliged to Dr. Percy for his attempt to clear our great dramatic writer from the imputation of having produced this ſanguinary performance, yet I cannot admit that the circumſtance of its being diſcreditably mentioned by Ben Jonſon, ought to have any weight; for Ben has not very ſparingly cenſured the *Tempeſt*, and other pieces which are undoubtedly among the moſt finiſhed works of Shakeſpeare. The whole of Ben's Prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*, is a malicious ſneer on him.

Sir W, Painter in his *Palace of Pleaſure*, tom. II. ſpeaks of the ſtory of *Titus* as well known, and particularly mentions the cruelty

I am his first-born son, that was the last
That ware the imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bas. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of my right,—
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility:
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft, with the crown.

Mar. Princes, that strive by factions, and by friends,
Ambitiously for rule and empery!
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have, by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius
For many good and great deserts to Rome;
A nobler man, a braver warrior,

ty of *Tamora*: and in *A Knack to know a Knave*, 1594, is the following allusion to it:

"———as welcome shall you be
"To me, my daughter, and my son in law,
"As *Titus* was unto the Roman senators,
"When he had made a conquest on the *Goths*."

Whatever were the motives of Heming and Condell for admitting this tragedy among those of Shakespeare, all it has gained by their favour is, to be delivered down to posterity with repeated remarks of contempt,—a Thersites babbling among heroes, and introduced only to be derided.

See the notes at the conclusion of this volume. STEEVENS.

He

Lives not this day within the city walls:
He by the ſenate is accited home,
From weary wars againſt the barbarous Goths;
That, with his ſons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation ſtrong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are ſpent, ſince firſt he undertook
This cauſe of Rome, and chaſtiſed with arms
Our enemies' pride: Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant ſons
In coffins from the field;——
And now at laſt, laden with honour's ſpoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flouriſhing in arms.
Let us intreat,—By honour of his name,
Whom, worthily, you would have now ſucceed,
And in the Capitol and ſenate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,——
That you withdraw you, and abate your ſtrength;
Diſmiſs your followers, and, as ſuitors ſhould,
Plead your deſerts in peace and humbleneſs.

Sat. How fair the tribune ſpeaks to calm my thoughts!

Baſ. Marcus Andronicus, ſo I do affy
In thy uprightneſs and integrity,
And ſo I love and honour thee, and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus, and his ſons,
And her, to whom our thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here diſmiſs my loving friends;
And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
Commit my cauſe in ballance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here diſmiſs you all;
And to the love and favour of my country

Com-

Commit myself, my person, and the cause;
Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the gates and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes! and me, a poor competitor.
[*They go up into the senate-house.*

SCENE II.

Enter a Captain.

Capt. Romans, make way; The good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter Mutius and Marcus: after them, two men bearing a coffin cover'd with black; then Quintus and Lucius. After them, Titus Andronicus; and then Tamora, the queen of Goths, Alarbus, Chiron, and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor, prisoners; soldiers, and other attendants. They set down the coffin, and Titus speaks.

Tit. [3] Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo,

[3] *Hail, Rome, victorious in* thy *mourning weeds!*] I suspect that the poet wrote:

——*in* my *mourning weeds!*

i. e. Titus would say; Thou, Rome, art victorious, though I am a mourner for those sons which I have lost in obtaining that victory. WARBURTON.

Thy is as well as *my*. We may suppose the Romans in a grateful ceremony, meeting the dead sons of Andronicus with mourning habits. JOHNSON.

Lo, as the bark, that hath discharg'd her fraught,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears;
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—
⁴ Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!—
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that king Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!
These, that survive, let Rome reward with love;
These, that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial among their ancestors:
Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword.
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?—
Make way to lay them by their brethren.
[*They open the tomb.*
There greet in silence, as the dead were wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthly prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,

Or that they were in mourning for their emperor who was just dead. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Thou great defender of this Capitol,*] Jupiter, to whom the Capitol was sacred. JOHNSON.

Nor

Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth [5].
Tit. I give him you; the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.
Tam. Stay, Roman brethren,—Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke?
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O! if to fight for king and common weal
Were piety in thine, it is in these;
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods [6]?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge;
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.
Tit. Patient yourself [7], madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths behold
Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain,

[5] *Nor we disturb'd by prodigies on earth.*] It was supposed by the ancients, that the ghosts of unburied people appeared to their friends and relations, to solicit the rites of funeral. STEEVENS.

[6] *Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?*
Draw near them then in being merciful:]
"Homines enim ad deos nulla re propius accedunt, quam salutem hominibus dando." *Cicero pro Ligario.*

From this passage Mr. Whalley infers the learning of Shakespeare. STEEVENS.

[7] Patient *yourself*, &c.] This verb is used by other dramatic writers. So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:
"*Patient* yourself, we cannot help it now."
Again, in *K. Edward* I. 1599:
"*Patient* your highness, 'tis but mother's love."
Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, b. xii. ch. 75:
"Her, weeping ripe, he laughing, bids to *patient* her awhile." STEEVENS.

Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your son is mark'd; and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, 'till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt Mutius, Marcus, Quintus, and Lucius, with Alarbus.*

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,
[a] The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy,
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen)
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

[a] *The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy*
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his *tent*, &c.]
I read, against the authority of all the copies:
———*in* her *tent.*
i. e. in the tent where she and the other Trojan captive women were kept: for thither Hecuba by a wile had decoyed Polymnestor, in order to perpetrate her revenge. This we may learn from Euripides's *Hecuba*; the only author, that I can at present remember, from whom our writer must have gleaned this circumstance.
THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald should first have proved to us that our author understood Greek, or else that this play of Euripides had been translated. In the mean time, because neither of these particulars are verified, we may as well suppose he took it from the old story-book of the *Trojan War*, or the old translation of *Ovid*. See Metam. xiii. The writer of the play, whoever he was, might have been misled by the passage in *Ovid*: "—vadit ad *artificem*," and therefore took it for granted that she found him in *his tent*. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Mutius, Marcus, Quintus, and Lucius.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the facrificing fire,
Whofe fmoke, like incenfe, doth perfume the fky.
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.
Tit. Let it be fo; and let Andronicus
Make this his lateft farewel to their fouls.
[*Then found trumpets, and lay the coffins in the tomb.*
In peace and honour reft you here, my fons;
Rome's readieft champions, repofe you here,
Secure from worldly chances and mifhaps!
Here lurks no treafon, here no envy fwells,
Here grow no damned grudges; here no ftorm,
No noife, but filence and eternal fleep:

Enter Lavinia.

In peace and honour reft you here my fons!
Lav. In peace and honour live lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obfequies;
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome:
O, blefs me here with thy victorious hand,
Whofe fortune Rome's beft citizens applaud.
Tit. Kind Rome, that haft thus lovingly referv'd
The cordial of mine age, to glad my heart!—
Lavinia, live; out-live thy father's days,
[9] And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praife!

Mar.

[9] *And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praife!*] This abfurd wifh is made fenfe of, by changing *and* into *in*. WARBURTON.

To *live in fame's date* is, if an allowable, yet a harfh expreffion.

To

Mar. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!
Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.
Mar. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords:
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance, in honour's bed.—
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune, and their trust,
This palliament of white and spotless hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons:
Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.
Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness:
What! should I [1] don this robe, and trouble you?
Be chose with proclamations to-day;
To-morrow, yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully;
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country:
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,

To *outlive* an *eternal date*, is, though not philosophical, yet poetical sense. He wishes that her life may be longer than his, and her praise longer than fame. JOHNSON.

[1] ——don *this robe*, &c.] i. e. *do on* this robe, put it on. So, in *Hamlet*:

"Then up he rose, and *don'd* his clothes." STEEVENS.

But

But not a ſceptre to controll the world:
Upright he held it, lords, that held it laſt.
Mar. Titus, thou ſhalt obtain and aſk the empery[1].
Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canſt thou tell?—
Tit. Patience, prince Saturninus.—
Sat. Romans, do me right;
Patricians, draw your ſwords, and ſheath them not
'Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor:
Andronicus, 'would thou were ſhip'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.
Luc. Proud Saturninus! interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!—
Tit. Content thee, prince; I will reſtore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themſelves.
Baſ. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do 'till I die;
My faction, if thou ſtrengthen with thy friends,
I will moſt thankful be: and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.
Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I aſk your voices, and your ſuffrages;
Will you beſtow them friendly on Andronicus?
Mar. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his ſafe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.
Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this ſuit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldeſt ſon,
Lord Saturnine; whoſe virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen juſtice in this common-weal:
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and ſay,—*Long live our emperor!*
Mar. With voices and applauſe of every ſort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create

[1] Titus, thou ſhalt *obtain* and *aſk* the empery.] Here is rather too much of the ὕστερον πρότερον. STEEVENS.

Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor;
And say,—*Long live our emperor Saturnine!*
[*A long flourish, till they come down.*

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness;
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my emperess,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse:
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this match,
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—
King and commander of our common-weal,
The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord:
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and, when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;
[*To Tamora.*
To him, that for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance;
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.

Rest

Reſt on my word, and let not diſcontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam, he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not diſpleas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord[*]; ſith true nobility
Warrants theſe words in princely courteſy.

Sat. Thanks, ſweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go:
Ranſomleſs here we ſet our priſoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Baſ. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.
[*Seizing Lavinia.*

Tit. How, ſir? Are you in earneſt then, my lord?

Baſ. Ay, noble Titus; and reſolv'd withal,
To do myſelf this reaſon and this right.
[*The Emperor courts Tamora in dumb ſhew.*

Mar. *Suum cuique* is our Roman juſtice:
This prince in juſtice ſeizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and ſhall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's guard?
Treaſon, my lord; Lavinia is ſurpriz'd.

Sat. Surpriz'd! By whom?

Baſ. By him that juſtly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.
[*Exit Baſſianus with Lavinia.*

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my ſword I'll keep this door ſafe.

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll ſoon bring her back.

[*] *Lav. Not I, my lord;*——] It was pity to part a couple who ſeem to have correſponded in diſpoſition ſo exactly as Saturninus and Lavinia. Saturninus, who has juſt promiſed to eſpouſe her, already wiſhes he were to chooſe again; and ſhe who was engaged to Baſſianus (whom ſhe afterwards marries) expreſſes no reluctance when her father gives her to Saturninus. Her ſubſequent raillery to Tamora is of ſo coarſe a nature, that if her tongue had been all ſhe was condemned to loſe, perhaps the author, (whoever he was) would have eſcaped cenſure on the ſcore of poetic juſtice.
STEEVENS.

Mut.

Mut. My lord, you paſs not here.
Tit. What! villain boy,
Barr'ſt me my way in Rome? [*Titus kills Mutius.*
Mut. Help, Lucius, help!
Luc. My lord, you are unjuſt, and more than ſo;
In wrongful quarrel you have ſlain your ſon.
Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any ſons of mine;
My ſons would never ſo diſhonour me:
Traitor, reſtore Lavinia to the emperor.
Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love.
Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy ſtock:
I'll truſt, by leiſure, him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traiterous haughty ſons,
Confederates all thus to diſhonour me.
Was there none elſe in Rome to make a ſtale of,
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree theſe deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That ſaid'ſt, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.
Tit. O monſtrous! what reproachful words are theſe?
Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that [3] changing piece,
To him that flouriſh'd for her with his ſword:
A valiant ſon-in-law thou ſhalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawleſs ſons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome [4].

Tit.

[3] ——*changing-piece,*] Spoken of Lavinia. *Piece* was then, as it is now, uſed perſonally as a word of contempt. JOHNSON.
So in *Britannia's Paſtorals* by Brown, 1613.
"——her huſband, weaken'd *piece,*
"Muſt have his cullis mix'd with ambergreaſe;
"Pheaſant and partridge into jelly turn'd,
"Grated with gold." STEEVENS.

[4] *To* ruffle *in the common-wealth of Rome.*] A *ruffler* was a kind of cheating bully; and is ſo called in a ſtatute made for the puniſhment of vagabonds in the 27th year of K. Henry VIII. See Greene's

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,—
That, like the stately Phœbe 'mong her nymphs,
Dost over-shine the gallant'st dames of Rome,—
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee emperess of Rome.
Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman Gods,—
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymeneus stands,—
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, 'till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon: Lords, accompany
Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.
[*Exeunt.*

Manet Titus Andronicus.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride;—
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Greene's *Groundwork of Coney-catching*, 1592. Hence, I suppose, this sense of the verb, to *ruffle*. *Rufflers* are likewise enumerated among other vagabonds, by Holinshed, vol. I. p. 183. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Marcus Andronicus, Lucius, Quintus, and Marcus.

Mar. O, Titus, see, O, see, what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.
Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,—
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!
Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.
Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified;
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:—
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.
Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He must be buried with his brethren.
[*Titus' sons speak.*
Sons. And shall, or him we will accompany.
Tit. And shall? What villain was it spoke that word? [*Titus' son speaks.*
Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but here.
Tit. What, would you bury him in my despight?
Mar. No, noble Titus; but intreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.
Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded.
My foes I do repute you every one;
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.
Luc. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.
Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.
[*The brother and the sons kneel.*
Mar.

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.
Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.
Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.
Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—
Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—
Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to interr
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.
The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax [5]
That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals.
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.
Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise:—
The dismall'st day is this, that e'er I saw,
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!—
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.
[*They put him in the tomb.*
Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends.
'Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!—
[*They all kneel, and say;*
No man shed tears [1] for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame, that dy'd in virtue's cause.

5 *The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax,*
That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals.] This passage alone would sufficiently convince me, that the play before us was the work of one who was conversant with the Greek tragedies in their original language. We have here a plain allusion to the *Ajax* of Sophocles, of which no translation was extant in the time of Shakespeare. In that piece, Agamemnon consents at last to allow Ajax the rites of sepulture, and Ulysses is the pleader, whose arguments prevail in favour of his remains. STEEVENS.

1 *No man shed tears,* &c.] This is evidently a translation of the distich of Ennius:

Nemo me lacrumeis decoret: nec funera fletu
Faxit. quur? volito vivu' per ora virûm. STEEVENS.

Mar. My lord,——to ſtep out of theſe dreary dumps,—
How comes it, that the ſubtle queen of Goths
Is of a ſudden thus advanc'd in Rome?
Tit. I know not, Marcus; but, I know, it is;
If by device, or no, the heavens can tell:
Is ſhe not then beholden to the man
That brought her for this high good turn ſo far?
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flouriſh. Re-enter the Emperor, Tamora, Chiron, and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor, at one door: At the other door, Baſſianus and Lavinia, with others.

Sat. So, Baſſianus, you have play'd your prize;
God give you joy, ſir, of your gallant bride.
Baſ. And you of yours, my lord: I ſay no more,
Nor wiſh no leſs; and ſo I take my leave.
Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction ſhall repent this rape.
Baſ. Rape, call you it, my lord, to ſeize my own,
My true betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Mean while I am poſſeſt of that is mine.
Sat. 'Tis good, ſir: You are very ſhort with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as ſharp with you.
Baſ. My lord, what I have done, as beſt I may,
Anſwer I muſt, and ſhall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know,—
By all the duties which I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,
Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd;
That, in the reſcue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did ſlay his youngeſt ſon,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
To be controul'd in that he frankly gave:
Receive him then to favour, Saturnine;
That hath expreſs'd himſelf, in all his deeds,

A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.
Tit. Prince Baſſianus, leave to plead my deeds;
'Tis thou, and thoſe, that have diſhonour'd me:
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!
Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in thoſe princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me ſpeak, indifferently for all;
And at my ſuit, ſweet, pardon what is paſt.
Sat. What, madam! be diſhonour'd openly,
And baſely put it up without revenge?
Tam. Not ſo, my lord; The gods of Rome forefend,
I ſhould be author to diſhonour you!
But, on mine honour, dare I undertake
For good lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whoſe fury, not diſſembled, ſpeaks his griefs:
Then, at my ſuit, look graciouſly on him;
Loſe not ſo noble a friend on vain ſuppoſe,
Nor with ſour looks afflict his gentle heart.——
My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at laſt,
Diſſemble all your griefs and diſcontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Leſt then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a juſt ſurvey, take Titus' part;
And ſo ſupplant us for ingratitude,
(Which Rome reputes to be a heinous ſin)
Yield at intreats, and then let me alone: [*Aſide.*
I'll find a day to maſſacre them all,
And raze their faction, and their family,
The cruel father, and his traiterous ſons,
To whom I ſued for my dear ſon's life;
And make them know, what 'tis to let a queen
Kneel in the ſtreets, and beg for grace in vain.——
Come, come, ſweet emperor,—come, Andronicus,—
Take

Take up this good old man, and chear the heart
That dies in tempeſt of thy angry frown.

Sat. Riſe, Titus, riſe; my empreſs hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your majeſty, and her, my lord.
Theſe words, theſe looks, infuſe new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And muſt adviſe the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—
For you, prince Baſſianus, I have paſt
My word and promiſe to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia;—
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You ſhall aſk pardon of his majeſty.

Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his highneſs,
That, what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tend'ring our ſiſter's honour, and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do proteſt.

Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.—

Tam. Nay, nay, ſweet emperor, we muſt all be friends:
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy ſake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's intreats,
I do remit theſe young men's heinous faults.
Stand up.
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and ſure as death I ſwore,
I would not part a bachelor from the prieſt.
Come, if the emperor's court can feaſt two brides,
You are my gueſt, Lavinia, and your friends:—
This day ſhall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bon-jour.*
Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. [2] SCENE I.

Before the Palace.

Enter Aaron alone.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flash;
Advanc'd above pale envy's threatning reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiack in his glistering coach,
And over-looks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora.—
[3] Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Than is Prometheus ty'd to Caucasus.

[2] In the quarto, the direction is, *Manet Aaron*, and he is before made to enter with Tamora, though he says nothing. This scene ought to continue the first act. JOHNSON.

[3] *Upon her* wit———] We should read,
Upon her will——— WARBURTON.
I think *wit*, for which she is eminent in the drama, is right.
JOHNSON.

Away with ſlaviſh weeds, and idle thoughts!
I will be bright, and ſhine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empereſs.
To wait, ſaid I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddeſs, this Semiramis;—this queen,
This ſyren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And ſee his ſhipwreck, and his common-weal's.
Holla! what ſtorm is this?

Enter Chiron, and Demetrius, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
And may, for aught thou know'ſt, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou doſt over-ween in all;
And ſo in this, to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,
Makes me leſs gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To ſerve, and to deſerve my miſtreſs' grace;
And that my ſword upon thee ſhall approve,
And plead my paſſions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs!—Theſe lovers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
Gave you a dancing rapier by your ſide[4],
Are you ſo deſperate grown, to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glu'd within your ſheath,
'Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Mean while, ſir, with the little ſkill I have,
Full well ſhalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye ſo brave? [*They draw.*

Aar. Why, how now, lords?

[4] —— *a* dancing rapier *by your ſide,*] So in *All's Well that Ends Well,* act II. ſc. i.

- no *ſword* worn
But one to *dance* with. STEEVENS.

So

So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain ſuch a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge;
I would not for a million of gold,
The cauſe were known to them it moſt concerns:
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be ſo diſhonour'd in the court of Rome.
For ſhame, put up.

Chi. [5] Not I; 'till I have ſheath'd
My rapier in his boſom, and, withal,
Thruſt theſe reproachful ſpeeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my diſhonour here.

Dem. For that I am prepar'd and full reſolv'd,—
Foul-ſpoken coward! that thunder'ſt with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'ſt perform.

Aar. Away, I ſay.—
Now by the gods, that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.—
Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
It is to jut upon a prince's right?
What, is Lavinia then become ſo looſe,
Or Baſſianus ſo degenerate,
That for her love ſuch quarrels may be broach'd,
Without controulment, juſtice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware!—an ſhould the empereſs know
This diſcord's ground, the muſick would not pleaſe.

Chi. I care not, I, knew ſhe and all the world;
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make ſome meaner choice:
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,

[5] *Not I, till I have ſheath'd*, &c.] This ſpeech, which has been all along given to Demetrius, as the next to Chiron, were both given to the wrong ſpeaker; for it was Demetrius that had thrown out the reproachful ſpeeches on the other. WARBURTON.

And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths would I propose [6],
To atchieve her I do love.

Aar. To atchieve her!—How?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill [7]
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive [8], we know:
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. [*Aside.*

Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast thou not full often struck a doe [9],
And

[6] —— *a thousand deaths would I propose,*] Whether Chiron means he would *contrive* a thousand deaths for others, or *imagine* as many cruel ones for himself, I am unable to determine. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *more water glideth by the mill, &c.*] A Scots proverb. "Mickle water goes by the miller when he sleeps." STEEVENS.

[8] —— *to steal a shive.*] A *shive* is a *slice*. So in the Tale of *Argentile and Curan* in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602:
"A *sheeve* of bread as browne as nut."
Demetrius is again indebted to a Scots proverb:
"It is safe taking a *shive* of a cut loaf." STEEVENS.

[9] —— *struck a doe,*] Mr. Holt is willing to infer from this passage that *Titus Andronicus* was not only the work of Shakespeare, but one of his earliest performances, because the stratagems of his former profession seem to have been yet fresh in his mind. I had made the same observation in *K. Henry* VI. before I had seen his; but when we consider how many phrases are borrowed from the sports of the field, which were more followed in our author's time, than any other amusement; I do not think there is much in either his remark or my own.—Let me add, that we have here Demetrius

And born her cleanly by the keeper's nose?
Aar. Why then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.
Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.
Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.
Aar. 'Would you had hit it too;
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye,—And are you such fools,
To square [1] for this? Would it offend you then
That both should speed?
Chi. 'Faith, not me.
Dem. Nor me, so I were one.
Aar. For shame, be friends; and join for that you jar.
'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve;
That what you cannot, as you would, atchieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than lingering languishment [2]

metrius, the son of a queen, demanding of his brother prince if he has not often been reduced to practise the common artifices of a deer-stealer:—an absurdity right worthy of the rest of the piece. STEEVENS.

[1] *To square for this.*——] To *square* is to *quarrel.* So in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream:*

they never meet,
But they do *square.*———

Again, in Drant's translation of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, 1567:

Let them not sing twixt act and act,
"What *squareth* from the rest."

But to *square*, which in the last instance signifies to *differ*, is now used only in the very opposite sense, and means to *agree.*
STEEVENS.

[2] *A speedier course than lingering languishment*] The old copy reads:

———this *lingering*, &c.

which may mean, *this coy languishing dame*, this *piece of reluctant softness.* STEEVENS.

Must

Muſt we purſue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a ſolemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The foreſt walks are wide and ſpacious;
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted [3] by kind for rape and villainy:
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And ſtrike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, ſtand you in hope.
Come, come, our empreſs, with her ſacred wit,
To villainy and vengeance conſecrate,
We will acquaint with all that we intend;
And ſhe ſhall file our engines with advice [4],
That will not ſuffer you to ſquare yourſelves,
But to your wiſhes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the houſe of fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
The woods are ruthleſs, dreadful, deaf, and dull;
There ſpeak, and ſtrike, brave boys, and take your turns:
There ſerve your luſt, ſhadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treaſury.

Chi. Thy counſel, lad, ſmells of no cowardiſe.

Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas*, 'till I find the ſtream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm theſe fits,
Per Styga, per Manes vehor [5].—— [*Exeunt.*

[3] ——*by kind*——] That is, by *nature*, which is the old ſignification of *kind*. JOHNSON.

[4] —file *our engines with advice*,] i. e. remove all impediments from our deſigns by advice. The alluſion is to the operation of the file, which, by conferring ſmoothneſs, facilitates the motion of the wheels which compoſe an engine or piece of machinery. STEEVENS.

[5] *Per Styga*, &c.] Theſe ſcraps of Latin are, I believe, taken, though not exactly, from ſome of Seneca's tragedies. STEEVENS.

[6]SCENE II.

Changes to a Forest.

Enter Titus Andronicus and his three Sons, with hounds and horns, and Marcus.

Tit. The hunt is up, [7] the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor, and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince; and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To tend the emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Here a cry of hounds, and wind horns in a peal: then enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Chiron, Demetrius, and their attendants.

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty;—
Madam, to you as many and as good!—
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.
Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.
Bas. Lavinia, how say you?

[6] The division of this play into acts, which was first made by the editors in 1623, is improper. There is here an interval of action, and here the second act ought to have begun. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*the morn is bright and grey,*] i. e. bright and yet not red, which was a sign of storms and rain, but *gray*, which foretold fair weather. Yet the Oxford editor alters *gray* to *gay*. WARBURTON.

Surely the Oxford editor is in the right; unless we reason like the Witches in *Macbeth*, and say,
"Fair is foul, and foul is fair." STEEVENS.

Lav. I ſay, no;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.
Sat. Come on then, horſe and chariots let us have,
And to our ſport:—Madam, now ye ſhall ſee
Our Roman hunting. [*To Tamora.*
Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouſe the proudeſt panther in the chaſe,
And climb the higheſt promontory top.
Tit. And I have horſe will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like ſwallows o'er the plain.
Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horſe nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A deſart part of the foreſt.

Enter Aaron alone.

Aar. He, that had wit, would think, that I had none,
To bury ſo much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him, that thinks of me ſo abjectly,
Know, that this gold muſt coin a ſtratagem;
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy:
And ſo repoſe, ſweet gold, for their unreſt[8],
[9] That have their alms out of the empreſs' cheſt.

[8] —*for their unreſt,*] *Unreſt,* for *diſquiet,* is a word frequently uſed by the old writers. So in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*, 1605,
"Thus therefore will I reſt me, in *unreſt.*"
Thus in *Elioſto Libidinoſo*, an ancient novel, by John Hinde, 1606:
"For the eaſe of whoſe *unreſt*,
"Thus his furie was expreſt."
Again, in *An excellent paſtoral Dittie*, by Shep. Tonie; publiſhed in *England's Helicon*, 1614:
"With lute in hand did paint out her *unreſt.*" STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Tamora.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'ſt thou ſad[1],
When every thing doth make a gleeful boaſt?
The birds chaunt melody on every buſh;
The ſnake lies rolled in the chearful ſun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd ſhadow [2] on the ground:
Under their ſweet ſhade, Aaron, let u
And—whilſt the babling echo mocks t
Replying ſhrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,—

[9] *That have their alms*, &c.] This is obſcure. It ſeems to mean only, that they who are to come at this gold of the empreſs are to ſuffer by it. JOHNSON.

[1] *My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'ſt thou ſad?*] In the courſe of the following notes ſeveral examples of the ſavage genius of Ravenſcroft, who altered this play in the reign of K. Charles II. are ſet down for the entertainment of the reader. The following is a ſpecimen of his deſcriptive talents. Inſtead of the line with which this ſpeech of Tamora begins, ſhe is made to ſay:

The emperor, with *wine* and *luxury* o'ercome,
Is fallen *aſleep*—in's *pendant couch* he's laid
That *hangs* in yonder grotto *rock'd* by winds,
Which rais'd by art do give it gentle motion:
And troops of ſlaves ſtand round with fans perfum'd,
Made of the feathers pluck'd from Indian birds,
And cool him into golden ſlumbers—
This time I choſe to come to thee, my Moor.
My lovely Aaron, wherefore, &c.——

An emperor who has had too large a doſe of love and wine, and in conſequence of ſatiety in both, falls aſleep on a bed which partakes of the nature of a ſailor's hammock and of a child's cradle, is a curioſity which only Ravenſcroft could have ventured to deſcribe on the ſtage. I hope I may be excuſed for tranſplanting a few of his flowers into the barren deſart of our comments on this tragedy. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*a* chequer'd *ſhadow*——] Milton has the ſame expreſſion:

"—— many a maid
"Dancing in the *chequer'd* ſhade." STEEVENS.

Let

Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise:
And—after conflict, such as was suppos'd
The wandring prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
Whilst hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,
Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine[3]:
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy?
My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls,
Even as an adder, when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
This is the day of doom for Bassianus;
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day;
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,

[3] ——*though* Venus *govern your desires,*
Saturn *is dominator over mine.*]
The meaning of this passage may be illustrated by the astronomical description of *Saturn*, which *Venus* gives in Greene's *Planetomachia*, 1585. "The star of *Saturn* is especially *cooling*, and somewhat *drie*, &c."
Again, in the *Sea Voyage*, by B. and Fletcher.
"——for your aspect
"You're much inclin'd to melancholy, and that
"Tells me the *sullen Saturn* had predominance
"At your nativity, a malignant planet!
"And if not qualified by a sweet conjunction
"Of a soft ruddy wench, born under Venus,
"It may prove fatal." COLLINS.

And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll:—
Now question me no more, we are espied,
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

Aar. No more, great empress, Bassianus comes:
Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [*Exit.*

Enter Bassianus, and Lavinia.

Bas. Whom have we here? Rome's royal empress,
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her;
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps!
Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds
[4] Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!

[4] *Should* drive *upon thy new transformed limbs,*] The author of the *Revisal* suspects that the poet wrote:

Should thrive *upon thy new transformed limbs,*

as the former is an expression that suggests no image to the fancy. But *drive*, I think, may stand, with this meaning: *the hounds should pass with impetuous haste,* &c. So in Hamlet:

Pyrrhus at Priam drives, &c.

i. e. flie with impetuosity at him. STEEVENS.

'Tis

'Tis pity, they ſhould take him for a ſtag.

Baſ. Believe me, queen, your [5] ſwarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, deteſted, and abominable.
Why are you ſequeſter'd from all your train?
Diſmounted from your ſnow-white goodly ſteed,
And wander'd hither to an obſcure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,
If foul deſire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your ſport,
Great reaſon that my noble lord be rated
For ſaucineſs.—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpoſe paſſing well.

Baſ. The king, my brother, ſhall have note of this.

Lav. Ay, for theſe ſlips have made him [6] noted long:
Good king! to be ſo mightily abus'd!

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron, and Demetrius.

Dem. How now, dear ſovereign, and our gracious mother,
Why does your highneſs look ſo pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reaſon, think you, to look pale?
Theſe two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren and deteſted vale, you ſee, it is:
The trees, though ſummer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moſs, and baleful miſletoe.

[5] —*ſwarth Cimmerian*] *Swarth* is *black.* The Moor is called Cimmerian, from the affinity of blackneſs to darkneſs. JOHNSON.

[6] —*noted long.*] He had yet been married but one night. JOHNSON.

Here

Here never shines the sun [7]; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
And, when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
[8] Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me, they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew;
And leave me to this miserable death.
And then they call'd me, foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect.
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not from henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs Bassianus.*

Chi. And this for me, struck home to shew my strength. [*Stabbing him likewise.*

Lav. Ay come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora!
For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

[7] *Here never shines the sun*, &c.] Mr. Rowe seems to have thought on this passage in his *Jane Shore:*

"This is the house where the sun never dawns,
"The bird of night sits screaming o'er its roof,
"Grim spectres sweep along the horrid gloom,
"And nought is heard but wailings and lamentings."

STEEVENS.

[8] *Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.*] This is said in fabulous physiology, of those that hear the groan of the mandrake torn up. JOHNSON.

The same thought and almost the same expressions occur in *Romeo and Juliet.* STEEVENS.

Tam.

Tam. Give me thy poinard; you ſhall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand ſhall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her;
Firſt, thraſh the corn, then after burn the ſtraw:
This minion ſtood upon her chaſtity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
[9] And with that painted hope ſhe braves your mightineſs:
And ſhall ſhe carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if ſhe do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her huſband to ſome ſecret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our luſt.

Tam. But when you have the honey you deſire,
Let not this waſp out-live, us both to ſting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam; we will make that ſure.—
Come, miſtreſs, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preſerved honeſty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora! thou beareſt a woman's face,—

Tam. I will not hear her ſpeak; away with her.

Lav. Sweet lords, intreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Liſten, fair madam: Let it be your glory,
To ſee her tears; but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tyger's young ones teach the dam?

[9] *And with that painted* hope *ſhe braves your mightineſs*;] Lavinia ſtands upon her chaſtity and nuptial vow: and upon the merit of theſe braves the queen. But why are theſe called a *painted hope?* We ſhould read,

And with this painted cope———

i. e. with this gay covering. It is well expreſſed. Her reaſons were of a religious nature; and are therefore called a painted cope, which is a ſplendid eccleſiaſtic veſtment: It might be called *painted*, likewiſe, as inſinuating that her virtue was only pretended.
WARBURTON.

Painted hope is only *ſpecious* hope, or ground of confidence more plauſible than ſolid. JOHNSON.

O,

O, do not teach her wrath; she taught it thee:
The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;
Do thou intreat her shew a woman pity. [*To Chiron.*

Chi. What! would'st thou have me prove myself a bastard?

Lav. 'Tis true the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet have I heard, (O could I find it now!)
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away.
Some say, that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

Tam. I know not what it means; away with her.

Lav. O, let me teach thee: for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I now pitiless:—
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent:
Therefore away with her, use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place:
For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain, when Bassianus dy'd.

Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit;

Where

Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away; for thou hast staid us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah beastly creature!
The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall——

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth,—Bring thou her husband; [*Dragging off Lavinia.*
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him. [*Exeunt.*

Tam. Farewel, my sons: see, that you make her sure:
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
'Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflow'r. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Aaron, with Quintus and Marcus.

Aar. Come on, my lords; the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mar. And mine, I promise you; wer't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep a while.
[*Marcus falls into the pit.*

Quin. What, art thou fallen? What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars;
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?

A very

A very fatal place it seems to me:—
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mar. O brother, with the dismallest object
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find them here;
That he thereby may have a likely guess,
How these were they, that made away his brother.
[*Exit Aaron.*

Mar. Why dost not comfort me and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surprized with an uncouth fear:
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
Mine heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mar. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit my eyes once to behold
The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise:
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er 'till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mar. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mar. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
[1] A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which

[1] *A precious ring,*——] There is supposed to be a gem called a carbuncle, which emits not reflected but native light. Mr. Boyle believes the reality of its existence JOHNSON.

So, in the *Gesta Romanorum*, history the sixth. "He farther beheld and saw a *carbunkle* in the hall that lighted all the house." Again, in Lydgate's *Description of king Priam's Palace*, l. 2:

"And for most chefe all dirkenefs to confound,
"A *carbuncle* was set as kyng of stones all,
"To recomforte and gladden all the hall.
"And

Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shews the ragged entrails of this pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mar. And I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not lose again,
'Till thou art here aloft, or I below:
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.
[*Falls in.*

Enter the Emperor, and Aaron.

Sat. Along with me:—I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.—
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mar. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;

"And it to enlumine in the black night
"With the freshnes of his ruddy light."

Again, in the *Muse's Elysium*, by Drayton:

"Is that admired, mighty stone,
"The *carbuncle* that's named;
"Which from it such a flaming light
"And radiancy ejecteth,
"That in the very darkest night
"The eye to it directeth."

Chaucer, in the *Romaunt of the Rose*, attributes the same properties to the *carbuncle*:

"Soche light ysprang out of the stone." STEEVENS.

Brought

Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.
Sat. My brother dead? I know, thou dost but jest:
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.
Aar. We know not where you left him all alive,
But, out alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, with Attendants; Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tam. Where is my lord, the king?
Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing grief.
Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?
Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound;
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.
Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeless tragedy:
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.
[*She giveth Saturninus a letter.*

Saturninus reads the letter.

An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—
Sweet huntsman—Bassianus 'tis, we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;
Thou know'st our meaning: Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder tree,
Which over-shades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.

O, Tamora! was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder tree:
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold. [*Shewing it.*

Sat. Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life:—— [*To Titus.*
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;
There let them bide, until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wond'rous thing!
How easily murder is discovered?

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of mine accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them—

Sat. If it be prov'd! you see, it is apparent.—
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail:
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see, thou follow me.
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king;
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Demetrius and Chiron, with Lavinia, ravish'd; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.
Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so;
And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.
Dem. See how with signs and tokens she can scowl.
Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.
Dem. She has no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.
Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.
Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord. [*Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron.*

Enter Marcus to Lavinia.

Mar. Who's this,—my niece, that flies away so fast?
Cousin, a word; Where is your husband?—
[9] If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!—
Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hand
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches? those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in;
And might not gain so great a happiness,
As half thy love? Why dost not speak to me?—

9 *If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me!*] If this be a dream, I would give all my possessions to be delivered from it by waking. JOHNSON.

Alas, a crimſon river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain ſtirr'd with wind,
Doth riſe and fall between thy roſed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, ſure, ſome Tereus hath deflow'red thee;
And, leſt thou ſhould'ſt detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'ſt away thy face for ſhame!
And, notwithſtanding all this loſs of blood,—
As from a conduit with their iſſuing ſpouts,—
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
Bluſhing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I ſpeak for thee? ſhall I ſay, 'tis ſo?
O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beaſt,
That I might rail at him to eaſe my mind!
Sorrow concealed, like an oven ſtopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, ſhe but loſt her tongue,
And in a tedious ſampler ſew'd her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus haſt thou met withal,
And he hath cut thoſe pretty fingers off,
That better could have ſew'd than Philomel.
O, had the monſter ſeen thoſe lily hands
Tremble, like aſpen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the ſilken ſtrings delight to kiſs them;
He would not then have touch'd them for his life.
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
Which that ſweet tongue hath made;
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell aſleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
For ſuch a ſight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's ſtorm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;
O, could our mourning eaſe thy miſery! [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

A street in Rome.

Enter the Judges and Senators, with Marcus and Quintus bound, passing on the stage to the place of execution, and Titus going before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
And for these bitter tears, which you now see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought!
For two and twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.
[*Andronicus lieth down, and the Judges pass by him.*
For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write
My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears.
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain,
[*Exeunt.*
That shall distil from these [3] two ancient urns,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still;
In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

[3] —*two ancient urns,*] Oxford editor.—Vulg. *two ancient ruins.* JOHNSON.

Enter Lucius, with his sword drawn.

O, reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.
Luc. O, noble father, you lament in vain;
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.
Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead:—
Grave tribunes, once more I intreat of you.
Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.
Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,
They would not mark me; or, if they did mark,
All bootless unto them, they would not pity me.
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet,
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones:
A stone is silent, and offendeth not;
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?
Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death:
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.
Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
That Rome is but a wilderness of tygers;
Tygers must prey; and Rome affords no prey,
But me and mine: How happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter

Enter Marcus, and Lavinia.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep;
Or, if not ſo, thy noble heart to break;
I bring conſuming ſorrow to thine age.
Tit. Will it conſume me? let me ſee it then.
Mar. This was thy daughter.
Tit. Why, Marcus, ſo ſhe is.
Luc. Ah me! this object kills me!
Tit. Faint-hearted boy, ariſe, and look upon her.—
Speak, my Lavinia, what accurſed hand
Hath made thee handleſs [4] in thy father's ſight?
What fool hath added water to the ſea?
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height, before thou cam'ſt,
And now, like Nilus, it diſdaineth bounds.—
Give me a ſword, I'll chop off my hands too [5];
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;
In bootleſs prayer have they been held up,
And they have ſerv'd me to effectleſs uſe:
Now, all the ſervice I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou haſt no hands;
For hands, to do Rome ſervice, are but vain.
Luc. Speak, gentle ſiſter, who hath martyr'd thee?
Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blab'd them with ſuch pleaſing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage;
Where like a ſweet melodious bird it ſung
Sweet vary'd notes, enchanting every ear!

[4] ——*in thy father's* ſight?] We ſhould read *ſpight.*
WARBURTON.

[5] ——I'll *chop off my hands too,*] Perhaps we ſhould read:
——or *chop off,* &c.
It is not eaſy to diſcover how Titus, when he had chopp'd off one of his hands, would have been able to have chopp'd off the other.
STEEVENS.

Luc.

Luc. O, ſay thou for her, who hath done this deed?
Mar. O, thus I found her, ſtraying in the park,
Seeking to hide herſelf; as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd ſome unrecuring wound.
Tit. [6] It was my deer; and he, that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I ſtand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderneſs of ſea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when ſome envious ſurge
Will in his briniſh bowels ſwallow him.
This way to death my wretched ſons are gone;
Here ſtands my other ſon, a baniſh'd man;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes:
But that, which gives my ſoul the greateſt ſpurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my ſoul.—
Had I but ſeen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me; What ſhall I do,
Now I behold thy lovely body ſo?
Thou haſt no hands, to wipe away thy tears;
Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy huſband he is dead; and, for his death,
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this:—
Look, Marcus! ah, ſon Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then freſh tears
Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey dew
Upon a gather'd lily almoſt wither'd.
Mar. Perchance, ſhe weeps becauſe they kill'd her huſband:
Perchance, becauſe ſhe knows them innocent.
Tit. If they did kill thy huſband, then be joyful,
Becauſe the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
No, no, they would not do ſo foul a deed;

[6] *It was my deer;* ——] The play upon *deer* and *dear* has been uſed by Waller, who calls a lady's girdle,
"The pale that held my lovely *deer*." JOHNSON.

Witneſs

Witneſs the ſorrow, that their ſiſter makes.—
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiſs thy lips;
Or make ſome ſigns how I may do thee eaſe.
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, ſit round about ſome fountain;
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are ſtain'd; like meadows, yet not dry
With miry ſlime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain ſhall we gaze ſo long,
'Till the freſh taſte be taken from that clearneſs,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or ſhall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or ſhall we bite our tongues, and in dumb ſhows
Paſs the remainder of our hateful days?
What ſhall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot ſome device of further miſery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, ceaſe your tears; for, at your grief,
See, how my wretched ſiſter ſobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece:—good Titus, dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, haſt drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I underſtand her ſigns:
Had ſhe a tongue to ſpeak, now ſhe would ſay
That to her brother which I ſaid to thee;
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no ſervice on her ſorrowful cheeks.
O, what a ſympathy of woe is this!
As far from help as limbo is from bliſs.

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—That if thou love thy ſons,

Let

Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O, gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor my hand;
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father; for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:
My youth can better spare my blood than you;
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-ax,
[7] Writing destruction on the enemies' castle?

O,

[7] *Writing destruction on the enemies' castle?*] Thus all the editions. But Mr. Theobald, after ridiculing the sagacity of the former editors at the expence of a great deal of aukward mirth, corrects it to *casque*; and this, he says, he'll stand by: And the Oxford editor, taking his security, will stand by it too. But what a slippery ground is critical confidence! Nothing could bid fairer for a right conjecture; yet 'tis all imaginary. A close helmet, which covered the whole head, was called a *castle*, and, I suppose, for that very reason. Don Quixote's barber, at least as good a critic as these editors, says, (in Shelton's translation, 1612,) "I know what is a helmet, and what a morrion, and what a close *castle*, and other things touching warfare." Lib. iv. cap. 18. And the original, *celada de encaxe*, has something of the same signification. Shakespeare uses the word again in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"——— and Diomede
"Stand fast, and wear a *castle* on thy head."

WARBURTON.

"Dr. Warburton's proof (says the author of the *Revisal*) rests wholly on two mistakes, one of a printer, the other of his own. In Shelton's *Don Quixote* the word *close castle* is an error of the

press

O, none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree, whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more; such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And, for our father's sake, and mother's care,
Now let me shew a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Mar. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt Lucius, and Marcus.*

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both;
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:—

press for a *close casque*, which is the exact interpretation of the Spanish original, *celada de encaxe*; this Dr. Warburton must have seen, if he had understood Spanish as well as he pretends to do. For the primitive *caxa*, from whence the word, *encaxe*, is derived, signifies a *box*, or *coffer*; but never a *castle*. His other proof is taken from this passage in *Troilus and Cressida:*

" ——— and Diomede
" Stand fast, and wear a *castle* on thy *head*."

wherein Troilus doth not advise Diomede to wear a helmet on his head, for that would be poor indeed, as he always wore one in battle; but to guard his head with the most impenetrable armour, to shut it up even in a *castle*, if it were possible, or else his sword should reach it."

After all this reasoning, however, it appears that a *castle* did actually signify a *close helmet*. So, in Holinshed, vol. II. p. 815: " ——Then suddenlie with great noise of trumpets entered sir Thomas Knevet in a *castell* of cole blacke, and over the *castell* was written, The dolorous *castell*, and so he and the earle of Essex, &c. ran their courses with the king &c." STEEVENS.

But I'll deceive you in another ſort,
And that you'll ſay, ere half an hour paſs. [*Aſide.*
[*He cuts off Titus's hand.*

Enter Lucius and Marcus again.

Tit. Now, ſtay your ſtrife; what ſhall be, is diſpatch'd.——
Good Aaron, give his majeſty my hand:
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thouſand dangers; bid him bury it;
More hath it merited, that let it have.
As for my ſons, ſay, I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an eaſy price;
And yet dear too, becauſe I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand,
Look by and by to have thy ſons with thee:—
Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villainy [*Aſide.*
Doth fat me with the very thought of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his ſoul black like his face. [*Exit.*

Tit. O hear!—I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call:—What, wilt thou kneel with me?
[*To Lavinia.*
Do then, dear heart; for heaven ſhall hear our prayers;
Or with our ſighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And ſtain the ſun with fog, as ſometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting boſoms.

Mar. O! brother ſpeak with poſſibilities,
And do not break into theſe deep extremes [8].

Tit.

[8] *And do not break into theſe* two *extremes.*] We ſhould read, inſtead of this nonſenſe:

——woe-*extremes.*

i. e. extremes cauſed by exceſſive ſorrow. But Mr. Theobald, on his own authority, alters it to *deep*, without notice given.
WARBURTON.

It

Tit. Is not my ſorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my paſſions bottomleſs with them.
Mar. But yet let reaſon govern thy lament.
Tit. If there were reaſon for theſe miſeries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the ſea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-ſwoln face?
And wilt thou have a reaſon for this coil?
I am the ſea; hark, how her ſighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then muſt my ſea be moved with her ſighs;
Then muſt my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard muſt I vomit them.
Then give me leave; for loſers will have leave
To eaſe their ſtomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Meſſenger, bringing in two heads and a hand.

Meſſ. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repay'd
For that good hand, thou ſent'ſt the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble ſons;
And here's thy hand, in ſcorn to thee ſent back;
Thy griefs their ſports, thy reſolution mock'd:
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit.*
Mar. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
Theſe miſeries are more than may be borne!
To weep with them that weep doth eaſe ſome deal,
But ſorrow flouted at is double death.
Luc. Ah, that this ſight ſhould make ſo deep a wound,

It is *deep* in the old quarto of 1611, and the folio. i. e. in all the old copies which have been hitherto ſeen. JOHNSON.

And yet deteſted life not ſhrink thereat!
That ever death ſhould let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more intereſt but to breathe!
[*Lavinia kiſſes him.*

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiſs is comfortleſs,
As frozen water to a ſtarved ſnake.

Tit. When will this fearful ſlumber have an end?

Mar. Now, farewel, flattery: Die, Andronicus;
Thou doſt not ſlumber: ſee, thy two ſons' heads;
Thy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other baniſh'd ſon, with this dear ſight
Struck pale and bloodleſs; and thy brother, I,
Even like a ſtony image, cold and numb.
Ah! now no more will I controul thy griefs:
Rent off thy ſilver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this diſmal ſight
The cloſing up of your moſt wretched eyes!
Now is a time to ſtorm, why art thou ſtill?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Why doſt thou laugh! it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why I have not another tear to ſhed:
Beſides, this ſorrow is an enemy,
And would uſurp upon my watry eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears;
Then which way ſhall I find revenge's cave?
For theſe two heads do ſeem to ſpeak to me;
And threat me, I ſhall never come to bliſs,
'Till all theſe miſchiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me ſee what taſk I have to do.—
You heavy people, circle me about;
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And ſwear unto my ſoul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear;

La-

Lavinia, thou ſhalt be employed in theſe things [1];
Bear thou my hand, ſweet wench, between thy teeth.
As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my ſight;
Thou art an exile, and thou muſt not ſtay:
Hie to the Goths, and raiſe an army there:
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiſs and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt.*

Manet Lucius.

Luc. Farewel, Andronicus, my noble father;
The woful'ſt man that ever liv'd in Rome!
Farewel, proud Rome! 'till Lucius comes again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
Farewel, Lavinia, my noble ſiſter;
O, 'would thou wert as thou 'tofore haſt been!
But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,
But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;
And make proud Saturninus and his empereſs,
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raiſe a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine.

[*Exit Lucius.*

[1] *Lavinia, thou ſhalt be employ'd in theſe things;*] Thus the folio, 1623. The quarto 1611 thus:

And Lavinia thou ſhalt be employ'd in theſe *arms.*

STEEVENS.

SCENE II[2].

An apartment in Titus's house.

A banquet. Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, and young Lucius, a boy.

Tit. So, so; now sit: and look, you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate[3] our ten-fold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.—
Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs! [*To Lavinia.*
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
May run into that sink, and soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

[2] This scene, which does not contribute any thing to the action, yet seems to have the same author with the rest, is omitted in the quarto of 1611, but found in the folio of 1623. JOHNSON.

[3] *And cannot passionate, &c.*] This obsolete verb is likewise found in Spenser:

"Great pleasure mix'd with pitiful regard,
"That godly king and queen did *passionate*."

STEEVENS.

Mar.

Mar. Fye, brother, fye! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.
Tit. How now! has ſorrow made thee doat already?
Why, Marcus, no man ſhould be mad but I.
What violent hands can ſhe lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore doſt thou urge the name of hands;—
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miſerable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;
Leſt we remember ſtill, that we have none.—
Fye, fye, how franticly I ſquare my talk!
As if we ſhould forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—
Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:—
Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what ſhe ſays;—
I can interpret all her martyr'd ſigns;—
She ſays, ſhe drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her ſorrows, meſh'd upon her cheeks[4]:—
Speechleſs complainer, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
Thou ſhalt not ſigh, nor hold thy ſtumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a ſign,
But I, of theſe, will wreſt an alphabet,
And, [5]by ſtill practice, learn to know the meaning.
Boy. Good grandſire, leave theſe bitter deep laments;
Make my aunt merry with ſome pleaſing tale.
Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in paſſion mov'd,
Doth weep to ſee his grandſire's heavineſs.
Tit. Peace, tender ſapling; thou art made of tears,

4 —meſh'd *upon her cheeks.*] A very coarſe alluſion to brewing. STEEVENS.

5 —*by ſtill practice*—] By *conſtant* or *continual* practice. JOHNSON.

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

[*Marcus ſtrikes the diſh with a knife.*

What doſt thou ſtrike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord; a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'ſt my heart;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death, done on the innocent,
Becomes not Titus' brother; Get thee gone;
I ſee, thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother[6]?
How would he hang his ſlender gilded wings,
[7] And buz lamenting doings in the air?
Poor harmleſs fly!
That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry; aud thou haſt kill'd him.

Mar. Pardon me, ſir; it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the empereſs' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou haſt done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will inſult on him;
Flattering myſelf, as if it were the Moor,

6 —*a father and* mother?] *Mother* perhaps ſhould be omitted, as the following line ſpeaks only in the ſingular number, and Titus moſt probably confines his thoughts to the ſufferings of a father. STEEVENS.

7 *And buz lamenting* doings *in the air.*] *Lamenting doings* is a very idle expreſſion, and conveys no idea. I read

——dolings——

The alteration which I have made, though it is but the addition of a ſingle letter, is a great increaſe to the ſenſe; and though, indeed, there is ſomewhat of a tautology in the epithet and ſubſtantive annexed to it, yet that's no new thing with our author. THEOBALD.

There is no need of change. *Sad doings* for any unfortunate event, is a common though not an elegant expreſſion. STEEVENS.

Come

Come hither purposely to poison me.—
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.
Ah, sirrah!—yet I think we are not brought so low,
But that, between us, we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Mar. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—
Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Titus's house.

Enter young Lucius, and Lavinia running after him; and the boy flies from her, with his books under his arm. Enter Titus and Marcus.

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why:—
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius:—Somewhat doth she mean:—
See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:

Somewhither would ſhe have thee go with her.
Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her ſons, than ſhe hath read to thee,
Sweet poetry, and Tully's oratory[8].
Canſt thou not gueſs wherefore ſhe plies thee thus?
Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I gueſs,
Unleſs ſome fit of phrenzy do poſſeſs her:
For I have heard my grandſire ſay full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read, that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad through ſorrow; That made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly;
Cauſeleſs, perhaps:—But pardon me, ſweet aunt;
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will moſt willingly attend your ladyſhip.
Mar. Lucius, I will.
Tit. How now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what means this?
Some book there is that ſhe deſires to ſee:—
Which is it, girl, of theſe? Open them, boy.—
But thou art deeper read, and better ſkill'd;
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And ſo beguile thy ſorrow, 'till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—
Why lifts ſhe up her arms in ſequence thus?
Mar. I think, ſhe means, that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact;—Ay, more there was:—
Or elſe to heaven ſhe heaves them for revenge.
Tit. Lucius, what book is that ſhe toſſeth ſo?

[8] —*Tully's* oratory.] Thus the moderns. The old copies read—Tully's *oratour*; meaning perhaps, Tully De *oratore*. STEEVENS.

Boy. Grandſire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphoſis;
My mother gave it me.
Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps ſhe cull'd it from among the reſt.
Tit. Soft! ſoft, how buſily ſhe turns the leaves!
Help her: What would ſhe find? Lavinia, ſhall I read?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treaſon, and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.
Mar. See, brother ſee; note, how ſhe quotes the leaves [9].
Tit. Lavinia, were't thou thus ſurpriz'd, ſweet girl,
Raviſh'd, and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthleſs, vaſt, and gloomy woods?—
See, ſee!——
Ay, ſuch a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O, had we never, never, hunted there!)
Pattern'd by that the poet here deſcribes,
By nature made for murders, and for rapes.
Mar. O, why ſhould nature build ſo foul a den,
Unleſs the gods delight in tragedies!
Tit. Give ſigns, ſweet girl,—for here are none but friends,——
What Roman lord it was durſt do the deed:
Or ſlunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erſt,
That left the camp to ſin in Lucrece' bed?
Mar. Sit down, ſweet niece;—brother, ſit down by me.—
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inſpire me, that I may this treaſon find!—
My lord, look here;—look here, Lavinia:
[*He writes his name with his ſtaff, and guides it with his feet and mouth.*
This ſandy plot is plain; guide, if thou can'ſt,

9 *——how ſhe* quotes *the leaves.*] To *quote* is to obſerve. See a note on *Hamlet*, act II. ſc. 2. STEEVENS.

This after me, when I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.
Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this ſhift!—
Write thou, good niece; and here diſplay at laſt,
What God will have diſcover'd for revenge:
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy ſorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth!

[*She takes the ſtaff in her mouth, and guides it with her ſtumps, and writes.*

Tit. O, do you read, my lord, what ſhe hath writ?
Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.

Mar. What, what!—the luſtful ſons of Tamora
Performers of this hateful bloody deed?

Tit. —*Magne Dominator Poli*[1],
Tam lentus audis ſcelera? tam lentus vides?

Mar. O, calm thee, gentle lord! although, I know,
There is enough written upon this earth,
To ſtir a mutiny in the mildeſt thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, ſweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And ſwear with me,—as with the woeful feere[2],

And

[1] *Magne Regnator Deum* &c. is the exclamation of *Hippolitus* when *Phædra* diſcovers the ſecret of her inceſtuous paſſion in *Seneca's* tragedy. STEEVENS.

[2] *And ſwear with me, as with the woeful feere,*] The old copies do not only aſſiſt us to find the true reading by conjecture. I will give an inſtance, from the firſt folio, of a reading (inconteſtibly the true one) which has eſcaped the laborious reſearches of the many moſt diligent critics, who have favoured the world with editions of Shakeſpeare. In *Titus Andronicus*, Act iv. Scene i. Marcus ſays,

My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia kneel;
And kneel, ſweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And ſwear with me, as, with the woeful peer,
And father of that chaſte diſhonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus ſware for Lucrece' rape—

What meaning has hitherto been annexed to the word *peer*, in this paſſage,

And father, of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traiterous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.
Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how.
But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him while she playeth on her back,
And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.
You're a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind

passage, I know not. The reading of the first folio is *feere*, which signifies a *companion*, and here metaphorically a *husband*. The proceeding of Brutus, which is alluded to, is described at length in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, as putting an end to the lamentations of Collatinus and Lucretius, the husband and father of Lucretia. So, in *Sir Eglamour of Artoys*, sig. A 4,
" Christabell, your daughter free
" When shall she have a *fere*?" i.e. a husband.
Sir Tho. More's *Lamentation on the Death of Q. Elizabeth*, *Wife of Hen.* VII:
" Was I not a king's *fere* in marriage?"
And again:
" Farewell my daughter Katherine, late the *fere*
" To prince Arthur." TYRWHITT.

The word *feere* or *pheere* very frequently occurs among the old dramatic writers and others. So, in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, Morose says:
" —her that I mean to chuse for my *bed-pheere*."
Again, in *The noble Kinsmen*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:
" ———*play pheeres*."
And in Spenser, F. ii. B. 5:
" ——same fair frannion, fit for such a *pheere*."
Again, in the tragedy of *Soliman and Perseda*:
" When didst thou with thy sampler in the sun
" Sit sewing with thy *feres*."
Again in *Hycke Scorner*:
" What Frewyll, mine own *fere*?" STEEVENS.

Will blow these sands, like Sybil's leaves, abroad,
And where's your lesson then?—Boy, what say you?
Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bond-men to the yoke of Rome.
Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For this ungrateful country done the like.
Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.
Tit. Come, go with me into my armoury;
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both:
Come, come; thou'lt do my message, wilt thou not?
Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosom, grandsire.
Tit. No, no, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.
Lavinia, come:—Marcus, look to my house;
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;
Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.
[*Exeunt.*
Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassionate him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy;
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart
Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd shield:
But yet so just, that he will not revenge:—
[3] Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus! [*Exit.*

3 *Revenge the heavens*——] We should read:
Revenge thee, *heavens!*——— WARBURTON.
It should be:
Revenge, ye *heavens!*———
Ye was by the transcriber taken for *y^e*, the. JOHNSON.
believe the old reading is right, and signifies—*may the heavens revenge* &c. STEEVENS.
I believe we should read
Revenge then *heavens.* TYRWHITT.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Changes to the palace.

Enter Aaron, Chiron, and Demetrius, at one door: and at another door, young Lucius and another, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver to us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus;—
And pray the Roman gods, confound you both. [*Aside.*

Dem. Gramercy[4], lovely Lucius; What's the news?

Boy. That you are both decypher'd, that's the news,
For villains mark'd with rape. [*Aside.*] May it please you,
My grandsire, well-advis'd, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well:
And so I leave you both, [*Aside.*] like bloody villains. [*Exit.*

Dem. What's here? A scroll; and written round about?
Let's see;

[4] *Gramercy,*——] i. e. *grand merci; great thanks.* STEEVENS.

In-

Integer vitæ, ſceleriſque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu:

Chi. O, 'tis a verſe in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, juſt;—a verſe in Horace;—right, you have it.
Now, what a thing it is to be an aſs!
Here's no fond jeſt: the old man hath found their guilt;
And ſends the weapons wrapp'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick. [*Aſide.*
But were our witty empereſs well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.
But let her reſt in her unreſt a while.—
And now, young lords, was't not a happy ſtar
Led us to Rome, ſtrangers, and, more than ſo,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to ſee ſo great a lord
Baſely inſinuate, and ſend us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reaſon, lord Demetrius?
Did you not uſe his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would, we had a thouſand Roman dames
At ſuch a bay, by turn to ſerve our luſt.

Chi. A charitable wiſh, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacketh but your mother to ſay amen.

Chi. And that would ſhe for twenty thouſand more.

Dem. Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us o'er. [*Aſide. Flouriſh.*

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flouriſh thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a ſon.

Dem.

Dem. Soft; who comes here?

Enter Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child.

Nurse. Good-morrow, lords:
O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?
Aar. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all.
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?
Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!
Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?
Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our emperess' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace;—
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.
Aar. To whom?
Nur. I mean, she is brought to bed.
Aar. Well, God
Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?
Nur. A devil.
Aar. Why, then she is the devil's dam; a joyful issue.
Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.
The emperess' sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.
Aar. Out, out, you whore! is black so base a hue?—
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.
Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?
Aar. That which thou
Can'st not undo.
Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.
Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother[5].

[5] *Villain, I have done thy mother.*] To *do* is here used obscenely. So, in Taylor the water poet's character of a *Prostitute:*
"She's *facile fieri* (quickly wonne)
"Or, conft'ring truly, easy to be *done.*" COLLINS.

Dem.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man, but I,
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. [6] I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.
Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scymitar's sharp point,
That touches this my first-born son and heir!
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey, out of his father's hands.
What, what; ye sanguine shallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs!
Coal-black is better than another hue,
[7] In that it scorns to bear another hue:
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,

[6] *I'll broach the tadpole*——] A *broach* is a *spit*. I'll *spit* the tadpole. JOHNSON.

So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

"I'll *broach* thee on my steel."

Again, in Greene's *Pleasant Discovery of the Cosenage of Colliers*, 1592; "—with that she caught a *spit* in her hand, and swore if he offered to stirre she should therewith *broach* him." COLLINS.

[7] *In that it* seems *to bear another hue:*] We may better read:

In that it scorns *to bear another hue.* JOHNSON.

Scorns is the reading of the first folio, and should undoubtedly be inserted in the text. TYRWHITT.

Although she lave them hourly in the flood.—
Tell the emperess from me, I am of age
To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This, before all the world, do I prefer;
This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.

Aar. Why there's the privilege your beauty bears:
Fye, treacherous hue! that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer[8]:
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father;
As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*
He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;
And, from that womb, where you imprison'd were,
He is infranchised and come to light:
Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal is stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the emperess?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice;
Save you the child, so we may all be safe.

[8] ——— *another* leer:] *Leer* is complexion, or hue. So, in *As you like it.* "——a Rosalind of a better *leer* than you." See Mr. Collet's note on act IV. sc. i. In the notes on the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, late edit. vol. IV. p. 320. *Lere* is supposed to mean *skin.* So, in *Isumbras*, MS. *Cott.* Cal. II. fol. 129:

"His lady is white as wales bone,
"Here *lere* brygte to se upon,
"So faire as blosme on tre." STEEVENS.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there: Now talk at pleasure of your safety.
[*They sit on the ground.*

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords; When we all join in league,
I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
But, say again, how many saw the child?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,
And no one else, but the deliver'd emperess.

Aar. The emperess, the midwife, and yourself:—
Two may keep counsel, when the third's away [9]:
Go to the emperess; tell her this I said:—
[*He kills her.*
Weke, weke!—so cries a pig, prepar'd to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore didst thou this?

Aar. O lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?
A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muliteus lives, my countryman,
His wife but yesternight was brought to-bed;
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
[1] Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all;

9 *Two may keep counsel when the third's away:*] This proverb is introduced likewise in *Romeo and Juliet*, act II. STEEVENS.

1 *Go pack with him,*——] *Pack* here seems to have the meaning of *make a bargain.* Or it may mean, as in the phrase of modern gamesters, to act collusively.

And mighty dukes pack knaves for half a crown. POPE.

To *pack* is to contrive insidiously. So, in *K. Lear:*

"—snuffs and *packings* of the dukes." STEEVENS.

And

And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, my lords; ye see, I have given her physick, [*Pointing to the nurse.*
And you must needs bestow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself, and hers, are highly bound to thee. [*Exeunt.*

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
There to dispose this treasure in my arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—
Come on, you thick-lip'd slave, I bear you hence;
For it is you that put us to our shifts:
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit.*

CENE III.

A street near the palace.

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other Gentlemen with bows; and Titus bears the arrows with letters on the ends of them.

Tit. Come, Marcus, come;—Kinsmen, this is the way:—
Sir boy, now let me see your archery;

Look, ye draw home enough, and 'tis there ſtraight:
Terras Aſtrea reliquit:—be you remember'd Marcus.—
She's gone, ſhe's fled.—Sirs, take you to your tools.
You, couſins, ſhall go ſound the ocean,
And caſt your nets; haply, you may find her in the ſea;
Yet there's as little juſtice as at land:—
No; Publius and Sempronius, you muſt do it;
'Tis you muſt dig with mattock, and with ſpade,
And pierce the inmoſt centre of the earth;
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition:
Tell him, it is for juſtice, and for aid;
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with ſorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miſerable,
What time I threw the people's ſuffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man of war unſearch'd;
This wicked emperor may have ſhipp'd her hence,
And, kinſmen, then we may go pipe for juſtice.

Mar. O, Publius, is not this a heavy caſe,
To ſee thy noble uncle thus diſtract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night to attend him carefully;
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
'Till time beget ſome careful remedy.

Mar. Kinſmen, his ſorrows are paſt remedy.
Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my maſters,
What, have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto ſends you word,
If you will have revenge from hell, you ſhall:
Marry, for juſtice, ſhe is ſo employ'd,

He

He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or ſomewhere elſe,
So that perforce you needs muſt ſtay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
Marcus, we are but ſhrubs, no cedars we;
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' ſize;
But metal, Marcus, ſteel to the very back;
[2] Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can bear:—
And ſith there is no juſtice in earth nor hell,
We will ſolicit heaven; and move the gods,
To ſend down juſtice for to wreak our wrongs:
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus.
[*He gives them the arrows.*
Ad Jovem, that's for you:—Here, *ad Apollinem*:—
Ad Martem, that's for myſelf;—
Here, boy, to Pallas:—Here to Mercury:—
To Saturn, and to Cœlus [3]; not to Saturnine,—
You were as good to ſhoot againſt the wind.—
To it, boy. Marcus, looſe when I bid:
O' my word, I have written to effect;
There's not a god left unſolicited.

Mar. Kinſmen, ſhoot all your ſhafts into the court [4]:

[2] *Yet wrung with wrongs*, —] To *wring* a horſe is to preſs or ſtrain his back. JOHNSON.

[3] *To Saturn, and to* Cœlus, —] The quarto and folio read: *to Caius.* Mr. Rowe firſt ſubſtituted *Cælus* in its room. STEEVENS.

[4] — *ſhoot all your ſhafts into the court*.] In the ancient ballad of *Titus Andronicus's Complaint*, is the following paſſage:
"Then paſt reliefe I upp and downe did goe,
"And with my tears wrote in the duſt my woe:
"*I ſhot my arrowes towards heaven hie*,
"And for revenge to hell did often crye."
On this Dr. Percy has the following obſervation: "If the ballad was written before the play, I ſhould ſuppoſe this to be only a metaphorical expreſſion, taken from the Pſalms: "*They ſhoot out their arrows, even bitter words*, Pſ. 64. 3." *Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry*, vol. I. p. 228, third edit. STEEVENS.

We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well said, Lucius!
Good boy, in Virgo's lap, give it to Pallas.

Mar. My lord, I am a mile beyond the moon [5];
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my lord; when Publius shot,
The bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court;
And who should find them but the emperess' villain?
She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give your lordship joy!

Enter a Clown, with a basket and two pigeons.

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clown. Ho! the gibbet-maker? he says, that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hang'd 'till the next week.

Tit. Tut, what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clown. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

5 —*I* am a *mile beyond the moon*;] The folios 1623 and 1632, read:

———*I aym a mile beyond the moon.*

To "cast beyond the moon," is an expression used in Hinde's *Eliosto Libidinoso* 1606. Again, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594: "Risio hath gone beyond himself in *casting beyond* the moon." Again, in *A Woman kill'd with Kindness*, 1617:

"———I talk of things impossible,
"And *cast beyond the moon.*" STEEVENS.

Clown.

Clown. Ay, of my pigeons, ſir; nothing elſe.

Tit. Why, didſt thou not come from heaven?

Clown. From heaven? alas, ſir, I never came there: God forbid, I ſhould be ſo bold to preſs to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs [6], to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

Mar. Why, ſir, that is as fit as can be, to ſerve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clown. Nay, truly, ſir, I could never ſay grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither; make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor:
By me thou ſhalt have juſtice at his hands.
Hold, hold;—mean while, here's money for thy charges.
Give me a pen and ink.—
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a ſupplication?

Clown. Ay, ſir.

Tit. Then here is a ſupplication for you. And when you come to him, at the firſt approach, you muſt kneel; then kiſs his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, ſir; ſee you do it bravely.

Clown. I warrant you, ſir; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, haſt thou a knife? Come, let me ſee it.
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;
For thou haſt made it like an humble ſuppliant:—

[6] —*the tribunal plebs,*—] I ſuppoſe the Clown means to ſay, *Plebeian tribune,* i. e. tribune of the people; for none could fill this office but ſuch as were deſcended from *Plebeian* anceſtors. STEEVENS.

And when thou haſt given it the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he ſays.

Clown. God be with you, ſir; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go:—Publius, follow me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The palace.

Enter Emperor, and Empreſs, and her two ſons; the Emperor brings the arrows in his hand, that Titus ſhot.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are theſe? Was ever ſeen
An emperor of Rome thus over-borne,
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent
Of egal juſtice, us'd in ſuch contempt?
My lords, you know, as do the mightful gods,
However the diſturbers of our peace
Buz in the people's ears, there nought hath paſt,
But even with law, againſt the wilful ſons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His ſorrows have ſo overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks[1],
His fits, his phrenzy, and his bitterneſs?
And now he writes to heaven for his redreſs:
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
This to Apollo; this to the god of war:
Sweet ſcrolls, to fly about the ſtreets of Rome!
What's this, but libelling againſt the ſenate,
And blazoning our injuſtice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would ſay, in Rome no juſtice were.
But, if I live, his feigned ecſtaſies
Shall be no ſhelter to theſe outrages:

[1] —*his* wreaks,] i. e. his revenges. STEEVENS.

But

But he and his ſhall know, that juſtice lives
In Saturninus' health; whom, if ſhe ſleep,
He'll ſo awake, as ſhe in fury ſhall
Cut off the proud'ſt conſpirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, moſt lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
The effects of ſorrow for his valiant ſons,
Whoſe loſs hath pierc'd him deep and ſcarr'd his heart;
And rather comfort his diſtreſſed plight,
Than proſecute the meaneſt, or the beſt,
For theſe contempts. Why, thus it ſhall become [*Aſide.*
High-witted Tamora to gloze with all:
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wiſe,
Then is all ſafe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow? wouldſt thou ſpeak with us?

Clown. Yes, forſooth, an your miſterſhip be emperial.

Tam. Empreſs I am, but yonder ſits the emperor.

Clown. 'Tis he.—God and ſaint Stephen, give you good den:
I'have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here. [*The Emperor reads the letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him preſently.

Clown. How much money muſt I have?

Tam. Come, ſirrah, you muſt be hang'd.

Clown. Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit.*

Sat. Deſpightful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monſtrous villainy?
I know from whence this ſame device proceeds:
May this be borne?—as if his traiterous ſons,

That dy'd by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?—
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege:—
For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughter-man;
Sly frantick wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

[2] *Enter Æmilius.*

Sat. What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, arm, my lords; Rome never had more cause!
The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
Who threats, in course of his revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me; and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:
'Tis he, the common people love so much;
Myself have often over-heard them say,
(When I have walked like a private man)
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not our city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius;

[2] *Enter* Nuntius *Æmilius.*] Thus the old books have describ'd this character. In the author's manuscript, I presume, it was writ, *Enter* Nuntius; and they observing, that he is immediately called Æmilius, thought proper to give him his whole title, and so clapped in *Enter* Nuntius Æmilius.—Mr. Pope has very critically follow'd them; and ought, methinks, to have give his new-adopted citizen Nuntius a place in the Dramatis Personæ. THEOBALD.

And

And will revolt from me, to ſuccour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.
Is the ſun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle ſuffers little birds to ſing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby;
Knowing, that with the ſhadow of his wings,
He can at pleaſure ſtint their melody:
Even ſo may'ſt thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy ſpirit: for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus,
With words more ſweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fiſh, or [3] honey-ſtalks to ſheep;
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his ſon for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will:
For I can ſmooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promiſes; that were his heart
Almoſt impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet ſhould both ear and heart obey my tongue—
Go thou before, be our embaſſador: [*To Æmilius.*
Say, that the emperor requeſts a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.

Sat. Æmilius, do this meſſage honourably:
And, if he ſtand on hoſtage for his ſafety,
Bid him demand what pledge will pleaſe him beſt.

Æmil. Your bidding ſhall I do effectually. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus;
And temper him, with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, ſweet emperor, be blith again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

3 ——*honey-ſtalks to ſheep;*] *Honey-ſtalks* are clover-flowers, which contain a ſweet juice. It is common for cattle to over-charge themſelves with clover, and die. JOHNSON.

Sat. Then go successfully [4], and plead to him.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The camp, at a small distance from Rome.

Enter Lucius and Goths, with drum and soldiers.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify, what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And, wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort,
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,—
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,—
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

Omn. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading Aaron, with his child in his arms.

Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd,

[4] —*successfully,*—] The old copies read: —*successantly.* STEEVENS.

⁵ To gaze upon a ruinous monaftery;
And as I earneftly did fix mine eye
Upon the wafted building, fuddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall:
I made unto the noife; when foon I heard
The crying babe controul'd with this difcourfe:
Peace, tawny flave; half me, and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewray whofe brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou might'ft have been an emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace!—even thus he rates the babe,—
For I muft bear thee to a trufty Goth;
Who, when he knows thou art the emperefs' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's fake.
With this, my weapon drawn, I rufh'd upon him,
Surpriz'd him fuddenly; and brought him hither,
To ufe as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth! this is the incarnate devil,
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand;
This is the pearl that pleas'd your emperefs' eye;
And here's the bafe fruit of his burning luft.—
Say, wall-ey'd flave, whither would'ft thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why doft not fpeak? What! deaf? No! not a word?
A halter, foldiers; hang him on this tree,
And by his fide his fruit of baftardy.

⁵ *To gaze upon a ruinous monaftery.*] Shakefpeare has fo perpetually offended againft chronology in all his plays, that no very conclufive argument can be deduced from the particular abfurdity of thefe anachronifms, relative to the authenticity of *Titus Andronicus*. And yet the *ruined monaftery*, the *popifh tricks*, &c. that Aaron talks of, and efpecially the French falutation from the mouth of Titus, are altogether fo very much out of place, that I cannot perfuade myfelf even our hafty poet could have been guilty of their infertion, or would have permitted them to remain, had he corrected the performance for another. STEEVENS.

Aar.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.
Luc. Too like the ſire for ever being good.—
Firſt, hang the child, that he may ſee it ſprawl;
A ſight to vex the father's ſoul withal.
[6] Get me a ladder.
Aar. Lucius, ſave the child;
And bear it from me to the empereſs.
If thou do this, I'll ſhow thee wond'rous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear:
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll ſpeak no more; But vengeance rot you all!
Luc. Say on; and, if it pleaſe me which thou ſpeak'ſt,
Thy child ſhall live, and I will ſee it nouriſh'd.
Aar. An if it pleaſe thee? why, aſſure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy ſoul to hear what I ſhall ſpeak;
For I muſt talk of murders, rapes, and maſſacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of miſchief, treaſon; villainies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteouſly perform'd:
And this ſhall all be buried by my death,
Unleſs thou ſwear to me, my child ſhall live.
Luc. Tell on thy mind; I ſay, thy child ſhall live.
Aar. Swear, that he ſhall, and then I will begin.
Luc. Who ſhould I ſwear by? thou believ'ſt no god;
That granted, how can'ſt thou believe an oath?
Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not
Yet,—for I know thou art religious,
And haſt a thing within thee, called conſcience,
With twenty popiſh tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have ſeen thee careful to obſerve,—
Therefore I urge thy oath;—For that, I know,

6 Aar. *Get me a ladder. Lucius, ſave the child.*] All the printed editions have given this whole verſe to Aaron. But why ſhould the Moor here aſk for a ladder, who earneſtly wanted to have his child ſaved? THEOBALD.

Get me a ladder, may mean, *hang me.* STEEVENS.

An

An ideot holds his bauble [9] for a god,
And keeps the oath, which by that god he ſwears;
To that I'll urge him:—Therefore, thou ſhalt vow
By that ſame god, what god ſoe'er it be,
That thou ador'ſt and haſt in reverence,——
To ſave my boy, nouriſh, and bring him up;
Or elſe I will diſcover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god, I ſwear to thee, I will.

Aar. Firſt, know thou, I begot him on the empereſs.

Luc. O moſt inſatiate, luxurious woman!

Aar. Tut, Lucius! this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou ſhalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two ſons, that murder'd Baſſianus:
They cut thy ſiſter's tongue, and raviſh'd her,
And cut her hands off; and trimm'd her as thou ſaw'ſt.

Luc. O, deteſtable villain! call'ſt thou that trimming?

Aar. Why, ſhe was waſh'd, and cut, and trimm'd; and 'twas
Trim ſport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O, barbarous beaſtly villains, like thyſelf!

Aar. Indeed, I was the tutor to inſtruct them:
That codding ſpirit [1] had they from their mother,
As ſure a card as ever won the ſet;
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
[2] As true a dog as ever fought at head.—

Well,

[9] —his bauble—] See a note on *All's Well that ends Well*, act IV. ſc. 5. STEEVENS.

[1] *That* codding *ſpirit*——] i. e. that love of *bed ſports*. *Cod* is a word ſtill uſed in Yorkſhire for a *pillow*. See Lloyd's catalogue of local words at the end of Ray's *Proverbs*. COLLINS.

[2] *As true a dog as ever fought at head.*—] An alluſion to bull-dogs, whoſe generoſity and courage are always ſhown by meeting the bull in front, and ſeizing his noſe. JOHNSON.

So

Well, let my deeds be witnefs of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corps of Baffianus lay:
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the queen, and her two fons:
And what not done, that thou haft caufe to rue,
Wherein I had no ftroke of mifchief in it?.
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;
And, when I had it, drew myfelf apart,
And almoft broke my heart with extreme laughter.
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When, for his hand, he had his two fons' heads;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd fo heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his;
And when I told the emprefs of this fport,
She fwooned almoft at my pleafing tale,
And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kiffes.

Goth. What! canft thou fay all this, and never blufh?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the faying is.

Luc. Art thou not forry for thefe heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thoufand more.
Even now I curfe the day, (and yet, I think,
Few come within the compafs of my curfe)
Wherein I did not fome notorious ill:
As kill a man, or elfe devife his death;
Ravifh a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accufe fome innocent, and forfwear myfelf:
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and hay-ftacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.

So in a collection of Epigrams by J. D. and C. M. printed at Middleburgh, no date:
"——amongft the dogs and beares he goes;
"Where, while he fkipping cries—*To head, to head,* &c."
STEEVENS.

Oft

Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when the sorrow almost was forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil[3]; for he must not die
So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire;
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter Æmilius.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome,
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.
Welcome, Æmilius, what's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me:
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house;
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

Goth. What says our general?

[3] *Bring down the devil;*—] It appears, from these words, that the audience were entertained with part of the apparatus of an execution, and that Aaron was mounted on a ladder, as ready to be turned off. STEEVENS.

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come. March away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Titus's palace in Rome.

Enter Tamora, Chiron, and Demetrius, disguis'd.

Tam. Thus, in this ſtrange and ſad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus;
And ſay, I am Revenge, ſent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his ſtudy, where, they ſay, he keeps,
To ruminate ſtrange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confuſion on his enemies.
[*They knock, and Titus opens his ſtudy door.*

Tit. Who doth moleſt my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door;
That ſo my ſad decrees may fly away,
And all my ſtudy be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd: for what I mean to do,
See here, in bloody lines I have ſet down;
And what is written ſhall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No; not a word: How can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it that accord?
Thou haſt the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'ſt know me, thou would'ſt talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witneſs this wretched ſtump, theſe crimſon lines;
Witneſs theſe trenches, made by grief and care;
Witneſs the tiring day, and heavy night;
Witneſs all ſorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empereſs, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am Revenge; sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death:
There's not a hollow cave, nor lurking-place,
No vast obscurity, or misty vale,
Where bloody murder, or detested rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stands;
Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;
And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes.
Provide two proper palfries, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long;
Even from Hyperion's[4] rising in the east,
Until his very downfal in the sea.
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
[5] So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam.

[4] ——*Hyperion's*——] The folio reads *Epton's*; the quarto *Epeon's*; and so Ravenscroft. STEEVENS.

[5] *So thou destroy* Rapine *and* Murder *there.*] I do not know of any instance that can be brought to prove that *rape* and *rapine* were

Tam. Theſe are my miniſters, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy miniſters? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine, and Murder: therefore called ſo,
'Cauſe they take vengeance on ſuch kind of men.

Tit. Good lord, how like the empreſs' ſons they are!
And you, the empreſs! But we worldly men
Have miſerable, mad, miſtaking eyes.
O ſweet Revenge, now do I come to thee:
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[*Exit Titus from above.*

Tam. This cloſing with him fits his lunacy:
Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-ſick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your ſpeeches.
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him ſend for Lucius, his ſon;
And, whilſt I at a banquet hold him ſure,
I'll find ſome cunning practice out of hand,
To ſcatter and diſperſe the giddy Goths,
Or, at the leaſt, make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I muſt ply my theme.

Enter Titus.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread fury, to my woeful houſe;—
Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too:—
How like the empreſs and her ſons you are!

ever uſed as ſynonymous terms. The word *rapine* has always been employed for a *leſs fatal kind of plunder*, and means the violent act of deprivation of any good, the honour here alluded to being always excepted. I have indeed ſince diſcovered that Gower, *De Confeſſione Amantis*, lib. V. fol. 116. b. uses *ravine* in the ſame ſenſe:

"For if thou be of ſuche covine,
"To get of love by *ravyne*
"Thy luſt, &c." STEEVENS.

Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:—
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?—
For, well I wot, the empress never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor;
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil:
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?

Dem. Shew me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Shew me a villain, that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thousand, that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome;
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.—
Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap,
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he is a ravisher.—
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor;
Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee;
I pray thee, do on them some violent death,
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house:
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?

Tit. Marcus, my brother!—'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter Marcus.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou ſhalt enquire him out among the Goths:
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefeſt princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his ſoldiers where they are:
Tell him, the emperor and the empereſs too
Feaſt at my houſe; and he ſhall feaſt with them.
This do thou for my love; and ſo let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and ſoon return again. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy buſineſs,
And take my miniſters along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder ſtay with me;
Or elſe I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. [*to her ſons.*] What ſay you, boys? will you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jeſt?
Yield to his humour, ſmooth and ſpeak him fair,
And tarry with him 'till I come again.

Tit. I know them all, though they ſuppoſe me mad;
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,
A pair of curſed hell-hounds, and their dam. [*Aſide.*

Dem. Madam, depart at pleaſure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewel, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit Tamora.*

Tit. I know, thou doſt; and, ſweet Revenge, farewel.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how ſhall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter

Enter Publius, and Servants.

Pub. What is your will?
Tit. Know you these two?
Pub. The emperess' sons,
I take them, Chiron, and Demetrius.
Tit. Fye, Publius, fye! thou art too much deceiv'd;
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name:
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them:
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it: therefore bind them sure;
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.
Exit Titus.
Chi. Villains, forbear; we are the emperess' sons.
Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.—
Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word:
Is he sure bound? look, that you bind them fast.

Re-enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lavinia with a bason.

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound:—
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud;
This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband; and, for that vile fault,
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death:
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest:
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that, more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,

Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats;
Whilst that Lavinia 'twixt her stumps doth hold
The bason, that receives your guilty blood.
You know, your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad,—
Hark, villains; I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste;
[6] And of the paste a coffin will I rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd:
And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,
Receive the blood: and, when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet; which I wish might prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaur's feast.

[*He cuts their throats.*

So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

[*Exeunt.*

[6] *And of the paste a coffin*——] A *coffin* is the term of art for the cavity of a raised pye. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Goths, with Aaron prisoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since it is my father's mind,
That I repair to Rome, I am content.
Goth. And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.
Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
'Till he be brought unto the emperor's face,
For testimony of these foul proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong;
I fear, the emperor means no good to us.
Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!
Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!—
[*Exeunt Goths, with Aaron.*
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.— [*Flourish.*
The trumpets shew, the emperor is at hand.

Sound trumpets. Enter Saturninus and Tamora, with Tribunes and others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?
Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?
Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, [7] break the parle;
These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus

[7] —*break the parle*;] That is, *begin* the parley. We yet say, he *breaks* his mind. JOHNSON.

Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will. [*Hautboys.*

A table brought in. Enter Titus, like a cook, placing the meat on the table, and Lavinia, with a veil over her face.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;
Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness, and your emperess.

Tam. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.
My lord the emperor, resolve me this;
Was it well done of rash Virginius,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflower'd?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord?

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like:—
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;
And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die!
[*He kills her.*

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural, and unkind?

Tit.

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woeful as Virginius was:
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage;—and it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravished? tell, who did the deed.

Tit. Will't please you eat? will't please your highness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius:
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pye;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred [8].
'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.
[*He stabs Tamora.*

Sat. Die, frantick wretch, for this accursed deed.
[*He stabs Titus.*

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.
[*Lucius stabs Saturninus.*

Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl

[8] *Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.*] The additions made by Ravenscroft to this scene, are so much of a piece with it, that I cannot resist the temptation of shewing the reader how he continues the speech before us:

"Thus cramm'd, thou'rt bravely fatten'd up for hell,
"And thus to Pluto I do serve thee up:"
[*Stabs the empress.*

And then—"*A curtain drawn discovers the heads and hands of Demetrius and Chiron hanging up against the wall; their bodies in chains in bloody linen.*" STEEVENS.

Scat-

Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.

Goth. [9] Let Rome herself be bane unto herself;
And she, whom mighty kingdoms curtsy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,
Do shameful execution on herself.

Mar. But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
Speak, Rome's dear friend; as erst our ancestor,
[*To Lucius*.
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surpriz'd king Priam's Troy;
Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—
My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance; even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration:
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius

[9] *Goth.*] This speech and the next, in the quarto 1611, are given to a *Roman lord*. In the folio they both belong to the Goth. I know not why they are separated. I believe the whole belongs to *Marcus*; who, when Lucius has gone through such a part of the narrative as concerns his own exile, claims his turn to speak again, and recommend Lucius to the empire. STEEVENS.

Were

Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
And they it was, that ravished our sister:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;
Our father's tears despis'd; and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:
And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood;
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.
Alas! you know, I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just, and full of truth.
But, soft, methinks, I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me;
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my turn to speak; Behold this child,
Of this was Tamora delivered;
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes;
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
And as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans
Have we done aught amiss? Shew us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici

Will,

Will, hand in hand, all headlong caſt us down,
And on the ragged ſtones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual cloſure of our houſe.
Speak, Romans, ſpeak: and, if you ſay, we ſhall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æm. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor; for, well I know,
The common voice do cry, it ſhall be ſo.

Mar. Lucius, all hail; Rome's royal emperor!
Go, go into old Titus' ſorrowful houſe;
And hither hale that miſbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd ſome direful ſlaughtering death,
As puniſhment for his moſt wicked life,
Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans [1]; May I govern ſo,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim a while,—
For nature puts me to a heavy taſk;—
Stand all aloof;—but, uncle, draw you near,
To ſhed obſequious tears upon this trunk:—
O, take this warm kiſs on thy pale cold lips,
[*Kiſſes Titus.*
Theſe ſorrowful drops upon thy blood-ſtain'd face,
The laſt true duties of thy noble ſon!

Mar. Ay, tear for tear, and loving kiſs for kiſs,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
O, were the ſum of theſe that I ſhould pay
Countleſs and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us

[1] *Thanks, gentle Romans;*—] It ſhould ſeem from the beginning of this ſpeech of Lucius, that the firſt and laſt lines of the preceding one ought to be given to the concourſe of Romans who are ſuppoſed to be preſent. STEEVENS.

To melt in ſhowers: Thy grandſire lov'd thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee aſleep, his loving breaſt thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that reſpect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet ſome ſmall drops from thy tender ſpring,
Becauſe kind nature doth require it ſo:
Friends ſhould aſſociate friends in grief and woe:
Bid him farewel; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindneſs, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandſire, grandſire! even with all my heart
'Would I were dead, ſo you did live again!—
O lord, I cannot ſpeak to him for weeping;
My tears will choak me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Romans, with Aaron.

Rom. You ſad Andronici, have done with woes;
Give ſentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of theſe dire events.

Luc. Set him breaſt-deep in earth, and famiſh him;
There let him ſtand, and rave and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some ſtay, to ſee him faſten'd in the earth [2].

Aar. O, why ſhould wrath be mute, and fury dumb?

[2] —*to ſee him faſten'd in the earth.*] That *juſtice* and *cookery* may go hand in hand to the concluſion of this play, in Ravenſcroft's alteration of it, Aaron is at once *rack'd* and *roaſted* on the ſtage. STEEVENS.

I am

I am no baby, I, that, with base prayers,
I should repent the evils I have done;
Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave:
My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith
Be closed in our houshold's monument.
As for that heinous tyger, Tamora,
No funeral rites, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of prey:
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
From whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state;
That like events may ne'er it ruinate.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THIS is one of those plays which I have always thought, with the better judges, ought not to be acknowledged in the list of Shakespeare's genuine pieces. And, perhaps, I may give a proof, to strengthen this opinion, that may put the matter out of question. Ben Jonson, in the introduction to his *Bartholomew-Fair*, which made its first appearance in the year 1614, couples *Jeronymo* and *Andronicus* together in reputation, and speaks of them as plays then of twenty-five or thirty years standing. Consequently *Andronicus* must have been on the stage before Shakespeare left Warwickshire, to come and reside in London: and I never heard it so much as intimated, that he had turned his genius to stage-writing, before he associated with the players, and became one of their body. However, that he afterwards introduced it a-new on the stage, with the addition of his own masterly touches, is incontestible, and thence, I presume, grew his title to it. The diction in general, where he has not taken the pains to raise it, is even beneath

beneath that of the Three Parts of *Henry* VI. The story we are to suppose merely fictitious. Andronicus is a sur-name of pure Greek derivation. Tamora is neither mentioned by Ammianus Marcellinus, nor any body else that I can find. Nor had Rome, in the time of her emperors, any wars with the Goths that I know of: not till after the translation of the empire, I mean to Byzantium. And yet the scene of our play is laid at Rome, and Saturninus is elected to the empire at the capitol. THEOBALD.

All the editors and critics agree with Mr. Theobald in supposing this play spurious. I see no reason for differing from them; for the colour of the stile is wholly different from that of the other plays, and there is an attempt at regular versification, and artificial closes, not always inelegant, yet seldom pleasing. The barbarity of the spectacles, and the general massacre, which are here exhibited, can scarcely be conceived tolerable to any audience; yet we are told by Jonson, that they were not only borne, but praised. That Shakespeare wrote any part, though Theobald declares it *incontestible*, I see no reason for believing.

The testimony produced at the beginning of this play, by which it is ascribed to Shakespeare, is by no means equal to the argument against its authenticity, arising from the total difference of conduct, language, and sentiments, by which it stands apart from all the rest. Meres had probably no other evidence than that of a title page, which, though in our time it be sufficient, was then of no great authority; for all the plays which were rejected by the first collectors of Shakespeare's works, and admitted in later editions, and again rejected by the critical editors, had Shakespeare's name on the title, as we must suppose, by the fraudulence of the printers, who, while there were yet no gazettes, nor advertisements, nor any means of circulating literary intelligence, could usurp at pleasure any celebrated name. Nor had Shakespeare any interest in detecting the imposture, as none of his fame or profit was produced by the press.

The chronology of this play does not prove it not to be Shakespeare's. If it had been written twenty-five years, in 1614, it might have been written when Shakespeare was twenty-five years old. When he left Warwickshire I know not, but at the age of twenty-five it was rather too late to fly for deer-stealing.

Ravenscroft, who in the reign of Charles II. revised this play, and restored it to the stage, tells us, in his preface, from a theatrical tradition, I suppose, which in his time might be of sufficient authority, that this play was touched in different parts by Shakespeare, but written by some other poet. I do not find Shakespeare's touches very discernible. JOHNSON.

There

There is every reason to believe, that Shakespeare was not the author of this play. I have already said enough upon the subject.

Mr. Upton declares peremptorily, that it ought to be flung out of the list of our author's works: yet Mr. Warner, with all his laudable zeal for the memory of his *school-fellow*, when it may seem to serve his purpose, *disables* his friend's judgment!

Indeed, a *new argument* has been produced; it must have been written by Shakespeare, because at that time *other people* wrote in the *same manner!*

It is scarcely worth observing, that the original publisher ‡ had nothing to do with any of the rest of Shakespeare's works. Dr. Johnson observes the copy to be as correct, as other books of the time; and probably revised by the author himself; but surely Shakespeare would not have taken the greatest care about *infinitely the worst* of his performances! Nothing more can be said, except that it is printed by Heminge and Condell in the *first folio:* but not to insist, that it had been contrary to their interest to have rejected any play, usually call'd Shakespeare's, though they might *know* it to be spurious; it does not appear, that their *knowledge* is at all to be depended upon; for it is certain, that in the first copies, they had intirely omitted the play of *Troilus and Cressida*.

It has been said, that this play was first printed for G. Elves, 1594. I have seen in an old catalogue of *tales*, &c. the history of *Titus Andronicus*. FARMER.

I have already given the reader a specimen of the changes made in this play by Ravenscroft, who revived it with success in the year 1687; and may add, that when the empress stabs her child, he has supplied the Moor with the following lines:

"She has out-done me, ev'n in mine own art,
"Out-done me in murder—kill'd her own child—
"Give it me—I'll eat it."

It rarely happens that a dramatic piece is alter'd with the same spirit that it was written; but *Titus Andronicus* has undoubtedly fallen into the hands of one whose feelings were congenial with those of its original author.

In the course of the notes on this performance, I have pointed out a passage or two which, in my opinion, sufficiently prove it to have been the work of one who was acquainted both with Greek and Roman literature. It is likewise deficient in such internal

‡ The original owner of the copy was John Danter, who likewise printed the first edition of *Romeo and Juliet* in 1597, and is introduced as a character in the *Return from Parnassus*, &c. 1606.
STEEVENS.

marks

marks as diſtinguiſh the tragedies of Shakeſpeare from thoſe of other writers; I mean, that it preſents no ſtruggles to introduce the vein of humour ſo conſtantly interwoven with the buſineſs of his ſerious dramas. It can neither boaſt of his ſtriking excellencies, nor his acknowledged defects; for it offers not a ſingle intereſting ſituation, a natural character, or a ſtring of quibbles, from the firſt ſcene to the laſt. That Shakeſpeare ſhould have written without commanding our attention, moving our paſſions, or ſporting with words, appears to me as improbable, as that he ſhould have ſtudiouſly avoided diſſyllable and triſſyllable terminations in this play, and in no other.

Let it likewiſe be remembered that this piece was not publiſhed with the name of Shakeſpeare, 'till after his death. The quarto in 1611 is anonymous.

Could the uſe of particular terms employed in no other of his pieces, be admitted as an argument that he was not its author, more than one of theſe might be found; among which is *palliament* for *robe*, a Latiniſm which I have not met with elſewhere in any Engliſh writer, whether ancient or modern; though it muſt have originated from the mint of a ſcholar. I may add that *Titus Andronicus* will be found on examination to contain a greater number of claſſical alluſions &c. than are ſcattered over all the reſt of the performances on which the ſeal of Shakeſpeare is undubitably fixed.—Not to write any more *about and about* this ſuſpected *thing*, let me obſerve that the glitter of a few paſſages in it has perhaps miſled the judgment of thoſe who ought to have known that both ſentiment and deſcription are more eaſily produced than the intereſting fabrick of a tragedy. Without theſe advantages, many plays have ſucceeded; and many have failed, in which they have been dealt about with the moſt laviſh profuſion. It does not follow, that he who can carve a frieze with minuteneſs, elegance, and eaſe, has a conception equal to the the extent, propriety, and grandeur of a temple. STEEVENS.

It muſt prove a circumſtance of conſummate mortification to the living criticks on Shakeſpeare, as well as a diſgrace on the memory of thoſe who have ceaſed to comment and collate, when it ſhall appear from the ſentiments of one of their own fraternity (who cannot well be ſuſpected of aſinine taſteleſſneſs, or Gothic prepoſſeſſions) that we have been all miſtaken as to the merits and the author of this play. It is ſcarce neceſſary to obſerve that the perſon exempted from theſe ſuſpicions is **Mr. Capell**, who delivers his opinion concerning *Titus Andronicus* in the following words: "To the editor's eye [i. e. his own] *Shakeſpeare ſtands confeſs'd: the third act* in particular may be read *with admiration* even by the moſt delicate; who, if they are not without feelings,

may

may chance to find themselves touch'd by it with such passions as tragedy should excite, that is—terror and pity."——It were injustice not to remark that the grand and pathetic circumstances in this *third act*, which we are told cannot fail to excite such vehement emotions, are as follows.——Titus lies down in the dirt.—Aaron chops off his hand.—Saturninus sends him the heads of his two sons and his own hand again, for a present.—His heroic brother Marcus kills a fly.

Mr. Capell may likewise claim the honour of having produced the *new argument* which Dr. Farmer mentions in a preceding note. MALONE.

END OF VOLUME THE EIGHTH.